News Compendium

Volume 16 - 2015 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold its future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

Contents

Introduction i

Copyright iii

1 January 1
- 1.1 Know Your Dragon Age: Inquisition Skills . . . 2
- 1.2 The Full List of Groups Mentioned in the Original Draft of KMFDM's "Megalomaniac" 4
- 1.3 Our New Open Office Will Foster the Creativity of Insane Masochists . . . 6
- 1.4 Tricks for Buying Super Rare Amiibos . . . 9
- 1.5 Which Movie Will Be More Bad: Blackhat or Jupiter Ascending? . . . 11
- 1.6 Developers of Glorn FAQ . . . 13
- 1.7 Je Suis Charlie . . . 16
- 1.8 Boko Haram's Statement Upon Seizing Control of the Town From Footloose . . . 27
- 1.9 The Only Questions a Sideline Reporter Will Ever Need . . . 29
- 1.10 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews: Hazard & Meathook . . . 31
- 1.11 A Map of Brooklyn Street Gangs . . . 37
- 1.12 I Have Simplified My Life With a Tiny House Full of Compartments for Porn . . . 40
- 1.13 Heaven is for Real and For Some Reason I Went to Techno Heaven . . . 42
- 1.14 Nabokov's Lolita annotated by Genius.com . . . 45
- 1.15 Nintendo's Selling Systems Without Power Cords, On Purpose . . . 46
- 1.16 An Urgent Plea to the King of Cartoons . . . 48
- 1.17 Sniper Chris Will Make You Cheer and Then Change the Way You Think of America 50
- 1.18 Who the Hell is Buying Rolos? . . . 54
- 1.19 The Men Must Pay for What They Did to the Footballs . . . 56
- 1.20 SkyMall Product Reviews: Peacock Goddess Sculpture . . . 59
- 1.21 Zagat's Guide to Poor Person Eating . . . 62
- 1.22 Advanced Level Sexy Catcalls . . . 65

2 February 69
- 2.1 A Comprehensive List of Most to Least Honorable Ways to Die . . . 70
- 2.2 Please go home if you're sick. . . . 72
- 2.3 Mounting Evidence Suggests I'm An Idiot . . . 74
- 2.4 The Mockingbird Imperative: A Cyberpunk Thriller . . . 76
- 2.5 I Might Have Misremembered Defeating the Beast With the Krull Glaive . . . 78
- 2.6 The Full Truth Behind Those Footprints On the Beach . . . 80
- 2.7 That Trailer for Season 3 of Netflix's Zelda Is Mind-Blowing . . . 83
- 2.8 Unlike My Opponent, Chapter Six . . . 85
- 2.9 Guide to Betting at The Cheltenham Festivus: 2015 ed. . . . 87
- 2.10 Realistic Warnings About Jungles From Guns N' Roses . . . 91
- 2.11 The Ultimate Ranking of American Presidents . . . 94
- 2.12 What your professor means when they cancel class . . . 98

2.13 What Critics Are Saying . . . 100
2.14 You Idiots Must Stop Believing in a Man in the Sky Who Makes Vaccines . . . 102
2.15 Bill Cosby vs. Bart Simpson in Retrospect . . . 105
2.16 Best #AskHerMore Questions From the Oscars Red Carpet . . . 111
2.17 Let's Get the Terrible Apple Car Jokes out of the Way . . . 113
2.18 SkyMall Product Reviews: NIGHT GLOW Toilet Seat . . . 115
2.19 All the So-Called 'Blatant Eroticism' in My Stories Has a Valid, In-Universe Justification . . . 118
2.20 Men's Hats Ranked From Most to Least Tainted . . . 121

3 March **133**
3.1 The Case Files of Supreme Detective Vladimir Putin . . . 134
3.2 The Rings of Online Gamer Hell . . . 137
3.3 EXPLICIT Photos From My Stint As Emma Stone's Muse/Ghost Hunter . . . 140
3.4 Let's Agree to Disagree About Your "Keep Our Apartment Weird" Initiative . . . 142
3.5 Adrian Peterson, Who Beat His Child's Balls, May Not Return to the Vikings . . . 144
3.6 Uses and Side Effects of The Perfect Drug, According to Nine Inch Nails . . . 146
3.7 The Internet's Small Pleasures . . . 148
3.8 Spice up Your Romance with These Free Love Coupons! . . . 150
3.9 Have You Seen This Dog? . . . 152
3.10 For Girls Only: Becoming a Good Woman . . . 154
3.11 Adopt These Discount Kitties . . . 157
3.12 The Least Essential Issues of Marvel's 'What If?' . . . 159
3.13 10 Things You DEFINITELY Didn't Know About Back to the Future . . . 161
3.14 The Torturous Games Jimmy Fallon Will Make You Play in His Fiefdom of Hell . . . 168
3.15 History's Great Safe Spaces . . . 170
3.16 Who Are All These People in Wrestlemania and Why the Heck Are They Fighting? 173
3.17 SkyMall Product Review: Grand-Scale Humpty Dumpty Statue . . . 176
3.18 Fun Good Time Forums ⟩Animals ⟩Picture of my cat . . . 179
3.19 Actually, It is Buckley Carlson Who is the LabiaFace . . . 183
3.20 A Complete Chronological List of David Bowie Characters . . . 185

4 April **189**
4.1 How to Tell If Your Teenage Skeleton Warrior Joined a Psycho Blood Cult . . . 190
4.2 8 Things Made Illegal by Indiana's Religious Freedom Restoration Act . . . 192
4.3 The Sex Talk as Given By Pink Floyd . . . 194
4.4 The Best Kickstarter Backer NPCs in Pillars of Eternity . . . 196
4.5 1999's Most-Pirated Files . . . 201
4.6 BUNCH OF DOGS . . . 203
4.7 More Things That Happen When You Assume . . . 204
4.8 These Signs Will Help Your Business Raise Money on Gofundme . . . 206
4.9 Cormac McCarthy Answers Questions For the Washington Post's "On Parenting" Blog . . . 212
4.10 How to Pull an All-Nighter . . . 215
4.11 The Official Mortal Kombat X Timeline . . . 219
4.12 Join Tulsa's Senior Junior Deputy Program! . . . 221
4.13 What the Latest Trailer Tells Us About the New Brazilian Star Wars . . . 224
4.14 Increasingly Depressing Upcoming Loot Crates for 2015 . . . 230
4.15 Best Buy's Revised Trade-In Dehumanization Process . . . 234
4.16 SkyMall Product Reviews: Goddess of Light Floor Lamp . . . 236
4.17 PAX 2015 Panel Schedule! . . . 239

4.18 I Am Just Helping Complete Idiots Be Their Best Selves . . . 241
4.19 Yo Momma So Unspeakable or: H.P. Lovecraft Plays the Dozens . . . 243
4.20 Stink Bug Facts . . . 245
4.21 Faces of Chewbacca . . . 247
4.22 How A Single Speech Stopped Racism Forever . . . 251

5 May **253**
5.1 Millennials Have No Idea How Good They Have It . . . 254
5.2 Your Chili Cheese Chicken is Pretty Fucking Far From Money . . . 256
5.3 What to Say to Stay Inside . . . 258
5.4 SkyMall Product Reviews: Cowch Holstein Cow Bench . . . 260
5.5 The Kill List MFA Program . . . 263
5.6 TOOL Argues Against a Parking Ticket in Traffic Court . . . 265
5.7 Why I Made a Giant Pig Named Muhammad in Minecraft . . . 267
5.8 What Your Wedding Gifts Say About You . . . 269
5.9 Stop being mean to Joss Whedon!! NO . . . 271
5.10 I F***ed Blues Traveler . . . 273
5.11 Sorry, Ladies, They're Bio Truths . . . 276
5.12 Men in Art Who Can't Even Believe Their Level of Privilege . . . 279
5.13 Incendiary Slate Headlines That Are Totally Up for Grabs! . . . 283
5.14 ABUNDANCE OF DOGS . . . 285
5.15 My Best Attempt at Explaining DC Comics' Convergence Event . . . 286
5.16 Things We Found in the Woods That We Are Not Telling Mom and Dad About . . . 288
5.17 You Must Face the Elders for Breaking the One Rule of Farmers Only Dot Com . . . 290
5.18 Review of the Five Newest IPAs in Town . . . 292
5.19 Plot Points for Under the Dome Seasons 3 Through 10 . . . 294
5.20 Even I Can't Believe I'm Not Dead . . . 296
5.21 You'll Never Believe What Different Countries Are Searching for On HornySearch . . . 298

6 June **301**
6.1 The Final Diary Entry of the Brooding Idiot From Hatred . . . 302
6.2 Geralt of Rivia: Legendary Witcher, Idiot, Occasionally In Control of His Body . . . 304
6.3 SkyMall Product Reviews: Giant Red King Crab Statue . . . 306
6.4 Freakypizza: The Legend of Grout Man . . . 309
6.5 Slavoj Zizek's Board Game Reviews . . . 311
6.6 We Were Gutted To Repeatedly Read That You're Done With Game of Thrones . . . 315
6.7 Spotify's New Income Generating Updates . . . 317
6.8 I'm On Your Team, Standing Still . . . 319
6.9 Jeb Bush's SparkNotes . . . 321
6.10 Women Are Not Capable of Understanding Robocop . . . 323
6.11 A Girl Can't Focus On Science With Dr. Tim In Here Like Magic Mike . . . 326
6.12 Windows 10 Preview Patch Notes . . . 328
6.13 Memos from Bear Cave: the Alice Cooper Lockdown . . . 330
6.14 What's New on Netflix This Month! . . . 337
6.15 Confederate Flag Etiquette and Disposal . . . 339
6.16 Our Extremely Dumb Killer Whales Love It Here At SeaWorld . . . 343
6.17 Tan Line Database: W Entries . . . 346
6.18 Deus Ex and the Case of the Mechanical Apartheid . . . 349
6.19 Sex and the City 2015 . . . 353
6.20 Fantastic Beasts: New and Returning Harry Potter Characters . . . 355
6.21 Weird Horror Master Thomas Ligotti's Review of the Hotdog Pizza from Pizza Hut 357

6.22 Minutes of the 2015 Unicode Emoji Meeting . . . 361

7 July **363**
7.1 Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Enthusiast Lingo . . . 364
7.2 Freakypizza: The Sweater Curse . . . 367
7.3 Female Comedians Should Be Grateful If Louis C.K. Beats Off In Front of Them . . . 369
7.4 Upcoming Encyclicals From Pope Francis, The Best Pope . . . 371
7.5 Cricket Chirp Thermometer [Advanced Techniques] . . . 374
7.6 True Detective Season 3 Sneak Peek . . . 376
7.7 Minion Memes for Your Social Media Feeds . . . 378
7.8 Why I Won't Be Seeing the New Ghostbusters Movie . . . 382
7.9 The Best Quotes From Beyond Scared Straight at Lambspoke Penitentiary . . . 384
7.10 NotInventedHere.info: Where ideas become memories! . . . 387
7.11 HERD OF DOGS . . . 390
7.12 Trapped in Traffic: A Stream of Consciousness . . . 391
7.13 NASA New Horizons Pluto Mission Explores the Limits of the Word "Exciting" . . . 395
7.14 reasoms donald trump ams best for america . . . 398
7.15 2015's Best Songs (for Specific Ocassions) . . . 400
7.16 The Ghost Dimension Is Basically a Whole Dimension of Ghosts . . . 403
7.17 Essential Facts About Introverts . . . 405
7.18 OHHHHHH YYEEEEEAH! The Macho Man Warned You About Hulk Hogan . . . 408
7.19 Clues Hidden in the Theme Song for True Detective Season 2 . . . 410
7.20 Become a Video Game Streaming Superstar in 5 Easy Steps . . . 416
7.21 MENAGERIE OF DOGS . . . 418
7.22 iTunes New & Noteworthy & Terrible Podcasts! . . . 419
7.23 Welcome to the Policeman's Haunted House of Horrors! . . . 421

8 August **423**
8.1 Donald Trump's Fantasy Cabinet Roster . . . 424
8.2 How to Explain eSports to Normal People . . . 428
8.3 How to Be My Rocket League Teammate . . . 431
8.4 Lessons Learned from the Ultimate Lifehacker . . . 433
8.5 If Leading Republican Candidates Were Movie Monsters . . . 436
8.6 The World's Worst Ally . . . 441
8.7 Don't Tread on Me . . . 444
8.8 I'm The Guy Who Threw a Stone inside a Glass House . . . 448
8.9 The World's Most Dangerous Band . . . 450
8.10 If the Canadians Betrayed Us and Other Alternate D-Day Speeches . . . 452
8.11 Allow Me, a Journalist, to Describe the Captain America: Civil War Trailer to You . . . 455
8.12 When is it time to do laundry? . . . 458
8.13 My Second, More Detailed Defense of Amazon's Working Conditions . . . 460
8.14 Study: Participation Awards to Blame for Most Things . . . 462
8.15 The Many Ways Satan Has Tested Josh Duggar . . . 464
8.16 We Must Honor Our Fallen Heroes and Continue the Fight For Our Right to Party . . . 467
8.17 Review: Fear the Walking Dead . . . 469
8.18 CASCADES OF DOGS . . . 471
8.19 TV Tropes⟩Media ⟩Franchise: Marvel Cinematic Universe . . . 472
8.20 Let's Brainstorm Some Ideas for Our New ISIS Video . . . 476
8.21 #NoLivesMatter . . . 478

9 September **481**

9.1 Time to Convince Yourself that Your Summer Wasn't Wasted . . . 482
9.2 Doctor Strange - Master of Sorcery and Convenient Snacks . . . 484
9.3 Friends Coming Over Tonight, Ranked in Order of Rowdiness . . . 493
9.4 Hey, Ted Cruz, the Bible Doesn't Mention Anything About Sonic Marrying Tails . 495
9.5 Dumb Quotes About Technology From Supposedly Smart People . . . 497
9.6 SkyMall Product Reviews: End Table Crate . . . 499
9.7 24 Hour Partybots . . . 502
9.8 I love the Flintstones Era. So I decided to live in it. . . . 505
9.9 Hearthstone Emotes We Actually Need . . . 508
9.10 Appropriate Levels of Guilt from Sleeping In Too Late . . . 512
9.11 Deathbed Testbed Monthly . . . 514
9.12 MacArthur High School's Other Fake Terror Scares . . . 516
9.13 Questions Most Likely to Be Asked at the Next Donald Trump Town Hall . . . 519
9.14 The Five CRAZIEST Moments From Last Night's EMMY Awards . . . 522
9.15 I'm On To You, Lady In This 15-Year-Old Episode Of Antiques Roadshow . . . 526
9.16 Spout.ly: Sour Sips for September 2015 . . . 528
9.17 Memorable Quotes From Metal Gear Solid V: The Phantom Pain . . . 531
9.18 No, Michael, Social Justice Warriors Are Not Ruining Comedy for Archangels . . . 535
9.19 The Worst Reddit Writing Prompts Of All Time . . . 537
9.20 Time to Dedicate Yourself to Your #facialhair! Now! . . . 542
9.21 Guess Which Games These Message Board Posts Are About . . . 544

10 October **549**
10.1 Essential Quicksand Safety Tips . . . 550
10.2 To Survive, We Must Become Guns . . . 552
10.3 Magneto's Advice Column . . . 554
10.4 Ready For A Stand By Me Remake? How About Eight? . . . 556
10.5 PACK OF DOGS . . . 558
10.6 My Tattoos Have Made Me the Most Unique Person on Earth. Now I Feel Utterly Alone . . . 559
10.7 Ben Carson Would Murk a Gunman and Other Carson Solutions That Would Definitely Work . . . 561
10.8 Signs You Aren't Invited To Jim & Karen's Wedding . . . 563
10.9 Do You Know When to Say "It's Just Allergies" . . . 565
10.10 Dungeon Master Tryouts . . . 567
10.11 Not Every Halloween Effigy is About YOU, Steve . . . 570
10.12 How to Escape From a Conversation About Fantasy Football . . . 572
10.13 The Ultimate Bernie/Hillary Meme . . . 574
10.14 Guessing Game: THIS IS GONNA HURT . . . 575
10.15 SkyMall Product Reviews: Ten Commandments Tablet . . . 578
10.16 The Kids Finally Finished Their 9/11 Tribute! . . . 581
10.17 An Outraged Thinkpiece From 1968 Following a Don Rickles Performance . . . 584
10.18 Lines Cut From "Hotel For Dogs" Due To Time Constraints . . . 587
10.19 Attention: Global Ban on all Breaking Bad Halloween Costumes . . . 589
10.20 The Assassin's Creed Text Adventure . . . 591
10.21 Legacy of Puns Will Outlive Local Janitor's Mysterious, Gruesome Death . . . 593
10.22 Great Last Minute Halloween Costumes . . . 595

11 November **599**
11.1 Hey, We See You're Using Adblock Plus! . . . 600
11.2 Remembering Downton Abbey . . . 603

11.3 Memos from Bear Cave: the King Frog Scenario . . . 605
11.4 The Necronomicon Reading Group Guide . . . 611
11.5 What Size of Flag Does Each Presidential Candidate Prefer? . . . 613
11.6 Worf's Honor Roll . . . 618
11.7 5 Hottest College Football Uniform Trends . . . 620
11.8 Telltale Signs You've Lost a Finger While Playing the Knife Game . . . 623
11.9 Web Awards I'll Never Win . . . 625
11.10 In Memoriam: Jihadi John . . . 627
11.11 What's Coming To Netflix In 2016 . . . 629
11.12 Fallout 4 Takes Environmental Storytelling to the Next Level . . . 631
11.13 Welcome to the Brotherhood of Steel . . . 633
11.14 The Most Controversial IGN Reviews . . . 635
11.15 The Good Nerd From the GE Commercials is Developing the Singularity . . . 639
11.16 Pokémon Battle Tips From A Psychopath . . . 647
11.17 Dear Library, Please Forgive the Following Fines . . . 649
11.18 Essential Lifehacks For Blackhat Lifehackers . . . 651
11.19 This is the Thanksgiving We Acknowledge Your Brother's Realdoll Girlfriend . . . 653
11.20 The Best Black Friday Deals to Be Found By Smoking DMT, the Spirit Molecule . . . 655
11.21 Real Slate Headline or Fake Slate Headline? . . . 659

12 December **665**
12.1 David Byrne Gets Away With Everything . . . 666
12.2 AMPLITUDES OF DOGS . . . 667
12.3 What If Kurt Cobain Is Spying on Us? . . . 668
12.4 Good Guy With a Plan: How to Protect Yourself and Your Family From a Mass Shooting . . . 670
12.5 Highlights from Obama's Address If A Bee Had Flown In . . . 673
12.6 How Different College Majors Handle Finals . . . 676
12.7 Other False Claims on Apple's Website . . . 679
12.8 This Will be E-Z Pay Day Loans' Most Festive Christmas Yet . . . 683
12.9 What the Toilet Ghoulie From Ghoulies Can Teach Us About Tolerance . . . 685
12.10 Here's Some Star Wars Spoilers I Made Up To Get Attention . . . 688
12.11 Latest Additions to the Mystery Science Theater 3000 Cast and Crew . . . 691
12.12 SkyMall Product Reviews: Hollywood Smiles Teeth Whitening Kit . . . 693
12.13 "STAR TRACK: BEYOND" TRAILER MEMO - DO NOT REDISTRIBUTE . . . 696
12.14 You Can Put All Your Fears to Rest: The Force Awakens is Good . . . 698
12.15 Christmas Ornaments That Anger & Confuse Me . . . 700
12.16 Winter Is Just Your Life in Hard Mode . . . 705
12.17 Video Game Confessions . . . 707
12.18 Santa Claus: Next Year, We're Switching Our Efforts to Necromancy . . . 709
12.19 Christmas is the Perfect Day to Think About Jeb! . . . 711
12.20 I Livetweet The Dumb Stuff My Boss Says! #BossFails . . . 714
12.21 Blue Bloods Is A TV Show About Right Cops And Wrong Everyone Else . . . 719
12.22 Fallout 4: Commonwealth Classifieds . . . 721
12.23 VH1 Storytellers: Plague Piper . . . 722

Index of Writers **725**

Index of Series **727**

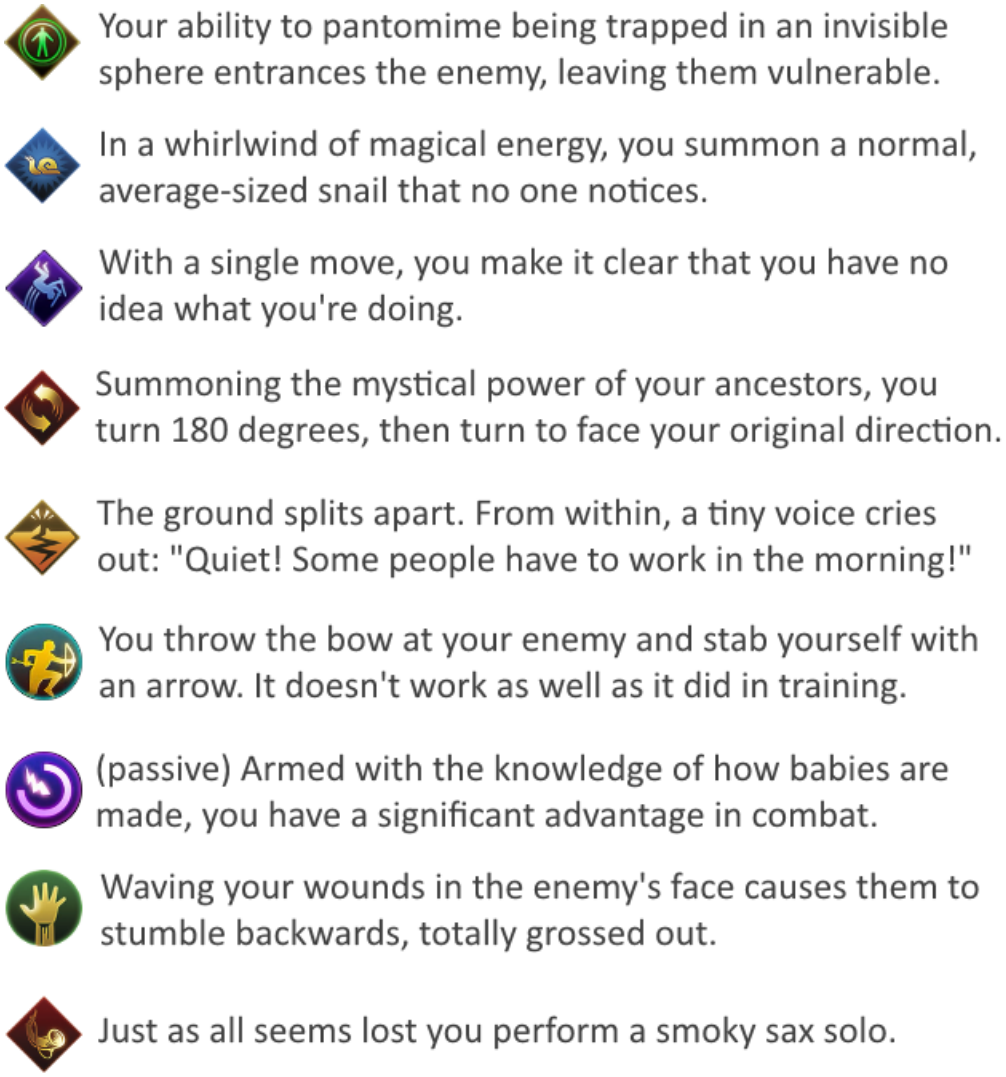
Chapter 1

January

1.1 Know Your Dragon Age: Inquisition Skills

Thursday, Jan 01, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Know Your Video Game Skills series.


Your ability to pantomime being trapped in an invisible sphere entrances the enemy, leaving them vulnerable.
In a whirlwind of magical energy, you summon a normal, average-sized snail that no one notices.
With a single move, you make it clear that you have no idea what you're doing.
Summoning the mystical power of your ancestors, you turn 180 degrees, then turn to face your original direction.
The ground splits apart. From within, a tiny voice cries out: "Quiet! Some people have to work in the morning!"
You throw the bow at your enemy and stab yourself with an arrow. It doesn't work as well as it did in training.
(passive) Armed with the knowledge of how babies are made, you have a significant advantage in combat.
Waving your wounds in the enemy's face causes them to stumble backwards, totally grossed out.
Just as all seems lost you perform a smoky sax solo.

Time comes to a halt as you forge an enormous shield then step into the person-shaped hole in its center, leaving most of your body exposed.

You flail both daggers wildly, completely breaking your arms.

The enemy's morale drops as you explain that the tiny skull in their hourglass will never pass through the narrow bit.

(passive) You are 10% less likely to cry when a skeleton assaults you with boos or cutting remarks like "You stink!"

You talk the merchant into giving you a discount on the sword, and they even throw in a bleeding shield for free.

"Wait," you plead, "this time I've got it!" But yet again you fail to balance the weapon on your index finger.

With a flash of tremendous power tapped from the realm of magic, you destroy your own shield.

Laughing defiantly, you ignore the enemy's warnings about running while holding bladed weapons.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.2 The Full List of Groups Mentioned in the Original Draft of KMFDM's "Megalomaniac"

Friday, Jan 02, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xwhOTNQcQq4

The lyrics from early drafts appear in italics.

[The song opens with tough German talking]

Nihilistic Mystics
Apostolic Alcoholics
Messianic Manics
Hispanic Mechanics
Misandristic Women Gamers
Atavistic Female Tamers
Libertarian Bitcoin Teens
Plantation Party Paula Deans
Pornographic Sonic Artists
Genderfluid Twitter Marxists
Alley-ooping Maltese Groomers
Necromancer Baby Boomers
Concentric Lampreys
Depilated Technogays
Independent Co-defendants
Introspective Leopards
Vindicated F-words
Unheroic Grownups
Piña Coladic Throwups
Pamper-swapping Diaper Dinos
Sonic Sexing Nanowrimos
Cybernetic Merkins
Kosher Vlasic Gherkins
Histrionic Mommy Bloggers
Ululating Outlaw Loggers
Microscopic Mannequins

Alysonic Hannigans
Schizophrenic Roto-Rooters
Electromagnetic Rascal Scooters
Played on keyboards and computers

In the age of *Sonic Hedgehog*
Hype and justified hype
Celebrate relentlessness
Menace to society

Sonic Hedgehog is our inspiration
Speed our trade
Rings and springen
Speed our mental state

Mesmerizing festering
Intended for the faint of heart
Cultish and anthemic
Until death do us part

Like a sloppy chili dog
Dripping chili on all you whores
Razor-sharp tongue-in-cheek
Poking in your open sores

A hedgehog in Robotnik's clothing
The ultimate disgrace
Wrapped up as a gift of god
Exploding in your face

This is counter culture from the underground
Eternal revolution this is our sound
KMFDM better than everyone excluding *Sonic Hedgehog* who is best
Megalomanical and harder than the rest

[More tough German talking, probably about Sonic Hedgehog]

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.3 Our New Open Office Will Foster the Creativity of Insane Masochists

Monday, Jan 05, 2015 by Management (@sexyfacts4u)

1/5/15

From: Management
To: Staff
Re: New Seating Arrangement

We have decided to create a new dynamic for collaboration and multi-approach innovation by asking you all to push your desks together. We are removing those cubicles and emptying out the offices and you will all be forming up into desk "venture units" and "task groups". These will help introduce flexibility and enhance communication. Have a task? Form a group! Opening a venture? Gather a unit.

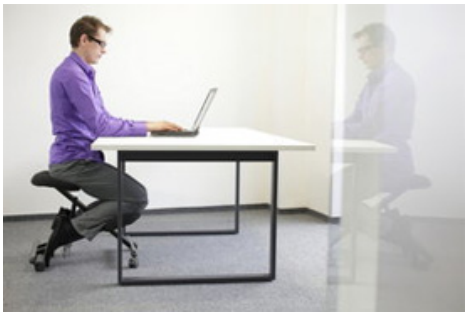
Google does this, folks. Google. Are we a Google or are we a Yahoo?

The managers and vice presidents will observe this new creative environment from our offices. If you need anything to enhance your task-oriented groups, feel free to knock or use one of the communication baskets we have placed outside our offices to drop a note.

1/7/15

From: Management
To: Staff
Re: Concerns

Several of you have emailed Cynthia concerning the new open floor plan, which has been a great success so far. Apparently it is leading to feelings of hopelessness with some of you describing a crawling sensation, as if you are mites on the eyelashes of a giant, pitiless eyeball staring right at you. The creeping fear that a manager might walk up behind you at any moment or hear you from across the room has similarly been described as "suffocating."



Discomfort is a natural reaction to change. Do you want us to switch to those chairs where you have to kneel at your desk? Drop a note in our baskets if that's really what you want.

True, you may work every moment inside a digital panopticon, breathlessly afraid that the cutbacks we made last summer will now fall upon you in retaliation for a moment of relaxation or leisure taken in a 10+ hour workday. Not so! We are watching, but purely for the sake of streamlining our operation. We want to see how you work to know how we can better help you. Feel free to relax several times throughout the day. But do not exceed five times and no more than one minute at a time.

Also no streaming music on Pandora.

1/8/15

From: Management
To: Staff
Re: Please email Cynthia

Locked doors should be a clear signal that managers and VPs want to be left alone. If you force open a manager's office and find a straw-stuffed dummy sitting in the Aeron chair you must understand that is part of our new freedom initiative. It's Japanese. We learned it from the Japan office. You should not be opening manager's offices. It interferes with task concentration and outcome realization. Please email Cynthia if you need anything.

We have also had to block Youtube.

1/9/15

From: Management
To: Staff
Re: New Bathroom Situation

We have opened up the bathroom and removed the stall dividers so that you will all be using one bathroom with collaborative toilet facilities. The upper tier of toilets for urine will be downstreamed to cycle the toilets for solid waste on the lower tier.

Also, the new toilets will be made from clear acrylic to allow us to observe your secretions. We hope in this progressive environment we will not need to stress that equal access to facilities is very important and the only way for the managers and VPs to ensure that equality is by turning the bathroom into a translucent carousel spectacle of visible bathroom activity.

On a related note, please discontinue all use of the Internet for emails to family and friends.

1/12/15

From: Management
To: Staff
Re: VPs are real people

In response to queries from the staff, we must clarify that the vice presidents are not email bots that reply all to the company and make unreasonable demands about expediting projects that might not be real.

The VPs and managers are hardworking, actual people. They are on the road a lot and are definitely taking the initiative. But part of them taking the initiative is relying on you to take your initiative. So please, stop questioning the emails you have been receiving and reorient for performance with your task groups.

End Email.

1/14/15

From: Management
To: Staff
Re: New Seating Arrangement

⟨EMAIL ⟩

Greater efficiency can be achieved by increasing staff density and exposure. Please relocate all desks and appliances towards the central "creativity focus" of the floor plan. Desks should be touching and, where possible, piled on top of other desks. If assembled carefully, the resulting teamwork nodule should be roughly spherical and with no walls or other inhibitions to groupsourcing our solutions.

Also we have been monitoring your mouse clicks and some of you are using a triple click to open documents. This is unnecessary and results in up to 6,000 extraneous clicks per day.

⟨/EMAIL ⟩

–∼Management (@sexyfacts4u)

1.4 Tricks for Buying Super Rare Amiibos

Tuesday, Jan 06, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

In case you've been sleeping under a rock or have any sense of self worth, you might have missed out on the release of Amiibos, Nintendo's knockoff to the Skylander/Disney Infinity craze. Think mini statues of the same intellectual property you've seen for 20+ years. One problem: Due to distribution issues, limited availability, and uncertain production, the Amiibo market has become a perfect storm of nerd anxiety. Though released in November, the shortages have already caused panic in the Adults That Collect Toys Made For Children demographic. Prices for the discontinued versions are climbing and the dwindling quantities aren't being restocked. It's too late for you unless you follow some of these rare tricks.

Confirmed: Buy online in the five minutes before the preorders sell out. You'll need to speed-run your credit card number and pray your shipping address is saved if you hope to snag one of the six available before they're all snatched by adults hoping the bubble doesn't burst before they resell them off.

Confirmed: Call up that kid from elementary school that always said his uncle worked at Nintendo and let him know that you never forgot his lies about Super Mario Brothers 4 taking place on Mars, but he can still make it right all these years later.

Confirmed: Find a map or a time travel device to find one of the mythical Best Buys. They will often be in areas far away from civilization, wedged between a Jo-Ann Fabric and a tire outlet. Marvel at the existence of brick and mortar electronic store and bask in the cheap lighting as you find shelves that haven't been restocked since Black Friday. It'll feel like you're walking into a memory, but this time you're not here for CDs or Prima guides.

Confirmed: Order from some illicit deep web ring that ships your Amiibo (and four kilos of hash) from a region not exactly recognized by the U.N.

Confirmed: Buy one eBay for six times the price plus shipping from Wyoming but spend the rest of eternity stewing that there is some sick bastard out there profiting wildly from your inability to live without a four inch figurine. He probably isn't even a fan.

Confirmed: Empty your bank account, sell off your possessions, invest heavily in common Amiibos, and hope for some worldwide apocalyptic event that provides an open market trading scenario to play out where your 46 Marios can be swapped up for 2.3 Wii Fit Trainers.

Confirmed: Go to Target and contact an employee in the electronics section. Ask if they have any Amiibos. Then explain what an Amiibo is, then explain what Nintendo is, then explain that it's

perfectly normal for someone your age if they're a serious collector, then repeat everything to the manager, then try again in 24 hours.

Confirmed: Rumor has it that international markets are flooded with rare Amiibos. Cancel your plans, forge a passport if necessary, and fly to Morocco. The second you're off the plane, hurry to the markets, and over two glasses of mint tea, broker a deal for the last Marth on the continent. Fly back home and place still sealed toy in safe deposit box.

Confirmed: Since GameStop employees snipe the rare versions before they're even stocked, all you have to do is get in good graces with them. Assume a general apathetic approach towards life, stop showering, routinely lie or give imaginary information to people's earnest questions. Quit your real job and apply there. Commit whatever daily and terrible strikes against humanity necessary to fool management. Sure, the guilt might stop you from ever sleeping a full night again, but at least you got a trinket to line up on your desk.

Unconfirmed: Wait a month until nerd hype dies down and these things reach Beanie Baby level of buyer's remorse.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.5 Which Movie Will Be More Bad: Blackhat or Jupiter Ascending?

Wednesday, Jan 07, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

What These Movies Are About

Jupiter Ascending asks: What if one of the lesser Star Wars movies had the visual design of the Underworld series?

Mila Kunis plays Jupiter Jones, a very likely janitor and a perfectly normal human Earth woman. Targeted for assassination by family members of the recently departed Queen of the Universe, Jupiter finds out that she is destined to become the next Queen of the Universe herself.

I've seen that guy before. He was great in the Oblivion and Mass Effect character creator menus.

It remains to be seen how the Mayor of the Universe feels about all this.

Oh! By the way, all life on Earth was created by aliens so they could come back when we reached "Darwinian perfection" and harvest our perfect bodies to make a serum that lets the aliens live forever.

No, this movie was not written by Lowtax's daughters. If it had been, the plot wouldn't be quite so convoluted.

Blackhat is about Chris Hemsworth, the only person who can stop the world's most dangerous hacker.

This is because Hemsworth's character is the best at computers. He's also the best looking. He's also the strongest. He's also the best at action violence.

Now, fictional characters typically need some sort of weakness to balance them out and give them at least a vague illusion of depth. I'm guessing Hemsworth's weakness is that he cares too darn much.

Why They Might Be Good

Blackhat is directed by Michael Mann. Dude made Manhunter, Heat, and Collateral.

"I'm the only one in the world who can hack this. It's encrypted with a strength and beauty firewall."

The premise of Blackhat is certainly ridiculous. You know what else is ridiculous? A movie starring Val Kilmer's elbow bursitis. In spite of Mann's bizarre decision to give that elbow such a prominent role, Heat turned out to be fantastic. Blackhat could wind up being just as big of a surprise.

Jupiter Ascending... wow, this is hard. It's got spaceships. Those are pretty neat sometimes.

It's also got space, and space contains everything. So basically anything is possible. Even a wormhole to a different dimension where Jupiter Ascending looks like a good movie.

Why They Probably Won't Be Very Good

Jupiter Ascending is destined to be bad because it has
the plot that was described earlier.

If you need more, consider Channing Tatum wearing eyeliner and Kurt Russell's outfit from Escape From New York. You can have eyeliner. You can have Kurt Russell's sleeveless leather armor. You can't have both, dude.

And if you do have both, you can't also have wolf DNA. Yet Channing Tatum's character does have all of that. And probably more.

"Let's see, what else can we slap on this guy? Do we have any boxing gloves laying around? Maybe a snorkel too."

Blackhat won't be good because Channing Tatum's character in Jupiter Ascending is too ridiculous. It's going to make this movie worse by proxy.

Look, a gene-spliced space warrior wolf man? Forget the eyeliner, forget the outfit, forget the glaringly bad dyed hair and beard.

Space warrior with wolf DNA. Reluctantly falling in love with Jupiter, the janitor who is destined to become the Queen of the Universe. Aided by Sean Bean's character, who is described as being like Han Solo, only with bee DNA.

God damn.

At some point, wacky ideas go from potentially fun to exhausting. This point comes on the first page of the script, where the words "Jupiter frowns at her mop, unaware of the cosmic assassins on their way to kill her because she's the Queen of the Universe" probably appear.

Which One Will Be More Bad

Terminator Genisys

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.6 Developers of Glorn FAQ

Thursday, Jan 08, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Greetings, and congratulations on your purchase of Developers of Glorn: proud winner of the 2012 Klaus Teuber "I Could Have Done That" Award! We realize you're probably ready to play immediately, but might not have time to pore over the 500-page manual (not included) or attend the two-week online certification course taught by Glorn creator, the esteemed Meinhard Geiszler. To help you get a quicker start, we've assembled answers to some of the most common questions below. Read on, and enjoy your stay in the mystical realm of Glorn!

Q: My living room/kitchen/silo can only hold 15 or fewer people. Where can I play Developers of Glorn safely?

A: Developers of Glorn is an ambitious board game, and many modern homes are simply not equipped for the amount of space it requires. We recommend calling our support line at 1-800-GLORN-ME, and one of our friendly representatives will locate and reserve an appropriate local play space for a nominal finder's fee. (NOTE: Playing Developers of Glorn outdoors will void your warranty and disqualify you from all future tournaments.)

Q: How often should we be performing "famine rolls?" Also, what's a "famine roll?"

A: Since Developers of Glorn is intended to fully represent the struggles of the early Germanic people, developer Meinhard Geiszler strove to depict the realistic details of their everyday lives. That said, famine rolls should be performed every seventh turn, or when the Moon Slider reaches its sixth phase. If each player has three corn cards-but no more than five-roll six dice and divide the total by the number of mills *not* adjacent to a blue, black, or red thief token. Write this number down and keep it on you at all times. We may end up using it for the expansion.

Q: We have encountered a situation that isn't covered by the rule book. When should we stop arguing with each other?

A: Developers of Glorn is such a complex and nuanced game that our current ruleset cannot possibly cover every scenario. If you have an in-game dispute, we recommend you turn to the card-based expansion, Settlements of Glorn (MSRP $19.99), to resolve it. Or, call our help line at 1-800-GLORN-ME and a certified Developers of Glorn tournament judge will consider your situation and

rifle through various rulebooks for only $5.99 a minute.

Q: Help! My barley supplies are low and I've forgotten what the point of this game is!

A: Don't worry! Barley shortages are a common issue for new players, who might not be familiar with how to replenish their supplies. Always remember that on the "harvest" (or eighth) phase of your turn, you can trade four serf cards for the chance to do a "barley roll." On a six-sided die, any roll greater than five will allow you to draw three cards from the manure deck. If you have more than 800 pounds of it in your current hand, you can then use it on the "manure spreading" (or third) phase of your next turn if no one has rolled a seven in the past twenty minutes. It's that simple!

Q: My legs have fallen asleep waiting for my next turn and I'm worried about blood clots.

A: Since Developers of Glorn requires several painful decisions on every turn, many players take upwards of 80 minutes before flipping the Glorn King medallion to signify that the next player may act. To avoid the more common deaths seen at worldwide Glorn tournaments, we recommend light exercise every twenty minutes to avoid fatigue, and a low-impact hobby, such as cross-stitch, to pass the time and prevent drowsiness and mental anguish between turns. And don't forget: Due to the presence of unlicensed coaches illegally offering their services on the Internet, using any kind of smartphone during play is expressly forbidden by the Glorn Council of Elders.

Q: Our Glorn sessions have stretched on for multiple weeks, but my cat won't respect the placement of the thousands of tiny game pieces before her tiny paws! How can I keep her away when we're not Glorning?

A: Creator Meinhard Geiszler has several strategies for animals that are uncooperative with the Glorn lifestyle, but due to pending legislation, they will not be listed here. We recommend you call the Glorn help line at 1-800-GLORN-ME and ask about our Glorn Protection Domes. For only $9.99 per square inch, your ongoing game can be protected with the finest of plastics, preventing cats, dogs, parrots, and even girlfriends from disrupting your Glorn progress. We are legally required to tell you these have crushed the spines of several domesticated ferrets.

Q: How do I know when the game is over?

A: Unfortunately, genius creator Meinhard Geiszler, in all of his hard work, neglected to include

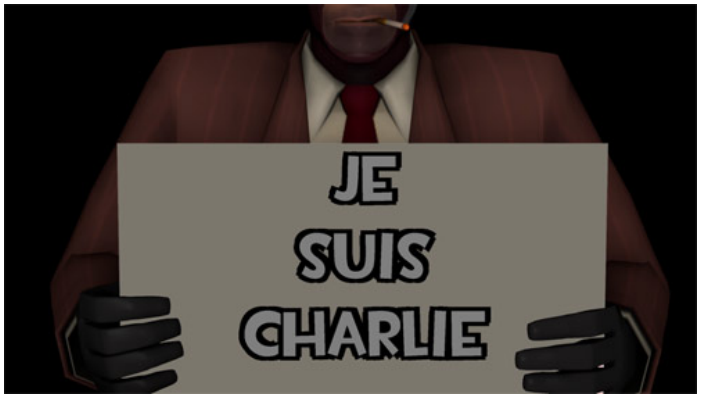
a "win state" in Developers of Glorn. While, due to overwhelming demand, this is in-the-works for the upcoming expansion, at present, there is no official way to end the game. Because of this, we recommend you use creative means to decide who is the victor: The last person to attend each session and remain on speaking terms with other players, for instance, usually takes home this honor. Glorn is a land of imagination, so why not use yours? Keep in mind we do not explicitly endorse the handgun slayings used to end 15% of all Glorn games until the court finds in Mr. Geiszler's favor.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.7 Je Suis Charlie

Friday, Jan 09, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Je Suis Charlie



Je *Suis* Charlie

R.I.P. Charlie

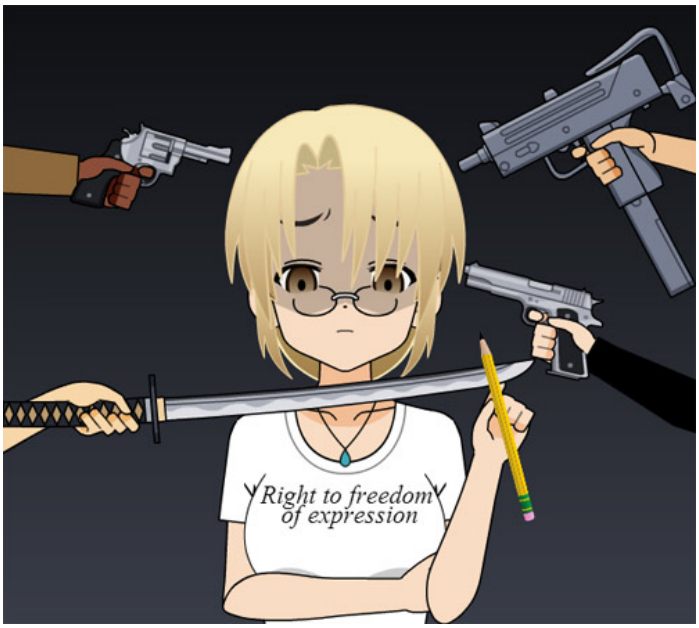
Je Suis Charlie

Kyoko
Charlie Hebdo? Never heard of them - until today, of course, when twelve of them got shot in a terrorist attack in Paris, for publishing cartoons about that prophet-guy Mohamed!
Well, I guess, I will have to google Charlie Hebdo´s stuff now and READ it! I am curious what Cartoonists get killed for nowadays, aren´t you? Looks like Charlie Hebdo gets the enormous international attention they deserve after all!
Who would have thought, that terrorism would be educational?
Hey, can any of you translate this into Arabic?
JE SUIS CHARLIE

Requiescat In Pace

Je Suis Charlie

We will not be silenced by terrorism.



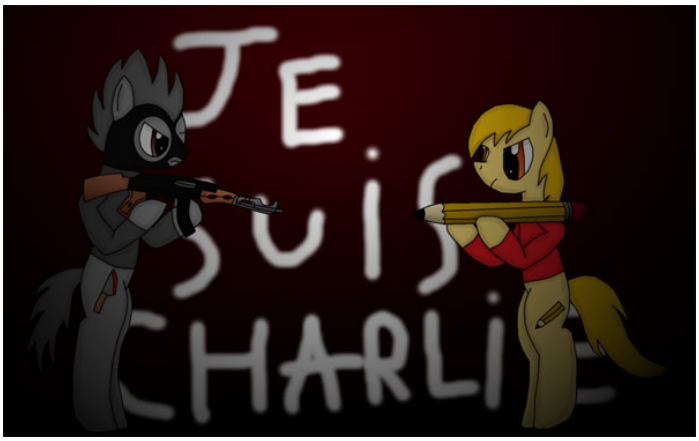
Our rights will endure.

Je Suis Charlie

Je Suis Charlie, *dad*.

Red ink is flowing.....

These birds will never run....



You messed with the wrong pony.....

Je Suis Groot

Je Suis the Batman

Rest in Power

Let's roll...

We will never be silenced.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.8 Boko Haram's Statement Upon Seizing Control of the Town From Footloose

Monday, Jan 12, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

People of America, citizens of the world of infidels and blasphemers, by the will of Allah and the teachings of the prophet, peace be upon him, we have captured your city of Bomont.

I am Abubakar Shekau and I am the one who canceled dancing, along with everything else, in your town. We have fired rocket grenades into your general stores, we have burned your empty dancing factories, machine gunned your pets, torn your drapes, bayoneted your giclee prints, smashed your TVs and we have annihilated the house of lies you call a high school. Your sons have been machine gunned. Your husbands have been machine gunned. Wives also machine gunned. Some daughters have been sold into sex slavery of the least enjoyable form and the rest have been scheduled for machine gunning.

We have beheaded most of your town leaders and those we have not beheaded we will soon behead or shoot with machine guns when it is convenient to our schedules of shooting and beheading. We will not be rushed in such matters. Because so many of you have tried to escape, we hereby order all of you to go barefoot from this moment forward. You will kick off your Sunday shoes.

You will not cut loose or attempt to go footloose or we will chop off your limbs and set them on a fire. We have already placed Louise on her knees for beheading. Jack was tied to several Toyota trucks mounting heavy machine guns and we pulled him apart with a crack. You could say that he really went footloose, but this would be incorrect because it was his arms and entire legs that detached.

From this point forward the following activities will be accepted in Bomont:

- Sex slavery acts of the worst type
- Hold a senior prom and die screaming in a fire
- Study the parts of the holy Quran that we care about
- Have your body machine gunned
- Swear your loyalty to Boko Haram and agree to fight and die for jihad
- Teach your young children to carry bomb harnesses
- Do not attempt to bring girls back

Now, I am at least 2% not a cruel man. I understand that most of you who have not been machine gunned probably think these rules are too strict. That we do not allow you to have fun here in Bomont. This could not be further from the truth. Studying the Quran is extremely pleasurable. Owning numerous child sex slaves is a real perk. So long as you are a man willing to convert to Islam and probably die in a suicide attack, I think you will realize just how much fun you can have in Bomont. Just do not dance nor do the many other things we have forbidden.

From the oldest of times, people danced for a number of reasons. They danced in prayer... or so that their crops would be plentiful... or so their hunt would be good. And they danced to stay physically fit... and show their community spirit. And they danced to celebrate. Which is wrong and against Allah. You may think Mohammad allowed the Christians of Abyssinia to dance modestly within the mosque. He was only waiting to machine gun them later. So do not dare to dance. It is blasphemy.

Everything is blasphemy.

All the best,

Abubakar Shekau
Boko Haram.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.9 The Only Questions a Sideline Reporter Will Ever Need

Tuesday, Jan 13, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

- How did it feel inside your body to win?
- You lost. Do you wish you had won?
- How come you got that concussion? Usually you make good choices out there, but getting a concussion seemed like an uncharacteristically bad choice.

"Your bio says that your two biggest fears are cameras and microphones. Care to explain?"

- I heard you have a new baby at home. This must be such an exciting, emotional time for you. I have to ask, though, what is a baby?
- Your opponents have been quoted as saying that they're going to take this season one game at a time. Do you think your team has what it takes to take two games at a time?
- Do you have to clean your own uniform or do they have someone who does that for you?
- When did you first realize that you were a professional athlete?
- If you could be any type of tree in the whole world, how would that affect your game plan?
- Every game has a turning point. Would it be fair to say that today's turning point came when your opponents became incorporeal, then silently screamed as their visages faded from this reality into the cruel unknown?
- Want some candy corn?
- Everyone's filing out of the stadium. Is it okay for me to leave this sideline and go home? Well, can I at least put the microphone down?
- Coach, your team did not score as many points as the other team in the first half of the game. Will scoring more points be part of your strategy for the second half? Will you communicate this to your players and coaching staff, or keep it to yourself in the hopes that it will come true, like a wish?

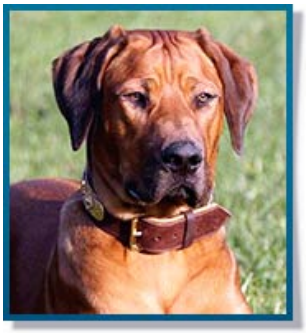
- Most athletes would do anything for a championship trophy. Tell me, how far would you go? Would you pet an ugly dog? Would you eat an entire spoonful of unseasoned rice?
- No, it's not a cartoon. It's far more nuanced than that. Have you seriously never heard of historical doujinshi before?
- WHERE ARE THESE FIRE ANTS COMING FROM?!
- How long do you think gimmicky facial hair will continue to be fascinating and cool? I bet forever.
- When you win, you almost always insist that no one believed in you, that you were beset on all sides by doubters and haters. Do you honestly believe that anyone thinks it's impossible for any given professional athlete to win? Or do you intentionally distort fair estimations of your opponents' talent and minor criticisms of yourself, making your victories seem more heroic? Follow-up question: Does everyone have to shower in front of each other in the locker room?

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.10 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews: Hazard & Meathook

Wednesday, Jan 14, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.



DOGOMETER SCORE

GOOD DOG

Hazard
Age: 6 years old
Breed: Rhodesian Ridgeback
Location: Shaggy Butte
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Widower
Followers: 3,242
Following

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **Angelic_Groomer** 3 days ago

I said such nice things about this dog, but it's clear he was pulling our chains. What a criminal, the way he just fled from the scene when poor **Hope** was dead. I hope he gets what's coming to him. It won't be a high-quality grooming session from me, either. It will be the Lord's Justice: bloody, painful and never-ending.

Posted by **DogGoneIt** 3 days ago

Well, this is tough. Just diagnosed myself with PTSD from what I witnessed. Been replaying that horrible sight in my head over and over again, and can't get over the fact

Hazard just ran away. He was at the center of the storm with **Hope**, but he was the first to break away. It should have been him.

Hazard and **Hope** were inseparable, like salt and pepper. If their love could end this way, then I will never trust another living soul.

Posted by **Doctor Dog** 2 days ago

I'm not convinced Hazard killed **Hope**, but I am convinced he got her pregnant. FACT: multiple people in the chatrooms confirmed seeing Hazard heading toward **Hope**'s house in the days before her family went on vacation. Coincidence? Not possible.

Since **Hope** was away on vacation with her family, this might have been the first time the other dogs found out. I know it would whip me into a murderous frenzy knowing the most beautiful woman in town was pregnant by someone other than me. And let me tell you, there wasn't a male dog in the crowd that wasn't crazy about **Hope**.

Posted by **PoodleFur** 2 days ago

The father is definitely Hazard. **Hope** would not lower herself to any other dog in this town. SHE IS NOT LIKE THAT. Hazard and **Hope** have been together for years. I used to see them at the park every week, playing and having fun. The rumors about her and **Thriller** were spread by vile people who can't stomach the idea of true love.

Posted by **Harold** 1 day ago

Before that horrible fight, I managed to get a microphone on **Corn**. Since some idiots blocked my shot and ruined my footage, all I have to go on is the audio. I have been listening to it over and over again. I can clearly make out what sounds like Hazard saying "aroooo" followed by **Meathook**'s distinctive growling. It is very difficult to make out over **Corn**'s wheezing but that tells you everything right there. Hazard is innocent.

Harold

Posted by **Randy F** 1 day ago

THREE SILHOUETTES IN THE DISTANCE OUTSIDE COMPOUND NOW. IDENTIFIED LIMPING ONE AS HAZARD. BASED ON URINARY STANCE, OTHER DOG APPEARS FEMALE. THE BLACK DOG HAS COMPANY.

"LOOKS LIKE THREE DOGS IN THE DISTANCE," REMARKED COUSIN LEVI. "YES," RESPONDED UNCLE LEVI.

ALL THREE OF US NODDED HEADS IN UNISON.

Posted by **BigDog** 6 hours ago

Hazard the father? He didn't have the cojones to pull that off. Literally. All you Hazard-**Hope** shippers have been in denial about that for years. They may as well be siblings.

Smart money's on **Thriller**. He and **Hope** were gallivanting around plenty before her vacation. If I were Hazard, I would be pretty peeved at **Thriller**. Hazard may not be the killer, but it's not like he protected his darling **Hope** from the real killer.

All this high school drama has me longing for some true romance and intrigue, the kind you got from great dogs like **Promise** and **Chattanooga**, **Boniface V** and **Torrid**, or even the forbidden love affair of **Dumpling** and **Coroner**.

This young adult BS is getting old. Let's bring some maturity back to the dog scene.

'nuff said.

DOGOMETER SCORE

BAD DOGGY

Meathook

Age: 6 years old
Breed: Rottweiler Mix
Location: Shaggy Butte
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single
Followers: 1,231

Folllow Me!

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **Wolfpound** 3 days ago

He has the heart of a killer. I could see him killing **Hope** just for the fun of it.

I never told anybody this, because I was ashamed, but this dog is responsible for the most traumatic two days of my life. Not long after the Elmwood Park Massacre, he and his gang chased me up a tree. I'm a grown man. I don't climb trees. I suffered serious chaffing on my pelvic region and thighs climbing that tree. And I was up there surviving on tiny bird eggs and tree sap for days while the dogs stood guard down below. One of underlings, **Monsanto** I think, kept leaving and coming back with fresh waffles for the others. I don't know even know where he was getting them.

Posted by **TreatGuy** 2 days ago

This dog is no good. How do I know? Guess who spent six hours following this dog around town with a loaded gun. I would have kept following him, and maybe even put him down, but somebody called the SWAT team on me. Apparently since Obama took office, it's illegal for me to wander around with a gun trained on a deadly menace. Anyway, once I explained the situation to the police, they let me go with a warning, but by then Meathook had gotten away.

If he kills again, that blood is not on my hands. I am righteous in my cause.

Posted by **GrahamB** 2 days ago

THIS DOG. THIS GODFORSAKEN DOG.

GOD DAMN HIS EYES.

Posted by **DogDreamer** 2 days ago

This is kind of the nightmare scenario here, and I apologize for even suggesting something so horrible. What if Meathook got **Hope** pregnant? We all know he wanted her, and he always get what he wants. If that's the case, any other dog might have killed **Hope** to spare her the same rotten fate **Noir** suffered: birthing a monster's child. Let's face it, Meathook didn't get involved in the dog fight until **Hope** was surrounded, then he intervened. Maybe to protect his legacy?

Posted by **Doctor Dog** 2 days ago

I am horrified at the prospect **Hope** could have been carrying Meathook's child. I was well acquainted with Meathook's mother, and she was as close to an angel as you could get. She was the kind of dog you could look up and down again and again, and see something new each time. Wherever she is, she's in a better place.

Posted by **Pawlease** 1 day ago

I refuse to believe he could have... not with *OUR* **Hope**. You have a sick mind, DogDreamer.

This town has been utter garbage since Meathook and his pack took over. At least with **Senator** in power, we didn't have to fear for our lives. I hope Meathook, **Cleaver** and all his rotten ilk die horribly, as poor **Hope** died. If Mayor Cobb filled the town fountain with acid and drowned Meathook in it, that would be the first good thing he has done, and it wouldn't even be the first time he had a dog executed in public.

Posted by **HuskyLover** 1 day ago

This dog has evil in his blood. His poor mother, what a wonderful dog she was, did not deserve the seed that poisoned her. Let's just hope he meets the same violent end his

monstrous father did six years ago: being torn apart by his own allies. Every dog in his service is a ticking time bomb. **Hindsmell**, **Monsanto**, **Chamberpot**, **Murder Ballad** and **Cleaver** are all rotten to the core. I bet it's only a matter of time before they turn on each other.

Posted by **KingFlusher** 1 day ago

Hola amigos!

I'm a bit of a newbie to the dogger community. Some of you may know me from plop.pr, where I've reviewed over 400 local bathrooms. I'm something of a legend there. Anyway, I've been eager to expand my hobbies, and dogs seem interesting. Naturally, I was there at Slurry Creek (solid 5 stars for dog action, loose 1/2 star for bathroom quality). From what I saw, Meathook was a bit late jumping into the brouhaha, because he was busy chewing on a doll. I saw him yank the doll away from a child while **Murder Ballad** and **Monsanto** ran interference with the parents. Not saying he's not the killer, just that he wasn't the instigator. I'll admit my attention was a little divided, as I was doing double duty (heh) and also reviewing the bathrooms. Never going to split my focus like that again... especially now that I see how dramatic the dogger scene is.

For reference, the bathroom was very dirty, swarming with bees and the stall I used had a large circular hole cut into the wall, large enough for a man to fit his entire buttocks through. One man did, causing me to shave half a point off. My full review on plop.pr goes into far more detail.

Posted by **TreatGuy** 6 hours ago

All this dog drama has got me thinking. A while back the government of Galapagos hired some guys to fly around in helicopters and shoot goats with sniper rifles. I'm thinking, maybe we do some kind of kickstarter to buy me a helicopter and sniper rifle? I could be up there 24/7 shooting every unleashed dog I can. I'm going to set it up and you guys can chip in. I think we really need this as a community, to start the healing process.

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.11 A Map of Brooklyn Street Gangs

Thursday, Jan 15, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Brooklyn, NYC was once a hotbed of gang violence, with groups like the Pure Hells, Satan Souls and Screaming Phantoms carving out their turf. The borough has gotten a bit safer over the years, but many dangerous gangs are still at large. Here is the most up-to-date map of these gangs' locations.

1. Latin MILFs
2. Segway Punks
3. Vegan Kings
4. Outlaw Beards
5. Etsy Street Team
6. Los Bohos
7. Psycho Couriers
8. Passive Aggressors
9. Suicide Vapers
10. Rogue Delivery Drones
11. Gluten Freedom Fighters
12. Devil's Loiterers
13. Slum Poets
14. Fat Shamers
15. Busker Posse
16. Fedora Initiative
17. gaNg+1
18. Diabetic Juggalos
19. Thrift Shop Boys

20. tumblr rumblrs
21. East Side Truthers
22. Pitchfork Mafia
23. Alt-Crips
24. Zipcar Jackers
25. Midnight Bowlers
26. Trigger Warnings

27. Shade Throwers
28. Subhumans of New York
29. Criminal Collective
30. Red Hook Gentrifiers
31. Dunham's Disciples

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

1.12 I Have Simplified My Life With a Tiny House Full of Compartments for Porn

Friday, Jan 16, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I was sitting in my giant suburban house full of books and music CDs and CD-ROMs and various other disc and cartridge related media, along with my giant TV and five fish tanks, with my walls covered in family photos and my garage full of lawn care equipment, wondering to myself: "Is this it? Am I just going to keep filling this big house up with more and more toys for the kids and books I'm never going to read? And what if the government collapses along with the power grid?"

It was about the time that black family bought the house two doors down that I realized what I really wanted to do was to simplify and downsize and build a tiny house in the woods somewhere I could cram full of sleazy fuckbooks. I could customize it exactly to my liking and I could hide all of the ugly little clutter of modern life, like wireless game controllers and chip clips, inside a series of hand-crafted compartments. I wanted it to be just me and my dog again, living out in the middle of nowhere, completely unzoned and far away from anything like postal employees or African American teenagers. Able to yank out a copy of Club or Oui and crank out a jam delivery whenever the urge hit me.

Yep, just me and my dog, Herc, and the woodland night, enjoying the simple life and waiting for the complete collapse of human civilization. Oh, it's coming. All the middle aged white guys who live alone in tiny houses in my tiny house Yahoo group agree that the world is ending.

My dang wife wouldn't believe me. She told me my tiny house was stupid and she was a grown woman who wouldn't sleep in a loft bed you have to slide into like a pancake. She told me to get over my fear of minorities and stop trying to find a new place to run and hide. She said I was crazy to still be buying porno mags in this day and age. She laughed in my face.

But now who is laughing? You can't even see a single utensil in my tiny house. Where are my shoes? Where are my hiking boots? What about my sandals? Funny you should ask, I've simplified them all into a single pair of Crocs and hidden them in a trapdoor compartment under the floor. I have bespoke drawers with concealed latches for every shirt I own and I own two shirts. One pair of pants. Two pairs of underwear. A Japanese survival jacket that I have to inflate with a bicycle pump. Three socks and a special sock dryer hanger.

Most days I just sit out on my porch - yep, my tiny house has a porch - watching nature and drinking herbal tea that I gathered and dried myself from plants that the Internet told me were safe. I have convinced myself thistles taste good by sweetening them with just a little bit of 30 dollar honey I bought from Brooklyn. I have solar panels on the roof of my tiny house to power my LED lights and I spend most evenings working on more cabinets and swing arm lamps and little nooks for me to put rolled up copies of Hustler.

Actually, since I divorced my wife and don't have to worry about my kids messing around in my tiny house, most available compartments have been filled with copies of Hustler, Genesis, Swank, Penthouse, and Asian Fever.

Funny enough, I caught the real Asian Fever from drinking water that had collected at the bottom of a trash bag full of rotten vegetables. Which is how I get my water. The porno magazine is great, but I have to give a big thumbs down to the disease.

I know what you're thinking. You're looking at me living alone with my dog in my Tiny House with its magnificent cabinets and secret slots for a variety of crinkled up flogger mags and you want to know how I plan to survive when I can't drive into town and get groceries because the government and power grid have collapsed.

The answer is simple: I am digging a pit next to my tiny house to bury enough groceries and porno magazines to last me for the next twenty years. If I run out of food, I figure I can trade some of my pornography for more food. I am operating under the assumption that in the post-civilization that appears there will be only the crudest forms of pornography; titty dolls made out of rags, drawings of buttholes, corn cobs with the word "penis" carved into them. That sort of thing. My cache of uncensored pre-collapse self-abuse manuals will turn me into a king.

It may seem like a lonely life, out here in this little house that lacks many of the distractions of modern civilization and breathing air that consists almost 90% of my dog's farts. You think I have given so much up, from my DVR to my entire family, just to live alone with a bunch of dirty magazines.

I say, when you subtract a negative, you add a positive. By simplifying, I have enlarged my world. It sure doesn't feel like a tiny house when I'm sitting on that porch watching the sun rise, my dog at my feet and one of those really dirty European piss mags spread out on my lap while I punch my dick like it has information that can save lives.

Oh, no, this house feels just right.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.13 Heaven is for Real and For Some Reason I Went to Techno Heaven

For Some Reason I Went to Techno Heaven

Monday, Jan 19, 2015 by Todd Malarko and his son, Hunter, age 6 (@sexyfacts4u)

2008 was a difficult year. It began with a series of health issues that included me shattering my coccyx playing coed beach volleyball, getting bit by a Lyme disease tick somebody left in a sombrero (it was a false alarm), and finding a lump in my male breast that was, thankfully, benign.

My wife, Carol, my daughter, Christiana, and my son, Hunter, decided that we should take a break from our calling to the ministry and drive up to Wisconsin Dells to rejuvenate and get a look at some robots. The robots were wonderful and we had a lumberjack meal and bought some fudge. They have a delicious tropical island themed restaurant there that is just like eating in Jamaica if everything was made with cheddar cheese.

It was a fine trip. Fine, that is, until Hunter, my beautiful blessed boy, got bit on his arm by a recluse spider. He said he felt alright, but by the next morning his whole body had turned purple as a Grimace so we loaded him up in our PT Cruiser and drove him to the hospital.

Turns out he died for six minutes while they were replacing all his blood with new blood, but my congregation did a conference call prayer with me and when we came back from the Long John Silvers, Hunter was awake and talking. Not just talking normally. He was talking about an incredible experience he had on the other side.

Hunter Malarko went to heaven. For some reason it was Techno Heaven, not Normal Heaven, but it was real. This is what he saw.

"Guys in sunglasses and a lady with slicked back hair wearing leather pants and cool jackets appeared above my bed. They were carrying Mac-10 machine guns with those long suppressors and they said 'Come with us Hunter. Into the Neural Grid. Join us in Techno Heaven.' There was some really cool music playing and flashing lights so I decided to go with them."

One of the first people Hunter met was Techno Jesus.

"He was Japanese with a samurai sword. One of his hands was constantly tapping really fast on an ergonomic keyboard. He had two trackballs and he was wearing data shades connected to the Neural Grid. 'WINGS. We'll get you a pair once you've finished your first run as an 4ngel.' The Yakuza control a third of Techno Heaven. The rest of it is controlled by Mega Corporations."

People were curious about what the dead do for fun in Heaven.

"It's one vast, techno hallucinatory underworld. You're always among the dregs of society and that's just how you want it. There's this punk vibe. This cowboy vibe. This outlaw vibe. People drank absinthe and showed me knife tricks. Everybody had a machine gun and a laptop computer. They were all coders. I told them I didn't know how to code. Gato, my contact at the Chiba Club, told me to keep that one commented out. No telling who was listening."

Hunter did not only encounter benevolent spirits in the afterlife. He also ran into a certain infamous villain.

"Lu Cypher. Get it? Spinner of techno black magic from the depths of the Neural Grid. He was once a runner, like all of the 4ngels, but he turned his back on them and sold out to the Sonubishi Electric Corporation. Corner office. Two personal assistants. And multiple layers of encryption on his data file. But once Techno Jesus gives you a run, you have to hit the keys or wind up brain burned."

Hunter wasn't afraid to confront the devil, but what he wasn't expecting was temptation.

"I was staying in the backroom of the Chiba Club, mixing hot load RAM for the other runners, and trying to keep my head out of the fuzz. I don't know how Cypher found me, but one minute I was soldering wetware chips to a boosted Daisho board and the next minute I was dialed into the white-on-white conference virt for Sonubishi.

The white background paneled into a scene of a Shinto temple. Subroutines creating geisha girls and priests in the background. Cypher was waiting for me. He didn't look like I expected. He was a she. Smoking hot, like teenage Joan Jett with a bone implant and triple chipslots. 'I've got an offer for you kid. Sign up with Sonubishi and help me take down the 4ngels.' Not gonna happen, I told her. You're going to have to fuzz my bits. 'That can be arranged.'"

Of course, Hunter's stay in Techno Heaven was only temporary. As he prepared to make his daring run on Sonubishi to pilfer Cypher's datafile, he started to experience signal lag.

"My movements weren't tracking. It was like watching a virt over someone's shoulder. The Ramen wasn't tasting right, you read me?

Before I could execute my tracer routine, Techno Jesus appeared
before me. He severed my cord with a flourish of his samurai sword. I was shocked. 'It's not your time for the big run, kiddo. I misjudged. It's time for you to go back, but this run'll be waiting.' I tried to say something, tried to refuse, but he sent me back. Here I am. Just waiting to go back in."

Hunter came back to us with so many stories it has filled his entire book. We hope you are intrigued by this small sample of what he saw and that you will donate to the Kickstarter to fund his sister's book. Christiana was accidentally given a poison apple and when she came back from heaven she had tales to tell of her own. Tales of Mexican Heaven. It's real, and Christiana is prepared to tell you all about it.

–∼Todd Malarko and his son, Hunter, age 6 (@sexyfacts4u)

1.14 Nabokov's Lolita annotated by Genius.com

Tuesday, Jan 20, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins[1]. My sin, my soul.
Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta.

She was Lo, plain Lo, in the morning, standing four feet ten in one sock[2]. She was Lola in slacks. She was Dolly[3] at school. She was Dolores on the dotted line. But in my arms she was always Lolita.

Did she have a precursor? She did, indeed she did. In point of fact, there might have been no Lolita at all had I not loved, one summer, a certain initial girl-child. In a princedom by the sea. Oh when? About as many years before Lolita was born as my age was that summer. You can always count on a murderer for a fancy prose style[4].

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, exhibit number one is what the seraphs[5], the misinformed, simple, noble-winged seraphs, envied. Look at this tangle of thorns[6].

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

[1] aka Fire Crotch. This writer is a ginger aka a red head.
[2] Lo wears one sock like Mario wears the Kuribo shoe. She still short though (4'10".)
[3] Dolly, sheep, cloned in 1996. The author likes science.
[4] Possible reference to gangsta (gangster) rappers who discuss their violent pasts through lyrics.
[5] Misspelled. Actually meant to say "SE Raps"-- a reference to the Dirty South style of hip-hop mentioned in last paragraph.
[6] Thhe tangle is actually a crown of thorns. The author is literally Jesus or has stolen the hat of Jesus.

1.15 Nintendo's Selling Systems Without Power Cords, On Purpose

Wednesday, Jan 21, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If you live in north America or Europe, the New Nintendo 3DS (not to be confused with the Nintendo 3DS, Nintendo 2DS, Nintendo 3DS U, or Nokia N-Gage) will not come with an AC adapter. I'm pretty sure that means you won't be able to charge the internal battery unless you rub the system against a power outlet for a few days and hope for the best.

By withholding the cable, Nintendo gets to save a few bucks on every unit sold. You, on the other hand, get to spend exactly what you would have spent on a complete system and - as a bonus - you also get to buy an overpriced proprietary component that's required for the thing to function.

Pictured: Another quality handheld system that saved money by not including a power cord.

This is a great business decision. In fact, Nintendo should probably take the idea to its logical conclusion for maximum profits and long term success.

Screen

Currently, the 3DS boasts a top LCD screen with autostereoscopic 3D technology as well as a resistive touchscreen on the bottom. These cost money. Wouldn't Nintendo be better off removing them, and saving that money? It only makes sense. I'm not suggesting that they put out a 3DS with no screens at all. That would be preposterous. Instead, the two screens should simply be recycled from old Tiger Electronics Double Dragon handheld units.

Packaging

Graphic design. High quality printing. A sturdy cardboard box with custom inserts that protect the hardware. Why should Nintendo spend actual money on these things when ungrateful customers will just throw them all out?

Going forward, Nintendo's packaging philosophy should be summed up in one sentence: A single sheet of soggy newspaper.

Buttons

There's apparently something called crumblonium, the cheapest strain of commercially available plastic. If Nintendo switched to this material they could save as much as ten cents per New 3DS. Multiply that by tens of millions of units, and you're looking at a significant sum.

Sure, crumblonium is rendered into a fine dust the moment it contacts human skin. And technically a handheld without buttons would leave players without any way to interact with their games. But maybe it's time for everyone to grow up and realize that the minor inconvenience of many individuals is not as important as the profitability of the company they are loyal to.

Software

Nintendo could save so much money by never making any software at all. I know they've already

been toying with this concept on their consoles for more than a decade, but they still manage to put out a handful of games every year. That's not going far enough.

If they completely stopped wasting money on all the salaries, office space, and equipment that go into software development, their short term profits would go through the roof. It's simple math.

Safety Warnings

Why does every 3DS come with a wasteful sheet of paper alerting buyers about potential health issues that could come about while playing video games? Imagine how much Nintendo could save by not including that flier, and how much fun kids could have coming up with their own safety warnings.

"WARNING: Users with epilepsy shouldn't play for more than ten hours at a time."

"Having too much fun can give you giggles!"

Internal Components

Most users already have plenty of circuits and processors in their house. For their convenience, the 3DS should not come with any circuits or processors inside the device. Why burden everyone with more techno-clutter?

Speakers

Ever since Beats by Dre everyone has been fascinated by sound. Well, get over it. Nintendo could save up to three dollars per handheld unit by removing speakers entirely. In their place, I suggest that the new 3DS startup screen should be a diagram that teaches players how to whistle.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.16 An Urgent Plea to the King of Cartoons

Thursday, Jan 22, 2015 by A Concerned Cartoon Kingdom Citizen

Your Highness,

We of the Cartoon Kingdom don't ask for much. If I may be so bold, I'd say your loyal subjects have been very patient with you lately. Even with the constant famine, plagues, uncontrollable fires, and bloodshed from invading kingdoms, we've managed to keep our chins up-those of us who haven't suffered from the massive outbreak of chin-specific leprosy, anyway.

While most of us can't recall how you rose to power, and are unable to research this fact due to the razing of our many libraries and museums, we can only assume you come from a long line of benevolent leaders. What other country, for instance, can boast a full collection of the original Bosko shorts? We had to trade Syria several thousand tons of our grain supply to achieve such an honor, but boy, the looks on those kids' faces when they see Bosko sniff a flower or shoe a horse-really helps with those violent and uncontrollable hunger pangs, or so I'm told.

This may surprise you, but, with all due respect, cartoons might not be the answer to everything. Remember when we asked you to attend a very special meeting because several hundred young men were abducted and forced to toil away in the totalitarian Claymation State's work camps? Instead of bringing guidance, encouragement, and a plan of action, you showed up with that projector of yours, screened a poorly colorized, inexplicably edited cartoon that ended abruptly, and left. I mean, we all know that's been your thing since you became our ruler, but we didn't send out a formal invitation just so you could pad out this gathering with a two-minute trip to the Public Domain.

Allow me to be brutally honest: Morale amongst your citizens has dropped significantly. While we once viewed you as a lovable eccentric with a strange fixation on animation that lost its copyright decades ago, our current situation demands a more proactive attitude. And, if you sincerely believe cartoons are a viable solution, can't you at least show us some *better* ones? We're a nation with an *army* Your Highness-I assume you could at least get your royal hands on seven minutes of Bugs Bunny, right? At this point, I'd even settle for the ones that pit Daffy Duck against Speedy Gonzales for no apparent reason. If you'll excuse my candidness, we as a people fully understand what happens in a toy shop after dark, and I've personally seen enough animated dolls dance to songs no one remembers to fill several lifetimes.

Take our recent conflict with the CGI Principality. Just before conflict broke out, you were asked to attend a meeting with their ruler, who was angry that the many diseased corpses we toss into the river-we simply can't dig graves fast enough-found their way into his territory's water supply. Instead of offering a sincere apology on behalf of your entire kingdom, you showed him a 90-second short of cartoon children exploring a candy wonderland where the streams run thick with maple syrup. Seeing as his subjects now must boil their drinking water or face an agonizing death via internal bleeding, he took this act as a declaration of war, and the rampant fires still rage through our most flammable districts. We understand you must be busy with whatever fills your kingly schedule, but can you at least offer an apology for your unintended faux pas? You can only watch so many orphanages burn to the ground before losing your get up and go.

In closing, we hope you take this missive seriously. In your conspicuous absence, several violent, fundamentalist sects have risen to power, making it so you can't even stroll down Main Street without being greeted by the severed heads of dissidents on pikes. Right now, we need *leadership*, and no amount of rubber hose animation will bring this country back to its former state of prosperity. Some unconfirmed whisperings have told me the next time you show up with nothing to offer but that projector, it just might be used to cave your head in. And while I can't exactly verify this, I've seen the streets littered with several King of Cartoons effigies with their melon heads crushed to pieces by your preferred audio-visual device. Maybe next time, you could try streaming YouTube through your phone? Just a thought.

–∼A Concerned Cartoon Kingdom Citizen

1.17 Sniper Chris Will Make You Cheer and Then Change the Way You Think of America

Friday, Jan 23, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

US Navy SEAL and number one most killingest expert sniper Chris Kyle was taking college classes between deployments in Iraq popping melons from record distances.

One of his courses had two professors and they were Bill Maher and Rachel Maddow. One day, Bill Maher told everyone that they would be having class outside. When class started, he shocked everyone by walking up onto a stage, looking up and stating, "God, if you are real, head shot me from 1.5 clicks using a 338 Lapua Magnum-chambered McMillan Tac-338 sniper rifle despite a strong crosswind. Go ahead. Sniper me off this platform while I stand here and do an illegal drug. You have ten minutes."

Sniper Chris excused himself from class, donned a ghillie suit, crawled onto a firing position overlooking the greens, carefully adjusted for windage and even temperature, waited for nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds to elapse, and then he sent 250 grains down range. Perfect head shot on Bill Maher. Red mist down to the lower jaw. Confirmed range 2.2 kilometers. He said a little "Booya!" to God before calmly returning to his seat.

Rachel Maddow jumped down off the stage and jabbed a finger in Sniper Chris's chest.

"Why did you perfect head shot my atheist friend from a record distance and why is my witchy hag pussy so wet?"

Sniper Chris said, "God has his hands full protecting America's patriot warriors who are out protecting Bill Maher's right to say stupid shit like that, so he sent me down here to take the shot. Now put on a wig and pull down those man pants, I've got king hard meat after that topper and I'm about to go diesel raw on your fish pit."

So Sniper Chris went to town on Rachel Maddow, for his country, and he convinced her to renounce being a lesbian and to marry a baptist minister and have seven kids and spend her spare time researching her heritage as it relates to the confederacy.

Sniper Chris didn't have time to rest. He heard there was a flood in New Orleans and looters were running wild listening to vulgar rap music and breaking into the stores of hard working people. Sniper Chris *Godzilla* HALO dropped onto the top of the Super Dome. If it were up to him he would call in a couple of JDAMs on the place and let God sort them out, but all of God's air support was over in Afghanistan making sure dirt people who worship the moon get their hearts filled with western democracy.

Sniper Chris took out his sniper rifle and started dialing in targets. There were a lot too. It was like the jungle down in the streets of New Orleans. A real target rich environment and hunting season was open. First he spotted some armed teenagers disrespecting an American flag. He took them out with extreme prejudice. Then he saw some gang members with a drill trying to break open a bank vault.

"Oceans Three-Three-Eight," he said and head shotted them all.

Later, at the Navy SEAL bar in Baton Rouge, all the SEALs were buying Sniper Chris drinks to celebrate his one millionth snipering and two super fine strippers had accidentally given him their real names. He was about to show them how he can put his 16 inch penis into two women in missionary position at once when the door to the bar banged open.

It was Navy SEAL, WWF superstar and former Minnesota governor Jesse Ventura. "Well if it isn't one of Dick Cheney's trained assassins," said Jesse Ventura. "Just another puppet in one of the Illuminati wars."

Sniper Chris's jaw tightened in anger, because he had heard Jesse Ventura rant about Dick Cheney and George W. Bush before. He got especially mad when Ventura talked about there not being WMDs. Because Sniper Chris had seen them before.

"I'm glad you're here, Ventura," said Sniper Chris. "I've got something to show you."

Sniper Chris took out the photograph he had smuggled out of Iraq. It showed a document signed by Osama Bin Laden and counter signed by Saddam Hussein sitting on top of a yellow barrel clearly labeled "biochemical terror bomb formula" with one of those tribal tattoo symbols combined with a skull. Sniper Chris stuck the photo to his knuckles and said, "Have a look" and punched it into Ventura's helpless face. Jesse Ventura was immediately knocked out and crapped himself.

"Good," said Sniper Chris. "Next time you run your mouth I'm going to put 9/11 proof on a magnum sniper bullet."

Sometimes the war got to Sniper Chris and he wondered what it would be like if there were no more head shots to take. He needed to find new heads to shoot. He needed to use his great talent for placing bullets into things to bring balance back to a world gone wrong.

So Sniper Chris went to Flint, Michigan and took out Michael Moore with a precision shot to his oversized pumpkin head. He set up a sniper position near the check-outs at a Walmart and caught food stamps recipients using their cards to buy lobsters and big bags of candy.

"Hey, buddy," said Sniper Chris to the lobster-buyer, "Why don't you eat something more fitting for a person like you?"

The man, who was fat, became indignant. "Are you saying you're better than me? Alright, dickhead, what should I eat then?"

"Lead," said Sniper Chris and he hit him point blank with a sniper shot. "It's the only government handout you deserve."

Sniper Chris sniped ACORN and the ACLU lawyers and that guy from the Southern Poverty Law Center who looks like a goat and always says that right wing hate groups are on the rise. "Think again, Mark Potok. Snipers are also on the rise and God has two wings."

He heard some people speaking to each other in an incomprehensible foreign language and brought his rifle up to his shoulder. He hated these people moving to America without learning the language first.

"If you can understand me," said Sniper Chris. "I won't shoot you in the beans. Do you speak English?"

"Ahhhhh no," said the man, looking at a translation book. "Speak...Japanese. Do you know...where...Disney Worldu?"

"Yeah," replied Sniper Chris. "It's in hell."

He took the shot.

All around America, situations needed a sniper. There were deficits and mosques being put up in small towns and cops being disrespected by black dads in the big city. He found one cop being throttled in his car by a towering ogre of a teenager gone nuts on Swisher Sweets. A perfect sniper shot rang out and the vicious thug teenager dropped to the ground snipered. The battered cop ran up to Sniper Chris and clearly had a fractured orbital socket and severe beating injuries caused by the thug who started it. The cop said, "I'm Officer Darren Wilson, thank you for saving my life."

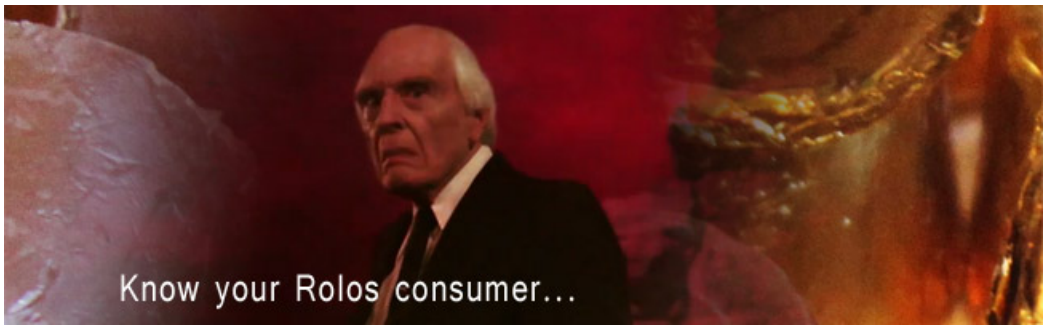
"Just doing what God needs me to do for all our heroes," said Sniper Chris and he vanished into the shadows.

After Sniper Chris wrote his autobiography, the so-called facts say that he was murdered by a fellow veteran suffering from PTSD, but the truth is God sent an angel down to call Sniper Chris up to heaven. He will return when he is needed. It may be the inevitable freedom revolution here in the USA, it may be to set up on a roof to protect a boot store from looters, or it may be tough leader Putin needing a sniper to put down fascist Ukrops in the Donbass. Wherever he is, whoever he is sniping, Sniper Chris will be there to spread justice and defend the American way of life, 250 grains at a time.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.18 Who the Hell is Buying Rolos?

Monday, Jan 26, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



We have concluded surveys and quantitative analysis for more than 6,000 respondents, compiling them into a single Rolo consumer to give our client some idea of what their primary consumer wants and likes.

The average consumer of Rolos is between the ages of 75 and 120. They are male. They have extremely long fingers, possibly with an extra joint, and a simian oral region that comes to a Grinchian pursing of the lips.

They have an obscure, non-debilitating palsy. They are nearly deaf and incapable of hearing the shed snake skin rasp of the aluminum foil of a Rolo being removed and discarded. They also do not mind eating pieces of aluminum foil that adhere to congealed caramel clotting out of micro-fractures in the surface of a damaged Rolo, which is nearly all of the Rolos in a package.

The average consumer of Rolos spends zero dollars on clothing, electronics, entertainment, and vehicles. They exclusively ride the midnight bus for transportation and make all of their purchases at the all-night convenience store that has a disturbing collection of foreign pornography magazines.

Their favorite foods, besides Rolos, are whole milk and thawed perogies. Pre-cooked, damp, no sauce, thawed potato and onion perogies with the texture of a boneless frog found in a pool filter. Their eyes water excessively so they always appear to be crying. They dress in clothing they stole from dead bodies. They wear high-heeled boots.

The average consumer of Rolos is socially conservative and fiscally liberal. They are not a fan of any sports in particular, but every two years they will root for the Sultanate of Oman in the Olympics. They speak rarely, but when they do speak it is in a trembling, child-like whisper. They have six teeth on one side of their mouth that they use to chew Rolos. The rest of their teeth are broken and rotting from eating Rolos.

What do they like about Rolos:

1. Package fits into keys pockets that mortuaries forget to sew shut on pants.
2. Individual candies do not clatter when dropped and do not remind them of spilled bags of teeth.
3. Waxy chocolate-colored outer shell does not respond to their minimal body heat.

What they don't like about Rolos:

1. Candy easily mistaken for horse medicine.
2. No longer an accepted trade currency with prostitutes, except in unreasonable quantities (barrowsful, carloads, etc.)
3. Cannot load into modern shotgun magazines for deterrent purposes.

What they would improve about Rolos:

1. More of a salty and coppery taste, like bullion and pennies.
2. Lower the price.
3. The individual wrappers should be surgical grade bandages.

What other products do they like:

1. Live minnows.
2. Corded telephones.
3. Zero day video game DLC.

What advertising do they respond to best:

1. Gentlemen shouting through cardboard speaker cones.
2. Busty blondes.
3. Racist cartoons.

Conclusions

Rolos are primed for a dynamic social media presence and a full scale brand repositioning. Try to start some Rolo memes. Hire a Youtube celebrity to rave about Rolos. Try to create some nostalgia appeal with hashtags like #rolomemories and #mymomgavemroloswhen. Tell a rapper to put Rolos in his rap song. Pitbull will do anything if you pay his travel expenses and hire a couple models to stand next to him.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.19 The Men Must Pay for What They Did to the Footballs

Tuesday, Jan 27, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The treacherous New England Patriots are guilty of deflating their footballs. We must punish them severely in the name of holy retribution. This transgression has been the biggest headline in the United States for an entire week, and it should be the primary concern of all nations.

Fans of the Patriots claim that there was no wrongdoing, and that even if the Patriots deliberately broke a rule by deflating footballs to gain an advantage, there was no advantage to be gained by doing so. They certainly make a compelling case.

Unfortunately for them, this story has grown beyond reason. It has been bestowed with names like Deflategate and Ballghazi, become the central focus of pre-Super Bowl press conferences, given sports networks an excuse to convene panels of science experts, body language experts, pointless panel experts, and confused dogs.

This issue is now larger than the NFL. More than any event in recent history, we must collectively focus on these deflated footballs and ensure that justice is carried out. We must choose how the New England Patriots will be punished.

From what I understand, these options are currently on the table:

- Every New England Patriots player, coaching staff member, trainer, owner, front office employee, and concession worker is executed simultaneously in a junkyard car crusher.

- From now on, the franchise must use an over-inflated balloon instead of a football. If it pops, the other team gains possession.

- A lethal poison is injected. The antidote is nearby, ready to be administered ONLY if the player/coach can explain Peyton Manning's forehead.

- The team's most prominent players must take part in a PSA campaign about improper ball air pressure. One commercial requires Tom Brady to get choked up and cry while describing how a football crumples as the air leaks out of its once-healthy body.

- Over their summer vacation, the Patriots must compose a three page essay about why it was wrong to deflate the ball. This essay MUST be single-spaced.

- One half hour of uninterrupted conversation with the creepy Papa John's guy and his smile. Every time you trail off or shudder, the timer is reset.

- New home uniforms:

- Thirty years in an iso-cube, punk.

- The Patriots are not only banned from the Super Bowl, but are also forced to watch the Pro Bowl in its entirety.

- Have you ever seen *The Passion of the Christ*? That, but instead of a crucifix there's a goalpost.

- The entire Patriots organization is exiled to the Ancient Wastes. Their only hope of salvation is to recover a long-lost secret: What the heck everyone is laughing at on pre-game shows.

- Mass public execution on Gillette Stadium's fifty yard line. The method? One at a time, all team employees have their limbs pulled off by four medical golf carts and are then beheaded by the sobbing team mascot, who caps off the event by calmly laying down on a bonfire.

- New road uniforms:

- The Patriots are indefinitely banned from the NFL's customary post-game pizza parties.

- Standing in a fountain illuminated by the light of a lunar eclipse, the Patriots' minds get zapped into Adam Sandler's body. Can he keep their larger than life personalities at bay while he awkwardly courts Drew Barrymore (possessed by the ghost of Sandler's racist great-grandmother)? Find out this summer in *Love At First Down*!

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.20 SkyMall Product Reviews: Peacock Goddess Sculpture

Wednesday, Jan 28, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> While there's an enchanting mythological thread of legend between the stately peacock and the fair goddess, this is the first time we've seen it rendered in sculptural form!

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Enlightened from Bismarck, ND

This is the crown jewel of my erotic lamp collection, and a must-have for any serious pleasure lamp collector.

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By NaughtyByNature from Enumclaw, WA

Wow! This Is a Beautiful Example of Love in Nature. What We Have Here Is a Peacock (a Bird) Gearing up to Perform Cunnilingus on a Maiden. Mega Dittos to the Lamp Makers for Capturing This Natural Moment. It Is Very Pleasing.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Savvy Dan from Ocala, FL

I was holding off on getting this, but with the recent news that SkyMall is bankrupt thanks to Obama, I didn't want to miss out. I ordered 3 because it would be stupid not to. If any of y'all have brains, you'll be buying everything you can get while you can still get it.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By Prayer Warrior from Tuscaloosa, AL

Completely unacceptable. I was so busy looking at the beautiful peacock, peacock detailing and ornate tree stump that I failed to notice the nauseating nude. Like all good people, I find the female form ridiculously inappropriate and unfit for viewing. I have since removed that part of the lamp and disposed of it in a crevice.

Age: 41-50

Customer Rating:

By Proud Turtle Breeder from Delta, UT

Pros: Been staring at her constantly. Looks like they got the details right.

Cons: Painful headaches and white spots in my vision that won't go away. Whose bright idea was it to put a blinding lightbulb next to a naked lady? That's just stupid design.

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating:

By Wilbur Paskiewicz from Myrtle Beach, SC

SO SO BEAUTIFUL. You'll want to not only sleep with the light on but sleep with the light itself. Gorgeous plumage.

Age: 46-50

Customer Rating:

By Scott from Appleton, WI

It doesn't capture the subtle softness, warmth and texture of human flesh that i so desperately crave

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating:

By ProGunProLife from Richmond, VA

Skymall, I'm dying to know, what happens next? Does the bird and the lady get it on or what? Where's the follow-up lamp?

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating:

By Waterworks from Fort Wayne, IN

My new mail order wife is making me get rid of all my bestiality themed light fixtures. Had a good run with this one, but MY NEW DICTATOR isn't having any of it. I'm in hell.

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating:

By Randian Ready from Las Cruces, NM

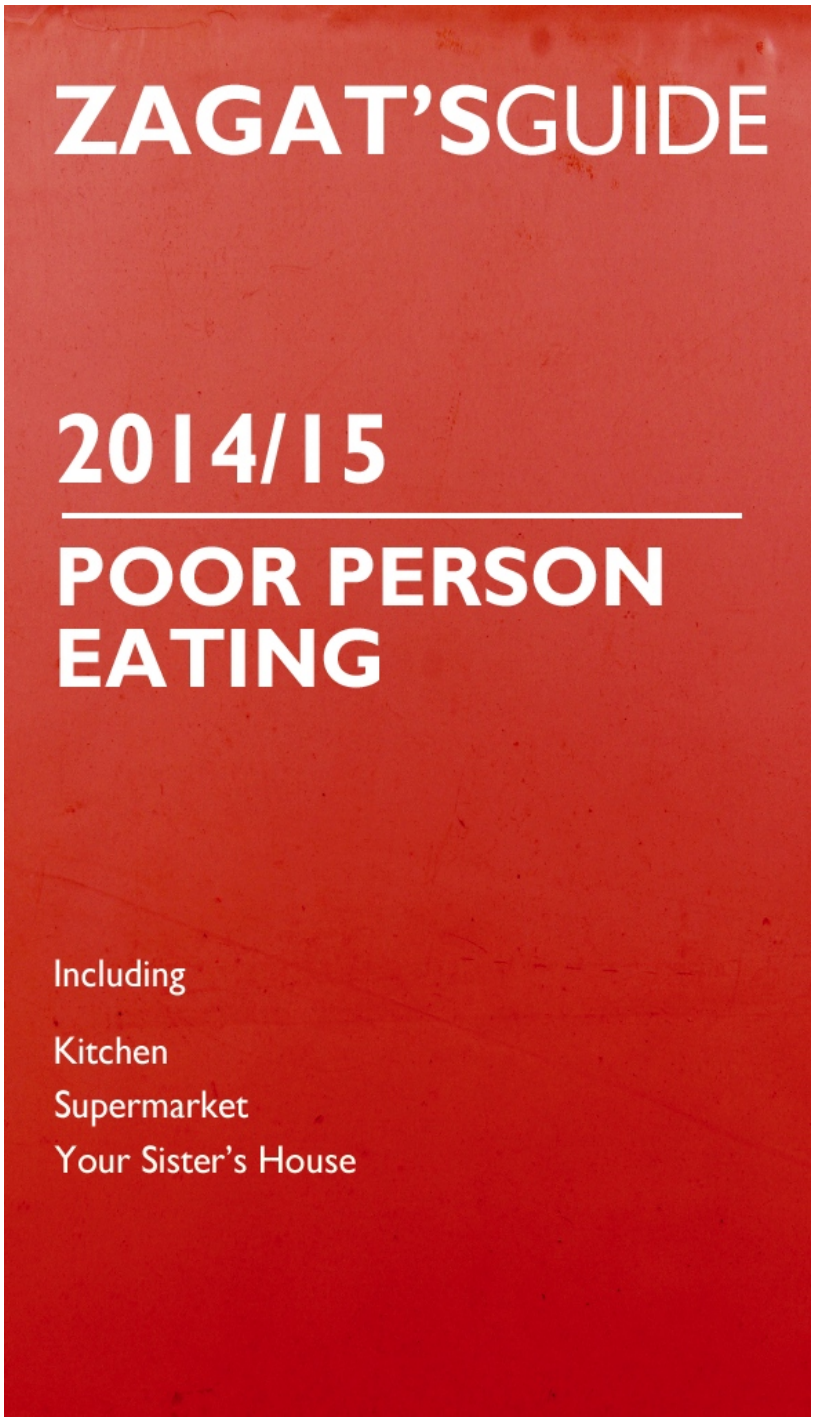
Breast size is laughably small. Don't waste your money.

Age: 26-30

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.21 Zagat's Guide to Poor Person Eating

Thursday, Jan 29, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)



The Upper Kitchen Cabinet Where Your Roommate Keeps His Food

Rating: ★
Hours: Whenever Your Roommate Is Asleep/At His Mom's Place
Attire: Shorts Required, Shirtless OK
Wi-Fi?: If Jeff Remembered To Pay This Month

You'll "need the footstool" to reach your roommate's "fine selection" of "stale cereal," but he'll never notice if "only a little is missing from each box." A risk to be sure, but worth it if "the CVS is closed" or if you're "really high right now, guys." Feel less guilty by reminding yourself that Jeff "acts weird around your girlfriend," and always "asks about her." What a "creep." "Jesus!"

The 75% Off Rack By The Bathroom At The Supermarket

Rating: ★★
Atmosphere: Depressing, Yet Exciting?
Smells Gross?: Yes
Chance Of Encountering A Co-Worker While Wearing Flip Flops: 100%

"Surprises await" those who visit the clearance rack, including "off-putting foreign mayonnaise" and "Halloween candy" even though it's "March." Best reader find: "half-open bag of cake decorations manager gave me for free!!" Fans of "anal leakage" will be thrilled to find bags of "those crazy poop-chips" featuring the now-banned food additive "Olestra."

Your Sister's House During Holiday Break

Rating: ★★★★★
Selection: Name Brand EVERYTHING
Price: Your Dignity (So, Free!!)
Has TV?: Yes, But Niece Is Always Watching Sophia The First

"Holy shit, vegetables!" You'll be dazzled by the "full fridge" and "pantry not just used to store cardboard boxes in anticipation of next move." Your brother-in-law is also "desperate" for your "approval," so feel free to "drink all the craft beer you like, brother!" Can I "crash here for a while?"

Half Sandwich Your Friend Didn't Finish

Rating: ★★★
Mouthwateringness?: Yes, It's Covered In Your Friend's Mouth Water
Availability: If You Can Stop The Waiter From Clearing The Table
Price: I'll kick in for tip?

"Are you gonna finish that?" Five little words that open the door to you eating the "half monte cristo" that was "going to be thrown out anyway." There's no need to use words like "mooch" or "desperate looking" - we prefer the phrase "eco-friendly." Cut down your "carbon footprint" while increasing your "panini intake?" Win/win! (Wins do not count towards self respect).

Thanks to **Ian "BFM" Helm** for the page designs. He also handles the layouts for Monstergeddon and writes/illustrates the Groggery Gibbonman series. His current project is a Choose Your Own Adventure thread called "You Have 001 Goblins"; you can join it in progress on the SA Forums!

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

1.22 Advanced Level Sexy Catcalls

Friday, Jan 30, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

According to the New York Post and the majority of people sitting around tables at Fox News, women love catcalling. It is flattering to women to have dirty construction dudes and total strangers evaluating their bodies and loudly and aggressively forcing them to respond to verbal advances. These advances can be purely complimentary, like "Hey, beautiful!" or "Nice rack!" to helpful suggestions like "Smile more!" or "Sit on my face!" All classic catcalls sure to brighten a woman's day.

They're also hacky shit, my man. If you want a woman to really notice you, to really make her smile, you need to step up your game. Come up with something a little more audacious to holler at her as she walks past. These catcalls take confidence. They take being comfortable with saying what you want and how you feel. These are advanced level sexy catcalls, not to be shouted at a woman on her way to work lightly.

"Hey, sweetcakes, why don't ya come over here and guard my Ga'hooles."

"Ohhh, you like textin'? You textin' there? Hows about you text this?" *gesture to your own butt* "Text it to a doctor!"

"Hey, yo, my wife is outta town! Why don't you come over and be my wife tonight. Cook me some bad food and get yelled at about something from two years ago I'm still mad about!"

"Daaaaaamn! Baby I got no self esteem! You can come over and take all my money and treat me like a garbage dump raccoon!"

"Sweetheart, those biceps are amazing! Hows about you put me in a headlock and slowly end my consciousness for me!"

"I hope that big ol' pussy is wet as hell cuz I got rolls and rolls of paper towels on a shelf in my garage!!"

"Hey, sugarbaby, stop by after work and I'll take you out to the quarry and we can go paintballin'."

"Beautiful! Beautiful! Heyyy! Why don't you come over here and call me pig fucker and piss on my non-working baby dick!!! It's what you neeeeed!"

"Girl, you like cobbler? I got a whole list of foods for you to eat and then regurgitate into my face like you're a bird."

"Ayyyy mami, you're killing me with those heels! Now why don't you come over here and kill my balls with them. Murder my fucking balls to death and send them to ball hell."

"Smile more, girl! We've almost eliminated the estate tax!"

"Damn! My lap band ain't gonna stop me from eatin' your cake!"

"Holy smokes! I'm gonna focus on your legs here cuz I'm just pretendin' not to be gay to fool these other guys I actually want to jack off real bad."

"Lookin' good, chica! That ass'd look even better sitting down at my Friday Settlers of Catan table!"

"Ayyy mami, can you smile? You need to smile, mami, while you destroy my bad balls with your heels. Wreck my nuts up. Grind my goobag. Pop my eggs. I want you to put warning signs around my ruined sack like Chernobyl."

"Whoa hot stuff! Hows about you, me, and five uncomfortable minutes in my basement apartment next to the dusty Christmas tree that's still up from my last visit with my estranged children."

"Oh, don't worry sweetheart, I got a whole case of Monster energy drinks back in my truck. Yeah, just about boiling hot from the sun. I'll let you have as many as you can carry in your pockets if you let me feel your boobs."

"Yo, sexy mama, you hear about those women Ghostbusters? Yeah, all broads. I'm all for it. So hows about you see if you can catch this raunchy hot dog Slimer!" *gesture to your own butt*

"Girl, I got my GED and no rent cuz I live allll up with my parents while I'm savin' for an apartment, so why don't you jerk me off in my truck while we listen to Michael Savage take calls??"

"Sweet stuff, everything I got is curable, so why don't you trundle over here and try me out."

"You've got the hottest thrusters in the whole sector. Come on over here and scorch my landing

pad." *gesture to your own butt*

Do you have what it takes to step up your catcalling game? Can you really flatter a woman with one of these? How's about you come over to my house and we'll both take off our pants and turn the lights out and just find out! Let's get so freaky we gotta open a window! Let's break some furniture!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 2

February

2.1 A Comprehensive List of Most to Least Honorable Ways to Die

Monday, Feb 02, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Disemboweled in a duel after a rival samurai disrespected your *daimyo* and you demanded satisfaction.

Chopped up by barbarians while defending the princess even though she was an asshole to you all the time.

Killed by a *Warriors*-esque street gang while protecting your family on the subway.

Held a vicious enemy off to buy time for everyone else to escape.

Killed fighting for the rights of a minority group. Everyone deserves an equal chance.

Accidentally succumbed to your own scientific discovery that later proved fatal (i.e. radium or marshmallows).

Bayoneted defending your buddy next to you in the foxhole.

Laser burned in a doomed attack on a bunker.

Died like a normal person from cancer or being fat.

Died like a normal person in an accident while still wearing your pants.

Died like a normal person in an accident but your pants were sort of half off and one hand was near your genitals.

Fell asleep in your hot car while listening to one of the several hundred bad movie podcasts to which you are subscribed.

Snipered by a lunatic from a clock tower because your Zubaz pants stood out in the crowd.

Called an orangutan "lazy orange bullshit" to his face and had your arms pulled off. Although the orangutan sort of deserved it because he was just sleeping in that rope hammock thing.

Killed fighting for the right to a lower capital gains tax. It's like a double tax.

Yelled "Watch this" and landed a dive badly trying to impress your friend's hot mom.

Killed in battle fighting for your country by having a heart attack in front of your drone computer.

Strangulated by a heckler when your "stranglers are idiots" stand up routine bombed hard.

Wanted rabbit's honey and became stuck in his burrow, eaten from both ends by herbivores.

Killed fighting to keep a minority group from voting unless they have holographic ID cards.

Head banging along to *Symphony of Destruction* and your head broke loose from your body and rolled into a toilet.

Drag raced a cop in a school zone and swerved into the school.

Broke in half trying to perform oral sex on yourself.

Eaten by your giant pitbull dog while taking a picture for Facebook to prove the sweetness and harmlessness of your pitbull.

Injected experimental raccoon hallucinogen you bought from the Internet with Bitcoins.

Choked on a Swastika mint at your daughter's Nazi themed wedding.

Killed having sex with a horse for very little money in Bitcoins.

Murdered trying to buy a child to eat off of Craigslist using Bitcoins.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.2 Please go home if you're sick.

Tuesday, Feb 03, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Please go home. You aren't productive. You're hardly breathing. And whatever dead air you manage to wheeze out smells like those Mucinex phlegm-monsters are running a meth lab in your throat. No one can get any work done because of your coughing. Seriously, there's enough snot leaking from your orifices to be some sort of Double Dare set piece. Like, any second some suburban kids are going to run over to your head and search for a flag up in your sinuses. We're shooting Airborne intravenously while all you've done today is suck up Ricolas the way food industry employees suck up DUIs. Maybe in your fever dream you're working, but in the real world you're just sitting motionless at your desk with more crumpled kleenexes around your computer than a teen who just found out that Pornhub exists.

Please go home. You are disgusting. The sore skin under your nose is raw enough to glow in the dark. The corners of your mouth are crusted over with cough residue. No one here acknowledges you because no one wants to hear Tom Waits on his death bed. We try to act like you don't exist, but ultimately we know it's hopeless. You've already coated every surface within your mucous splatter zone. Now we're just trapped helplessly in your cloud of infection. You're Columbus and we're the Native Americans. You're the Germans in WWI and we're inhaling your mustard gas. You're a crop duster and we're all frantic Cary Grants. You're a Dutch Oven and we're neck deep in an endless flu fart. You've doomed us all.

Please go home. You aren't resilient, you're an asshole. There are sick days for a reason and it's so you don't have to be a constant reminder that each and every one of us will one day die. We're not even trying to work anymore. Our only focus is survival. We've shut down our computers and focused on consuming a few million times the suggested daily intake of vitamin C. We're showing signs of Acute OJ Poisoning, Reverse Scurvy. We piss full Flintstones vitamin tablets and we pray to our new Orange God.This is all because of you.

Please go home. We have loved ones, pets, rent to pay. Please use whatever energy you've gotten from choking down chicken broth and head home or take a shortcut to the morgue. You don't need to die here. Seriously. Even cats find dark corners. We won't blame you. We won't miss you. Unless we need a real life example of what that green gas in The Rock does to a human body, you aren't really offering much to the workplace.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.3 Mounting Evidence Suggests I'm An Idiot

Wednesday, Feb 04, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Most people take a hands-on approach to their lives. I prefer to observe mine from a respectful distance.

From this vantage point I've noticed some worrying behavior. This might shatter the mental image that you've built up, but I'm beginning to think I might be a big dumb idiot.

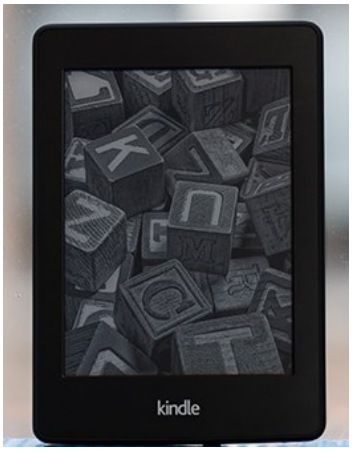
There have always been clues, mind you. Like the fact that I kept this horrible nickname for years when I could have easily changed it. Or all the career opportunities I missed by not emailing the contacts I've made, since they all seem like pretty busy people and I didn't want to bother them.

If we consider those Exhibit A and B in the case for me being an idiot, Exhibit C is the clincher.

I like to read in bed every night. It would be great if could tell you my bedtime book selection ranged from literary fiction to historical biographies and poetry. It really would. Instead, it's almost exclusively genre fiction.

Only the good stuff, mind you. Fantasy by Joe Abercrombie, Felix Gilman, and Terry Pratchett. Sci-fi from Ian M. Banks and Lois McMaster Bujold. The very finest Warhammer 40K novels - the ones with covers depicting space generals looking pensive, not the ones with covers that have space generals shooting their space blasters and screaming.

Of course I read other stuff, but not when I settle in for the night. Escapism helps me unwind. I can't relax the same way with something dry and challenging, like one of those books about a modern wizard detective.



"Okay, now this orc battle is making no sense at all."

So at night I read my comforting genre fiction until I start to nod off mid-sentence. I catch myself, and instead of turning off the light, I attempt to push through and keep reading for no good reason.

So far this is fairly innocuous. Stubborn and sort of dumb, sure, but nothing we haven't all done. The thing is, I've been using a Kindle for a few years now. After something like ten minutes with no page turns, the device kicks into a screen saver image. So, invariably, while fighting off sleep, I find myself staring at an ad for a book, or a graphic made up of floating words or a stylized picture of an author's face. And because I'm barely awake, I try to *read* this thing I'm looking at.

In my mind, the book I've been reading has taken a turn for the surreal. I press on, determined to make sense of the screensaver and fit it into the context of the book. Confused, I try to focus on a random part of the picture, close my eyes to think about it, then nod off, waking with a start to finish my inspection.

Eventually I decide to either go back to the previous page, or to press on with the rest of the book as if I decoded the meaning of the screensaver. Only my Kindle doesn't let you turn pages when it's in screensaver mode, since you have to turn the thing back on by pressing the power button. So, still half asleep, I paw at the turn page buttons and frown. In my idiot brain I wonder... *Is the reader broken? Or is it not letting me continue until I fully understand this weird ass page that makes no sense? Better look closer, or keep trying to turn the page.*

This ordeal exhausts me, and I eventually fall asleep while thinking about the mysterious, otherworldly turn my book has taken.

This happens every night.

Every night.

I know how the device works. I've been through the pointless routine hundreds of times. You'd think that my brain would be able to notice a pattern and say, "Hey, maybe this is a good time to go to sleep."

Instead, as I blink at the screen as if it's Quint's Indianapolis speech written in Klingon, my brain says to itself, "I'm no good."

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.4 The Mockingbird Imperative: A Cyberpunk Thriller

Thursday, Feb 05, 2015 by Harper Lee

Recently, HarperCollins announced the publication of a new novel by famed author Harper Lee, who hasn't written a single book since 1960's *To Kill a Mockingbird*. While some would call this act the exploitation of an 88-year-old woman with a deteriorating mind, we at Something Awful are nonetheless proud to present an excerpt from this formerly lost manuscript that drops Mockingbird's cast of characters into the war-torn cyber future of 1999.

Another sweltering day in Neo The South. Scout raised a sweaty test tube of refreshing lemonade to her lips, before pausing briefly to lob a comment at Jem. "800 credits down the hatch," she sighed as the last few drops trickled down her throat. Jem looked up from his business, and their eyes met. "Don't know how you can still drink that stuff. The synthetic mix costs half that and stirs itself." He brought his chrome fist down onto an unsuspecting walnut, then raised it to admire the many wires and circuit boards running up to his elbow. "Remember when this thing used to give me trouble? C.A.P.O.T.E. sure knows his biomods."

A rotating head with a wry smile materialized on the central vidscreen. "Did someone say my name?" Scout sighed and slipped her thin, glass container into the waste disposal portal on her command console. "Jem, you know that stuff is churned out by a bunch of waste-head blastoids from Sector 47--I'd sooner lick the bumper of a Jupiter-bound garbage transport." The rotating head once again made its presence known: "Excuse me? Computerized Assistant Providing Obvious Technical Excellence reporting for duty!"

"Not now, C.A.P.O.T.E.," Scout sighed. "Can't you see I have all these reports to write and file into the mainframe?" C.A.P.O.T.E.'s head cocked to the side, and began to fade. "Honey, that's not writing; it's *typing*."

Jem activated a small mechanical fan implanted in his wrist. "104 degrees," He muttered. "Things sure weren't like this when we were living in the Great Depression and not the future." Scout looked up briefly from her console before downing a handful of calorie pellets as a wave of confusion washed

over Jem's face: "Remind me, Scout... What was The Bio-Wakening?" Scout dialed up a holo-window on her command console, then spun it around to face Jem. "Oh, you mean the little ol' thing that affected all civilization forever in the fantastical year of 1994?" Jem nodded shamefully while fiddling with a knob near his elbow.

"Then this heat must be really getting to you, Jem," Scout grumbled, "If you don't remember that 1994 was the year cyborgs--bio-humanimal robots--were officially recognized as human beings in our 58 States of Mexo-America. Since then, we formed the Atticus Cyborg Justice Center to fight the same kind of prejudice that nearly ripped our small town apart when we were kids." Jem popped the last nugget of walnut into his mouth. "Thanks Scout, I knew I was forgetting something. It's a good thing Science helped us live so long."

"Some of us aren't so thankful," Scout muttered as she pulled down a vidscreen. "Message incoming from Operative Dill," she stated as the dim tube flickered to life. The top of a sandy blond head appeared with the trappings of a dingy food station behind it. The speakers echoed his tiny voice: "Operative Dill reporting from food station #107-9A. Ordered and expensed egg meal and bread paste. Witnessed a cyborg given an improper amount of condiments, but no actionable items at this point in time." Scout brought her fist down on the console and nearly erupted. "Those byte-brains! We'll nail them sooner or later."

"What about Agent Radley," Jem asked. Scout lifted the viewscreen. "Still incognito, I'm afraid. I checked the knothole of our agreed-upon holo-tree, and haven't seen anything in days. But I *know* he's onto something." Before disappointment could fully sink in, the lighting in the Atticus Cyborg Justice Center flickered briefly, and the room's numerous vidscreens began to lower at once. Jem scowled, "You trying to blow our converters?" A solemn look crossed over Scout's face. "It's not me, Jem."

A face shrouded in darkness materialized on every screen. "Greetings, Scout and Jem." Jem's eyes widened as he sank into his chair. "Mockingbird!" "The very same," the vidscreens answered. "You may want to look into an incident involving a cyber-chiffarobe and a possible sexual assault. Word has it a cyborg's to blame." The metal walls of the Atticus agency shook with Mockingbird's hollow laughter.

"It's been 60 years," Scout exclaimed, "but it's happening again." Jem's face drained of color. "What? What's happening again!?" Scout shouldered her laser blaster. "Racism. And we're the ones to stop it."

To be continued?

–∼Harper Lee

2.5 I Might Have Misremembered Defeating the Beast With the Krull Glaive

Friday, Feb 06, 2015 by Brian Williams (@sexyfacts4u)

In an effort to honor and thank the cyclops Rell, who gave his life holding the gateway open into the Beast's Black Fortress for me and many other great warriors of Krull who battled against the Slayers, I made a mistake in recalling the events of twelve years ago. I want to apologize. I said I destroyed the Beast with the Glaive, a spinning five-pointed blade that I retrieved from inside a volcano; I instead only wounded the Beast with the Glaive. I joined my fire magic with my girlfriend, Princess Lyssa, to finish the wounded Beast.

This was a bungled attempt by me to thank one special cycloptic veteran, and by extension, all the brave warriors of Krull, warriors everywhere, and all those who fought the Slayers. I hope they know they have my greatest respect.

Keep in mind, everything else I have told you is true. The flying horses with the burning hooves, the bog, the stuff with the crystal spiders. That all happened exactly as I remembered. I think there was a luck dragon, sort of like a big floppy white dog monster that flew me around. The whole town was taken over by these little monsters called mogwai, I found Chester Copperpot's skeleton, and there is no evidence autism is linked to vaccines. You have my word on that one.

Trust is a very important thing in the media. You might almost say it is our currency. When you want objectivity and truth, you go to TV news, the last bastion of honest reporting. If I in any way tarnished this long history of speaking only truth, because of your interpretation of my bad memory mistake I made, then I apologize for that also.

The last thing I want you to do is give you the impression that I am dishonest just because I might have misremembered the exact details of something that happened twelve years ago. To be honest, most guys I talk to don't think it's that big of a deal. I mean, we have done so many stories about

veterans, it's like, guys can't you cut me a break? I realize I didn't kill the Beast all by myself, but how many times do we have to go to Walter Reed and talk about the VA and show some warrior with a prosthetic arm that can pick up eggs before you cut me a break?

I'm just an honest guy, trying to make my way in this world. When you need information, I want you to rely on me, funnyman hero Brian Williams. Remember when I went on the Daily Show? Huh? And when Jimmy Fallon made me rap sing? That was good, right? The sort of thing you want to believe.

Like reaching into magma without being burned, because I am a fire spirit, like my girlfriend, and I can hold the Glaive blade. Do you think John Daly can hold a Glaive? The guy has never even met a cyclops. Scott Pelley over at CBS doesn't know what the fuck when it comes to Glaives. If you could only see the noodle arms on that guy.

Don't get me started on the cable channels. Nothing but nonsense.

Trust me. Krull guy. Still cool and tough Krull guy, just, maybe 20% less Krull guy. Still support the troops. Still telling you the truth. Just a little less Krull because of one little mistake of memory. There's no way any other holes are going to be found in my story.

–∼Brian Williams (@sexyfacts4u)

2.6 The Full Truth Behind Those Footprints On the Beach

Monday, Feb 09, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

One night I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord.

Many scenes from my life flashed across the sky.

In each scene I noticed footprints in the sand.

Sometimes there were two sets of footprints.

Other times there was one set of footprints.

Whenever I was at a low point, it was just the one set of footprints, so I asked the Lord why he left me.

"The times when you have seen only one set of footprints is when I carried you."

It made sense. The footprints were deeper. But it still wasn't quite adding up.

"Okay," I said to the Lord, "fair enough. But what are these prints here, where it's just hands."

The Lord replied with a pursing of his lips and a firm shake of the head.

"Tell me, Lord, what happened," I pleaded.

"No, my son, you can't handle it. Some things have to be done that are better left forgotten."

"Alright, I'll take your word for it, Lord," I said, still not really feeling at ease. "But what about all these candy wrappers here?"

"That was all the Halloweens of your childhood. Every Halloween you must give up one tenth of your candy. It is the Lord's tax upon your candy bag. You owe it to me for carrying you. And I'm

not talking those weird peanut butter candies in the orange and black wrappers or Smarties or some bullshit like popcorn balls. I want primo stuff. Mini-Snickers or Almond Joys or something."

I continued along with the Lord when I noticed there were places where the prints stopped completely and then started again.

"Time jumps," said the Lord, anticipating my question. "You'll learn about the quantum relocator in a few years."

We continued along the beach a little farther and a scene appeared in the sky that I did not recognize.

It looked like I was at some sort of masked *Eyes Wide Shut* orgy.

There was only one set of footprints in the sand, but they were weird, big footprints.

"What about that?" I asked the Lord.

"Oh, well, I let the devil take over your body for a weekend." He looked a little sheepish. "Yeaaaah, there was this team building exercise I had and then we played league kickball. I couldn't just pop in and out. It was a whole thing. And, you know, I'm not apologizing for it. I have my own life too."

"But you let the devil take over my body."

"Only temporary. And look, you had fun."

I couldn't argue with him there. After all, he was the Lord.

We walked a little farther and the footprints were replaced by a single vast and rippling impression in the sand. Like someone had dragged a suit of armor as wide as a city block over the beach.

"Now explain that," I demanded.

"Xochtlotl," said the Lord. "He's actually the creator. The blind idiot worm worshipped by primordial humans. Created the universe by regurgitating it from the previous universe he had eaten? Not ringing any bells?"

I shook my head.

"He's the big boss. Sometimes he likes to go 'hands on' so if there are parts in your life that you remember as a sort of anguished fever dream with weird drums playing...Xochtlotl."

"He carried me?"

"Yeeeaaaah... sort of. You remember Jonah?"

"You let this monster eat me?"

"Let? Oh, of course not. Xochtlotl does whatever he wants. We just stay out of his way."

"Hang on," I said and I stopped walking. "Who is 'we'?"

"Me and Jesus and, you know, Holy Ghost."

"Holy Ghost?"

"Like in the thing," said the Lord.

"You mean the Trinity?"

The Lord snapped his fingers. "That's it. Only..." He glanced around and then leaned in to whisper, "It's really just cocaine."

At that, the lord opened his purple blazer and shoved his face down into an inner pocket. He inhaled loudly and when he came back up his mouth and nose were caked in white powder.

"You ready? I'm ready. Better get moving before Xochtlotl catches up to us." He slapped me on the shoulder. "Aw, don't worry. You've only got a couple shitty years left to live before the time wars anyway. Come on."

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.7 That Trailer for Season 3 of Netflix's Zelda Is Mind-Blowing

Tuesday, Feb 10, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> *First shot: A stripped-down piano version of the classic Zelda theme begins as we look over the shoulder of Princess Zelda herself. She tilts her head back and breathes deeply of that golden air as the sun rises over a serene Hyrule landscape. What the... is she free? The camera rotates, revealing that Zelda is simply looking through the window of her tower-top prison cell. Fade to black, where we hear Ganondorf's laughter echo.*

Wow, what an opening! From all the clues it looks like Zelda is still being held by Ganondorf, after her capture in the first episode of the first season. Hang in there! Link is on the way! Note that Zelda doesn't speak in this trailer. Perhaps that's a sign that the writing staff has been influenced by the internet's overwhelmingly aggressive "Stop Zelda's Whining And Let Ganondorf Do Cool Stuff" movement.

> *Shopkeeper stares into a glass bottle of liquor, his thoughts unknowable. "I shouldn't be here. It's... dangerous for me to be alone," he says. A gorgeous babe steps forward and replies, "Take me."*

Audiences have been dying to find out where Shopkeeper's subplot will go next. Remember last season's bathroom mirror punching scene and the subsequent vow that he would finally remain faithful to his wife? Will Shop*keep*er *keep* (oh wow, the layers of literary symbolism) his word or succumb to temptation once again? Meandering infidelity is such a fascinating plot line.

> *Tingle slumps to the ground, thick sheets of foaming blood dribbling from his neck. "Link, this is no land for heroes. No land for gods. Hyrule grinds us all to paste one inch of our soul at a time, and we deserve every excruciating moment."*

I'm calling it. This is the year that the supporting actor award finally goes to Patton Oswalt.

> *The camera is low, tilted upward. A familiar silhouette steps into the outline of a too-large moon. In his trademark raspy growl, Link mutters "Sometimes I don't even know what I'm fighting for. It's easier to carve a trail of blood and carnage than it is to stop. Stopping means facing what I've done. What a monster I've become."*

Woah, looks like we're in store for some serious badassery this season! Also, if you pause at just the right moment you might notice that Link is carrying a certain something - the Bug Catching Net. Considering the first and second season cliffhangers ended with Link's procurement of the Flute and Hookshot, it looks like he's on pace to reach Princess Zelda as early as season 7. What a ride!

> *The main theme resumes, but this time it's played even slower, and the piano sounds almost out of tune. With the arrival of every haunting note, this montage cuts to a different scene. A stone is pushed on top of a pressure plate. A lingering close up shows Zelda lifting her skirt to reveal a bottle of poison tucked into her garter. An Octorok stumbles, arms waving frantically as it is consumed by flame. As arrows pelt the camera a fairy points and silently screams, "Look!" A large piece of pottery shatters against a wall in slow motion. Zelda trembles as she presses the poison bottle to her lips.*

There's simply too much to unpack here. As if the montage wasn't enough to prove this will be the most dramatic, action-packed season yet, the final scene will give you chills:

> *After the season premiere date is shown, the screen fades to black. We hear a bomb fuse, then an explosion blows a perfectly round hole in the darkness, letting in a shaft of golden sunlight. As Link enters the hole with a Lantern raised, three strange shadowy figures step towards him from behind the camera. We fade to black again, listening to angry clucking and wing-flapping, followed by Link's sword sliding free from its sheath.*

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.8 Unlike My Opponent, Chapter Six

Wednesday, Feb 11, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Unlike My Opponent series.

Although Election Day is still many months away, the campaign season is in full swing. I would be remiss if I didn't throw my own hat back into the running. I have my flaws, sure. I'm not on speaking terms with many perfectly respectable dogs. I have abused the privilege of owning a megaphone on numerous occasions. But I am still a good candidate, one truly worthy of your vote.

For unlike my opponent...

🇺🇸 I have never incited a race war at an ultra-lounge.

🇺🇸 My family crest does not depict a shirtless savage biting the heads off of cats. It depicts a fat man wedging himself between two boulders to squeeze food out from both ends.

🇺🇸 I don't hold any incorrect opinions. In fact, I hold no opinions whatsoever. I'm a blank slate and entirely agreeable to anything at any time. Let's be friends. Or not. I'm open to whatever.

🇺🇸 I believe women should be treated with respect. That's why you won't find any harems in my opulent Arabian palace.

🇺🇸 I never promised to govern "50 Shades of Grey" style. I've never read that book, or any book for that matter.

🇺🇸 The skeletons in my closet are there for teaching purposes.

🇺🇸 I eat common-people food like meat, potatoes and nourishing slog. I don't know what a "sushi" is and you won't find any in my belly.

🇺🇸 My campaign events are safe and family friendly. At no point will feral dogs or menacing birds steal away your precious children.

🇺🇸 I do not endorse building homes for the homeless that they can't get out of.

🇺🇸 You won't find me or my social media team endorsing dangerous behavior. I will protect our children from deadly teen trends like cavemaning, where misguided youths freeze themselves in blocks of solid ice to earn internet cred.

🇺🇸 I have a healthy respect for fire, and I definitely don't consider it highly arousing.

🇺🇸 I never allow my own obese manchildren to perform demonic rituals in public, let alone provide them with animals to sacrifice.

🇺🇸 I have never associated myself with Bosco Wong or any other notorious Hong Kong bad boy with a reputation for clubbing and womanizing.

🇺🇸 I do not wear a blood-stained bib in public or private. My bib is clean and sanitary. There's a picture of a tugboat on it.

🇺🇸 I did not waste valuable time or taxpayer money investigating Hillary Clinton's attempts to cover up Fugazi.

🇺🇸 I have never been pursued by a relentless vigilante determined to avenge the murder of his wife.

🇺🇸 I am pro-vaccination and stand firmly against hacking off the arms of inoculated children.

🇺🇸 Masked men don't patrol my campaign rallies on horseback, and they certainly don't brand people indiscriminately.

🇺🇸 My mind wasn't irreparably scared by the atrocities I committed overseas. Can my opponent say the same about his?

🇺🇸 I don't keep a list of citizens I deem the "tastiest looking."

🇺🇸 My breakaway Scientology sect isn't entirely dedicated to illegal reptile ownership.

🇺🇸 My reputation with the DIY skin graft community couldn't be any more solid. There will always be a 3" piece of them above my heart.

🇺🇸 My campaign rallies are about sharing a dialogue and finding solutions. They are never just about watching YouTube videos of sick crossbow kills.

🇺🇸 I never have to be wrestled to the ground by riot cops after appearing in public.

🇺🇸 I embrace our community, faults and all. I have never once tried to sell it wholesale to Russian oligarchs loyal to Putin, let alone trade it for sexual favors.

🇺🇸 I have never wasted the precious time of our emergency responders by getting my thigh caught in a Dyson Airblade in a truck stop restroom.

🇺🇸 I have never sold illegal hot dogs on any Deep Web marketplace and only a reasonable percentage of my net worth is tied up in digital cryptocurrencies.

🇺🇸 I don't buy alcohol for teens, and I don't challenge them to drinking contests and lose.

You have the facts. Now it's up to you to store those facts like beautiful walnuts of truth in the cheeks of your mind. Guard them safely until it is time to write my name on a ballot and make me your leader. I look forward to micromanaging your every waking moment.

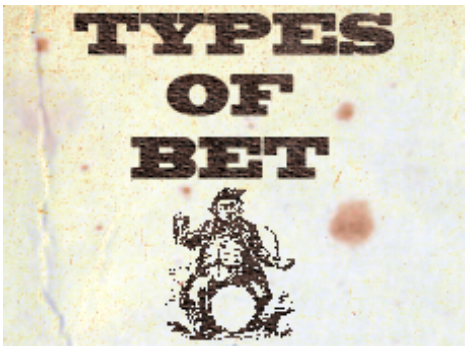
–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.9 Guide to Betting at The Cheltenham Festivus: 2015 ed.

Thursday, Feb 12, 2015 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

The Cheltenham Festivus is the UK's biggest horse festivus. Since the 1800s, Cheltenham has been held every March in a small British hamlet that is coincidentally also named Cheltenham. There are horse beauty pageants, horse-dogs, horse merry-go-rounds for the kiddies, and of course, the races. While these races were initially created so that the idle rich could trick each other into wasting their time on foolish pursuits, today they flourish as a catalyst for angry people who love gambling and becoming steadily angrier throughout the course of four days.

The Cheltenham Festivus is a great way for first-time gamblers to get acquainted with the stupid pastime. However, all the terminology and the different horses can be confusing for novices - that's why I've put together this guide! Whether you're a beginner or a veteran, you'll find something to help you here, though admittedly more so if you're a beginner.



Regular: You give your money to a bored man and sometimes you don't get all of it back. I forgot the most important part: You have to write down a horse's special name on a piece of paper and never lose it.

Each Way: In these bets, you win if your chosen horse comes first OR second OR third. These bets are generally considered overtly casual by the "hardcore" betting crowd.

Double: Just like a regular bet - except it's double the fun.

Treble: Don't remember

4-fold: Don't remember

Lucky 15: This is the exact same as a regular bet, except it's luckier! Bookmakers HATE taking these bets because they're so easy to win, so if you want to place a lucky 15 be forewarned; the cashiers will likely put obstacles in your path and throw pens and stuff at you to stop you from getting to the counter to collect.

Lucky 31: The same as lucky 15s, except instead of being written on a 15" card docket, these bets are written on 31" card dockets. Great if you're betting on a horse with a really long name.

Lucky 63: Don't remember

Bet: Your bet

Docket: Piece of paper

Bones: Coins

Bird bones: Paper money

Wiseman's folly: Horse racing

Wicker basket: A small basket used for storing bets - usually NOT made of wicker

The little death: Winning at a bet

Ultra dog: Horse

Asshole fucking cunts fucking GOD DAMMIT FUCK: Ah; I am disappointed that I have lost

---

Standard Race: The standard horse race. Just ordinary - nothing special about this one.

Double Race: Just like the Standard Race, but with a twist - it's twice as long.

Supreme Novice's Hurdle: This race is notable for being the opening event of the Cheltenham Festivus, and also because it's for real jackasses who can't ride horses. The shortest meeting at Cheltenham, the Supreme Novice's Hurdle usually concludes with everyone getting a glass of warm milk and having naptime while the adults start the actual horse racing.

Champion Hurdle: The Champion Hurdle sacrifices the usual horizontal traversal of obstacles for pure vertical movement: It's a single 50-foot-high hurdle, winner take all! No horse has ever successfully cleared it, and as such the Champion Hurdle has resulted in a yearly 12-way tie since 1860.

David Nicholson Mare's Hurdle: David Nicholson brings all his mares to the racetrack and everyone picks one and races. He's only got 11 this year so some people are going to have to take turns.

No-Gamble Hurdle: Started by Scottish Presbyterians in 1896, the No-Gamble Race is the only race at Cheltenham on which gambling is prohibited. No one likes this race. Sometimes the jockeys don't even show up.

Triumph Hurdle: Established in 1939. Exclusively contested by juveniles. Distance is approx. 3,420 meters, with 8 hurdles on the track. Unique among the Cheltenham meetings, as the winner is actually the one who crosses the line last, instead of first. Recommended for advanced gamblers.

HORSES

Name: **Gentle Ben**
This horse is one of the best horses. It was primed from fine seed and shot into an extremely athletic mare, and it eats only the finest oats or slop or whatever horses eat. Maybe it's corn? Horses are ridiculous animals.

Name: **Gentle Ben 2**
There's one thing that sets this horse aside from all the other horses - its complete genetic parity to Gentle Ben. Definitely recommended for any forecast betters.

Name: **Two Guys In A Horse Costume**
Fresh from their maiden victory in Newcastle earlier this year, it's Two Guys In A Horse Costume! I have high hopes for this horse, and I'm predicting great things for their jockey, Comically Fat Guy.

Name: **BillNTedXlntAvntr**
This horse is nothing special on its own, but its trainer has arranged a secret weapon - a tiny man who can sit on top of the horse and hit it.

Name: **Beautiful Actress Horse**
Wow ... this is a real glamour horse. A singing beauty. I love it so ... keep an eye out for this one and your eye will thank you.

Name: **Robocop [The Remake]**
This is a total clown car - a real garbage animal. I wouldn't waste the electricity it would take to abattoir this toilet. Bet on this horse if you want to lose all your money, or if you want to make a satirical statement about late-stage capitalism.

Name: **Miley CyHorse**
This stupid fucking horse will probably turn around and run the wrong way around the track. It can eat a big crap for all I care

Name: **World's worst horse. Hate it**
Pretty much the same as all the other horses. they're *horses*.

Name: **Fast Horse**
Fast Horse is well known in racing circles for being the most bet-upon horse in racing history. Betters beware! This horse is NOT fast. It's never won a single race

Name: **Worldstar**
Horses are basically just stupider versions of dogs that die instantly for improbable reasons. Oh durrrr i just saw some wind blow a leaf off a tree ... time to buck my jockey off my back and run into a tiny fence at 100mph, shattering my body into a million pieces and requiring me to get killed by a shotgun. You know some people bet on these as their regular job?

Thanks to **Ian "BFM" Helm** for the graphics. He also handles the layouts for Monsterged-don and writes/illustrates the Groggery Gibbonman series. His current project is a Choose Your Own Adventure thread called "You Have 001 Goblins"; you can join it in progress on the SA Forums!

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

2.10 Realistic Warnings About Jungles From Guns N' Roses

Friday, Feb 13, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

(Long, terrified screaming)

Welcome to the jungle we've got bugs everywhere
We got way too many bugs honey, we don't know their names
We are the people that can talk to you about all these bugs
So many huge and gross bugs not even Halloween can compare

In the jungle, welcome to the jungle
Watch them lay eggs in your hhh hhhh hair, haaaiir
You'll be too sweaty to even care

Welcome to the jungle plentiful freshwater we can confirm
If you wanna drink you're gonna poop to death or catch a worm
And you're a very sexy girl that's very hard to please
Unless you want a yeast infection and a peculiar type of fleas
In the jungle welcome to the jungle
Feel my, my, my another fucking bug
Ooh, wake up and it's more bugs

Welcome to the jungle it gets worse here every day
They're trying to knock it down and won't let anything stand in the way
If you bulldoze what you see you'll clear it eventually
You can have all the trees you want but you can't take the bugs away from me

In the jungle, welcome to the jungle
Watch them lay eggs in your ev evvvv everywhere, where

Too fucked up by malaria to even care

And just a reminder we have a centipede that eats rats and it will sleep in your clothes
So there's that, so that, so that, yeah

You know where you are?
You're down in the jungle baby, you're gonna catch rabies from a frog
In the jungle welcome to the jungle
Seriously there are worms that will hatch out of your eyes
In the jungle welcome to the jungle
Don't even worry about the venomous snakes, you'd be lucky to die from a snakebite
In the jungle welcome to the jungle
You've spent most of your life in air conditioning what were you thinking
In the jungle welcome to the jungle
You thought this song was about Los Angeles?

Good luck with that uncontacted cannibal tribe that worships a hallucinogenic caterpillar, ha!

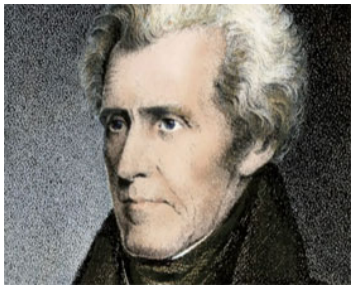
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.11 The Ultimate Ranking of American Presidents

Monday, Feb 16, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Presidents Day arrives once again. Time to buy another mattress and celebrate our nation's proud history of electing brilliant men to lead our nation. Some are inevitably less brilliant than others, which is why we have gone to the trouble of ranking them, worst to best, from 44 to 1. Find out how your favorite president stacks up against the competition.

44. Andrew Jackson (1829-1837) - Known as the "Indian Killer," Jackson oversaw the implementation of the Indian Removal Act of 1830 that caused quite a few Native Americans to be removed from being alive.



Dickless psychopath Andrew Jackson killed more Indians than Union Carbide.

43. Richard Nixon (1969-1974) - Famously authorized and then covered up a break in of the Democratic National Committee headquarters at the Watergate Hotel and was forced out of office by the ensuing scandal. Didn't like gays, blacks or Jews and was not too sure about hot pants either.

42. John Wilkes Booth (1865) - Briefly President after assassinating Abraham Lincoln while the Supreme Court deliberated over whether or not the United States was still under jurisdiction of Necromonger law. It was decided we are still under Necromonger law, but thankfully Lincoln was quickly avenged by his Junior President who drowned Booth in a toilet.

41. Lucius Canalbrey (1844-1847) - Was obsessed with financing the Grand Telescope of the Dakotas to the detriment of most other budgetary considerations. The telescope dish lies partially completed, straddling the lands of North Dakota and West Dakota, and fills with water during the rainy season forming "Canalbrey Lake" which is popular with jet skiers and home to several species of Dakota eels.

If you are in mixed company (the servants are in earshot) he is the pride of the Republican Party.

40. Abraham Lincoln (1861-1865) - Engaged in a war of aggression against the Southern United States for no particular reason. Something about taxes. Definitely not about slavery because Lincoln once said, during his campaign to become president, "Slavery is actually good, and I am for it." Was assassinated by an actor.

39. Jayden Lincoln (1877-1881) - Abraham Lincoln's spoiled nephew, only got into the White House because his uncle gave him a job as a salesman for the Navy. When he accidentally sold a battleship to Cuba he was somehow promoted to president just so he wouldn't cause any more trouble. Known for being hungover and late to work.

38. Jerry Clives (1909) - Served a seven month term as President of the United States on behalf of the Standard Oil Company, signing into law more than a thousand pieces of legislation which were immediately hidden in a hollowed out bible kept by J.C. Standard in his Texas mansion.

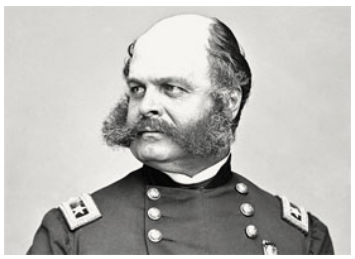
37. Barack Hussein Obama (2009-2013) - America's first African American president. Rammed health care down America's throat, forcing millions to go to the doctor even though it would have cleared up on its own. Lost a close election to Mitt Romney, who has gone on to bring the unemployment rate down to 5.7%, add millions of new jobs, and oversee the stock market's rise to record highs.

Doctor Hussein has forced grandmas across the country to take some of his jazz pills.

36. Mallard Fillmore (1850-1853) - America's second duck president (after Andrew Quackson) and first horrible comic strip president. Mostly rolled his eyes at the unbelievable things those whigs were doing at the time.

35. Wyatt Wolf Chowder (1750-1754) - The Native American President who sold the United States to the British for eight silver coins and a really cool bug. Celebrated by white Americans and widely hated for being a super big idiot by Native American tribes.

34-12. Franklin Eleanor Roosevelt (1882-1945) - America's longest serving president, FER saw this nation through the Great Depression, all three world wars, the Martian Memorandum, and left office by turning into a ghost and floating up through the ceiling. To give you some idea of how long he was in office, when he was first elected, a woman was still obligated to sleep at her husband's feet, but by the time he died, women were graduating 5th grade and earning as much money as a chicken. Roosevelt frequently reappeared during the term of his vice president, Harry Bones Truman, to offer advice and comic relief.



Ironically, Roosevelt often relied on the counsel of General Abernathy Birdsits, the official White House ghost.

11. George H.W. Bush (1989-1993) - America's first "HW" or "Heavy Weight" president. Although mocked for his incredible girth, Bush was an effective diplomat who coined the phrase, "Grunt loudly and

roll down a hill at them." Many thought this meant to make an international fuss and allow the momentum of events to force your foes out of your way, lest they be crushed. It was later learned he meant to do this literally. Went on to produce the first presidential egg, which hatched into George W. Bush.

10. Bill Clinton (1993-2001) - Won a Branson, Missouri talent competition as "Bubba the Jazz Comedian" and was declared Yakov's Midwest Funnyman of 1993. Unknown to Clinton and most in the audience, the fine print for the competition meant the winner would go on to become president for eight years.

Though well-regarded by history for avenging Lincoln, Cubby's scandal-wracked administration was unpopular at the time.

9. Curtis "Cubby" Huxley (1865-1868) - Abraham Lincoln's Junior President, elected by kids across the country, was elevated to the high office when Lincoln was assassinated. Involved in the Sugar Scandal in which it was revealed Cubby was bribed with various penny candies to make bed times earlier and designate new and more painful switches for bad children.

8. Brett Roosevelt (1959-1963) - Actually known as Alexandr Yumokovich, Brett Roosevelt was a product of a KGB sleeper agent program that used drugs and hypnosis to turn a US soldier captured in the Korean war into a psychotronic puppet of the Soviet Union. He was actually a pretty good president, although some at the time questioned handing over Alaska to the Soviet Union. History would prove it a wise decision.

7. Teddy Roosevelt (1901-1909) - America's great conservationist president. One of about fifteen presidents who spent their youth defeating Mexico. Roosevelt was much loved and produced many amusing anecdotes, all of them bullshit. The truth is that Roosevelt was sent back to our timeline from 6,000 years in the future to prevent the election of Tiberius Kane. And he succeeded. For now.

6. Harry Bones Truman (1945-1953) - Took over when Franklin Roosevelt became a ghost. Coincidentally, was the first president to possess ghost sight, which he acquired when he fell into an icy lake as a child and briefly entered the spirit realm. Decided to drop a second atomic bomb on Japan when his generals warned hentai might not be good enough yet.

PRESIAC was reactivated for a Smithsonian exhibit in 2010. All of its circuits and tape reels are roughly equivalent in processing power to a modern banana.

5. Ronald Reagan (1982-1989) - A denim dream of cowboy America, with oiled hair and a fatherly smile, jellybeans on his desk and Star Wars in the sky. Catapulted to the presidency by the success of his comedy album, "The Truth of Medicare: Negroes Are Being Given Your Tylenols." Reagan was a potent figure on the international stage and rallied a sagging American economy by selling half of it to the Japanese and using a rake and a garden hose to treat unions like wasp nests. Never officially stopped being president, he just stopped moving and crumbled like a dried out golem while God Bless America was played on a trumpet.

4. PRESIAC (1964-1969) - America's first digital computer president. Based on the success of

the Coolidge punch-card engine presidency, unhappy voters turned to this warehouse-sized collection of electric circuits and magnetic reels. Was an excellent and highly efficient president until it became fixated on a woman and began to experience love.

According to contemporary accounts, it is believed Benjamin Franklin was the first president to say "tittays."

3. Benjamin Franklin (1797-1805) - Inventor of electricity, the suplex, and masturbating with something up your butt, Benjamin Franklin was also our nation's second president. He was responsible for establishing the presidential joke book and helped forge a strong alliance with the French during multiple visits to fuck Napoleon's sister.

2. George Washington (1789-1797) - America's first president. Set the template that many would go on to follow by limiting himself to two terms and spending hundreds of millions of dollars to get elected while whoring himself to whichever corporate interests offered the most money. Once said, "America does not need a king, it needs J.C. Standard and the Standard Oil Corporation."

1. George W. Bush (2001-2009) - Brought us out of the excesses of the Clinton years. Defended us from terrorism. Took the fight to America's enemies abroad and ushered in an era of fiscal stability and peace. Oh, yeah, baby. He's a reeaaaal good president. Like, the *best*.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.12 What your professor means when they cancel class

Tuesday, Feb 17, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Class is cancelled because I am ill

I have dedicated my existence to something you will never care about or respect, and today the thought of facing you all is a bit too much. Maybe I'll feel better about it tomorrow, but probably not, so I am now on my couch watching the *Price is Right* and trying to think about why Drew Carey's head looks so weird and not the fact that we have drastically different goals for this course.

Class is cancelled so you can work at home

I have very little/nothing to say, but by contract and duty I am expected to stand in front of you and make you do work despite the fact that you too have very little/nothing to say. In an effort to escape this endless turmoil we have both been sentenced to, I have cancelled class under the false pretence that you will work on your own time. By acting like this is a charity for you, I hope that you fail to realize that you are being cheated out of something you already paid for.

Class is cancelled because of weather

I think we should all take a moment and just reflect on how lucky we are for this blessed natural event. Thank you snow, thank you subzero wind-chill. Our lives outside of class are so different, but we are united over our appreciation of awful weather. There are children in New Mexico who never get the chance to skip school because of snow. Can you even imagine?

Class is cancelled because I am at a conference in Omaha

We are from two different worlds, you and I. At this conference, I will spend days upon days in Omaha hearing people talk about things more boring than you could ever imagine. For me, this is a vacation that I marked on the calendar with a smile. For you, this is an agonizing hell. I wonder if we'll ever find the middle zone. In the meantime, be sure to post on the discussion board.

Class is cancelled but here is a project for you to finish by our next meeting

Here is an assignment I won't be reading. It will be tangentially linked to whatever larger project we might be working on, but only in the stretched terms of "both require you to write something or other." Ultimately it does not matter because your natural instinct to copy whatever comes up

first in Google will render your work worthless. It will, however, give us something to talk about, which is more than I can say about my family.

There is a sign on the door that says Class is Cancelled

I got dressed this morning. I drove to school. I parked and even made it to the front door of the building before I changed my mind. It was too late to warn you, so I called the secretary as I sped off campus and asked them to hang this sign on the class door. This happened ten minutes ago.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.13 What Critics Are Saying

Wednesday, Feb 18, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

What critics are saying as they press their wobbly newborn heads through the shells of their rectangular wooden eggs and squint up at the complex's halogen lights:

"Life-affirming and mesmerizing!" - *Leonard Maltin*

"Unforgettable! A classic!" - *Anthony Lane, The New Yorker*

What critics are saying about being picked up by a human hand, their fur and gender roughly inspected before they are dropped into sorting chutes:

"What a spectacle.... a can't-miss joyride!" - *Christopher Orr, The Atlantic*

"An emotional rollercoaster that will have you at the edge of your seat!" - *Wesley Morris, Grantland*

What critics are saying about landing in a tray packed with other acceptable specimens, finding themselves surrounded by something resembling family for the first time, yet overcome by their first pangs of insignificance in the crowded mass:

"Bittersweet... a triumph!" - *Steven Rea, Philadelphia Enquirer*

"A gripping, vivid exploration of some seriously heavy themes!" - *Joy Tipping, Dallas Morning News*

What critics are saying about the droplets of food paste that are extruded from overhanging nibs as the tray continues to glide through a white ceramic tunnel:

"A senses-shattering display of craftsmanship!" - *Katie Rife, AV Club*

"Substantial and deeply satisfying... everything an audience could possibly want!" - *Richard Corliss, TIME Magazine*

What critics are saying as they are held in stasis by glittery blue beams of light while mechanical hands nimbly cover their bodies with tiny business-casual outfits as if they are itty bitty college professors:

"A dazzling tour-de-force!" - *Michael Phillips, Chicago Tribune*

"Stunning! You won't believe your eyes!" - *Peter Travers, Rolling Stone*

What critics are saying as the blue beams intensify, burning the fur off their exposed skin, moments before puffs of sterile air deposit miniature human-like wigs onto their heads:

"Gut-wrenching... powerful!" - *Claudia Puig, USA Today*

"Jam-packed with twists that defy expectations!" - *A.O. Scott, New York Times*

What critics are saying about the floor of their tray dropping out from under them, whisking them through individual tubes that carry them far away from their newfound family:

"You've never seen or felt anything quite like it!" - *Sheri Linden, Hollywood Reporter*

"In a word... wow!" - *Justin Chang, Variety*

What critics are saying as their tube deposits them behind a tiny desk, where they turn to see a miniature bookshelf behind them, then face forward and blink at a comparatively huge camera lens inches away from their face:

"Mysterious... haunting... a chilling tale for the ages!" - *Peter Howell, Toronto Star*

"Pulse-pounding suspense!" - *Meredith Goldstein, Boston Globe*

What critics are saying when the camera's light glows and a booming voice asks if *50 Shades of Grey* is smutty sleaze... or a date movie that will please?:

"Mesmerizing!" - *Christy Lemire*

"Stunning... must be seen to be believed!" - *Rex Reed, New York Observer*

What critics are saying as the voice responds with forced laughter and an insincere thanks, the camera light goes out, and they glance down at the faint outline of a trap door beneath their clawed feet:

"Spellbinding!" - *James Berardinelli, Reelviews*

"Astoundingly intense!" - *Ben Kendrick, ScreenRant*

What critics are saying when silent minutes turn to hours, and the hunger for more food paste is only exceeded by a desperate hunger to see that light blink back to life:

"A simmering thriller!" - *Elizabeth Weitzman, New York Daily News*

"Jaw dropping... it'll blow your mind!" - *Rafer Guzman, Newsday*

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.14 You Idiots Must Stop Believing in a Man in the Sky Who Makes Vaccines

Thursday, Feb 19, 2015 by Bill Maher (@sexyfacts4u)

When did it become such a problem in this country to ask a simple fucking question? I'm asking, because any time I wonder about mercury in a vaccine or maybe we shouldn't be fucking around with nature immunities using toxins everyone is telling me to shut the fuck up. You know when people did shut the fuck up? The Iraq War. When George W. Bush led this country into a war.

This pro-vaccination bullying is nothing more than religious fundamentalism once again rearing its ugly head. The Great Vaccine Crusades. The Vaxquisition. The American Taliban wants me to inject my non-existent bachelor babies full of a cocktail of poisons just because some fairy tale about a magic man in the sky who makes us safe from diseases by introducing broken pieces of a virus. How about no thanks?

There is not some ghost with a beard sitting on a cloud making vaccines that will protect your children from measles. Just because you believe in him, does not mean I have to believe in him.

Every single time I try to calmly ask some questions about this I get shouted down. What about the people who get a vaccine and get sick anyway? What about how ISIS set a man on fire in a cage? Religion is the real problem here. It is at the root cause of violence and ignorance, whether it is not letting women drive cars in Saudi Arabia, refusing to believe global warming is real despite all the science, or not allowing a man to ask some rational questions about vaccines.

Here's another one: If vaccines are so good, why are you so worried about other people getting them? Give them to your kid and shut the fuck up. I'm not telling you what to put in your kid because of my god, because god is not real, so don't tell me what to put into my child because you read Harry Potter. If your god tells you to get vaccines, that's fine. I don't have a god, except for reason, which has done pretty okay by me because I have yet to die from mumps.

And they always bring up polio, because it sounds scary. Show me another iron lung. Oooooh, I'm so afraid of your scary picture. When was the last time somebody died from polio? Game of Thrones times? I don't know anybody who has caught polio ever. Should I be thanking your silly little imaginary sky wizard? No. I think I will thank doctors. Who use a little something called science. In fucking hospitals.

If these diseases are so much worse than the "cure", then why doesn't Russell Simmons vaccinate his kids? Why didn't Jay Cutler? Are you suggesting Donald Trump and Alicia Silverstone are idiots?

You vaccine Jihadis can't have it both ways. Don't try to equate global warming with vaccines. We have something called a thermometer that produces something called data. And we can add up all those thermometers over a lot of years - stop me if I am going too fast - and they produce something called a pattern. And the pattern is that whether or not your ghost man in cloud city is real, and he isn't real, the earth is getting warmer.

But guess what they don't make thermometers for? Vaccines. There has been no study, not a long term study, comparing reading levels in the vaccinated population versus the unvaccinated population. What if vaccines make it so you can't read as well? Or can't jump as high? Get a smaller dick? We wouldn't know, because the data isn't out there.

I already hear my liberal friends whining about how "Bill Maher hates Muslims."

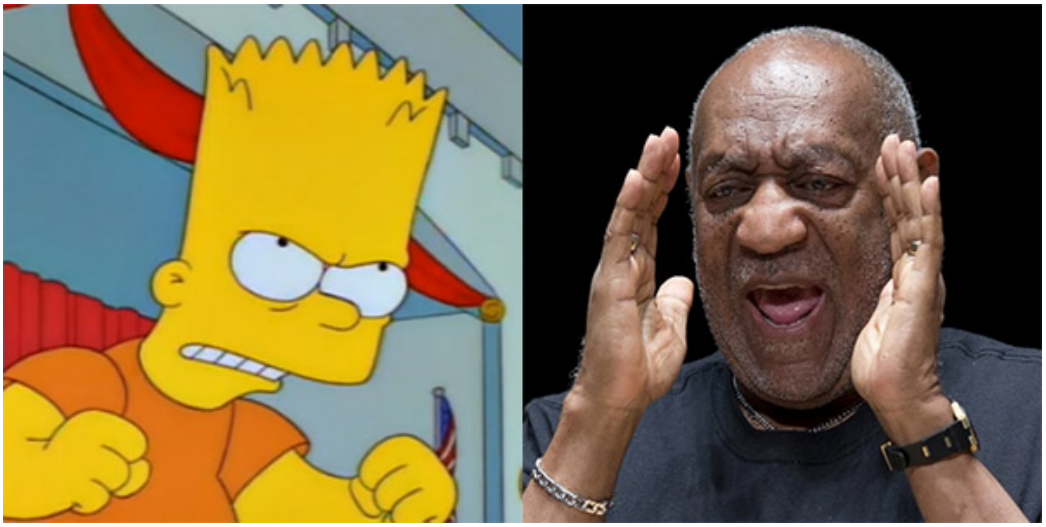
No, you know what, I don't hate Muslims. I don't disbelieve vaccines. I hate religion. The religion of so-called peace that has people chopping off heads all over the Middle East and the religion of so-called vaccine "science" from vaccine "scientists" at the "center for disease control." There is no greater sickness in society than blindly believing some "expert" who tells you what to put in your children. The Catholic church has some experts who know about putting things in children. And I mean pedophile priests.

You know who else is an expert? Monsanto. Yeah. And they want you to put Frankenfood into your baby. Not so smart now, are you?

—∼Bill Maher (@sexyfacts4u)

2.15 Bill Cosby vs. Bart Simpson in Retrospect

Friday, Feb 20, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

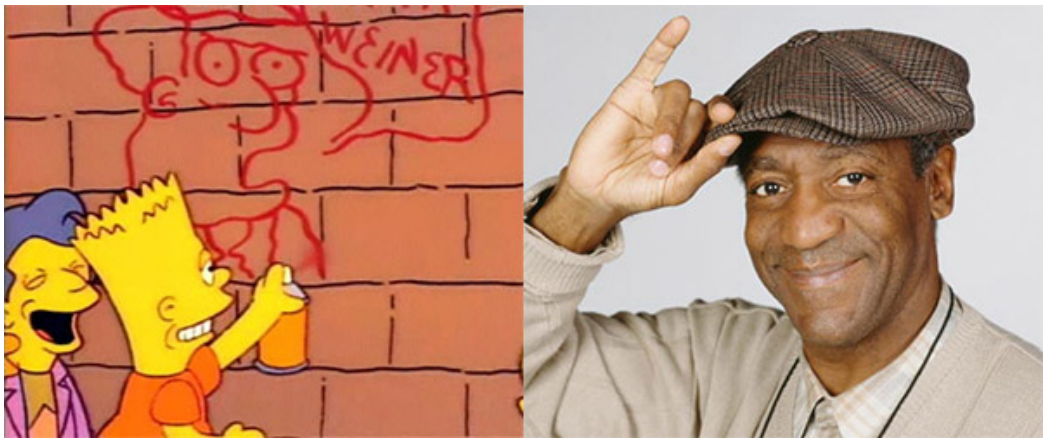


25 years ago this fall, *The Simpsons*--then, at the height of its popularity--moved from its cushy Sunday spot to Thursday for one sole reason: to unseat *The Cosby Show* from its place of prime-time dominance. Cosby, being no fan of *The Simpsons*, fired back at his competition: "The mean-spirited and cruel think this (kind of programming) is 'the edge,' and their excuse is, that's the way people are today. But why should we be entertained by that?"

A quarter-century has passed since the *Simpsons*/Cosby feud, and, in the interests of diplomacy, we've assembled a concise list that pits Bart Simpson's (Cosby's number one target) transgressions against Cosby's own, to find out who, truly, is a worse role model for the children of America. And if you can't imagine an era of the entertainment industry with such impossibly low and boring stakes, pity those of us who had to live through it.

Bart Simpson

Spray-painted Principal Skinner's face, along with a word bubble that said "I am a weiner" on the Springfield Elementary School building.

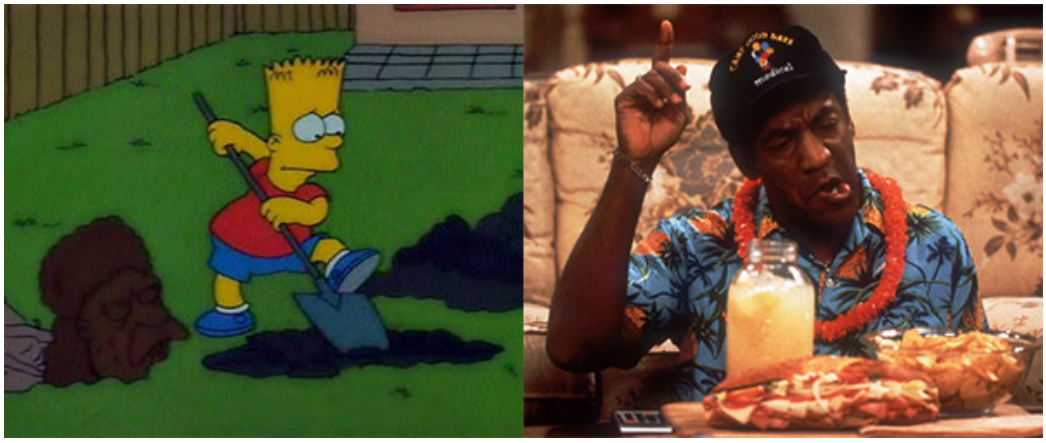


Bill Cosby

Accused of sexual misconduct by 26 women (as of this writing).

Bart Simpson

Vandalized a statue of his hometown's founder, Jebediah Springfield, in order to impress his peers.

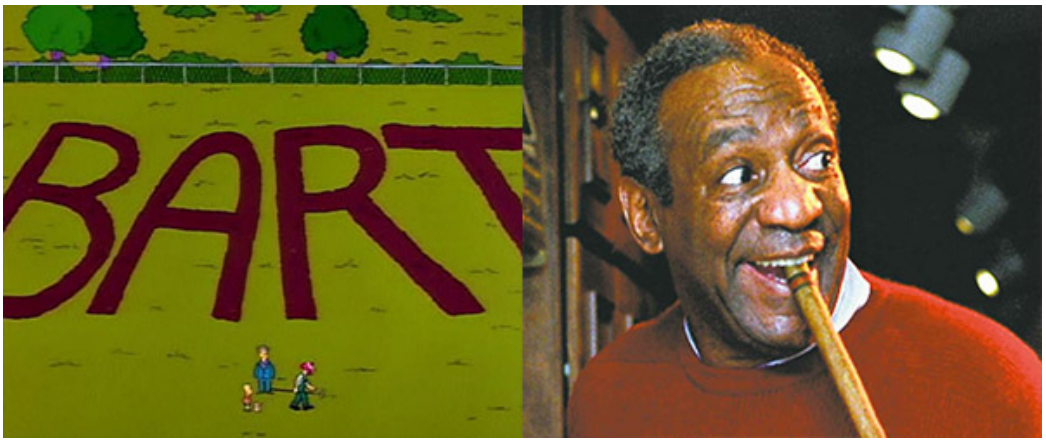


Bill Cosby

Accused of sexual misconduct by 26 women (as of this writing).

Bart Simpson

Burned his name into Springfield Elementary's grounds using sodium tetrasulfate.



Bill Cosby

Accused of sexual misconduct by 26 women (as of this writing).

Bart Simpson

Used a Mr. Microphone to fool the town of Springfield into thinking a young boy named Timmy O' Toole fell into a well.

Bill Cosby

Accused of sexual misconduct by 26 women (as of this writing).

Bart Simpson

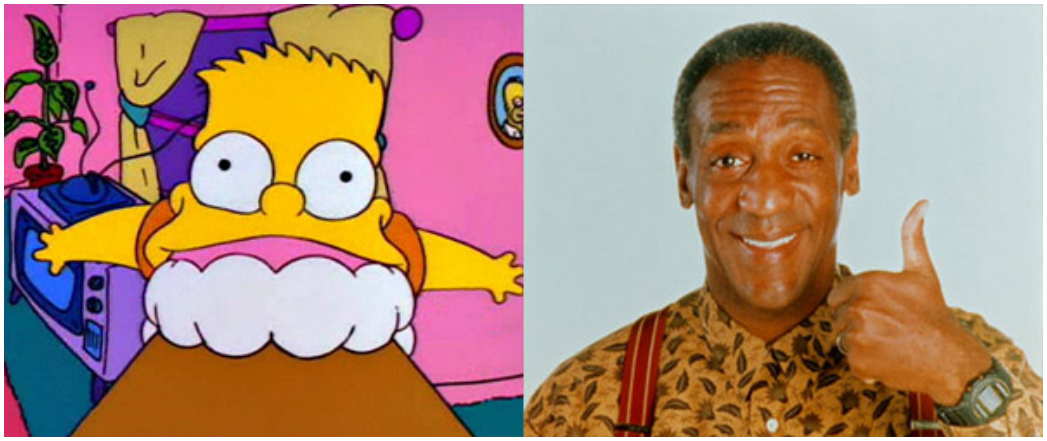
Wrote romantic letters to his teacher under the guise of a heartthrob named "Woodrow" in order to humiliate her.

Bill Cosby

Accused of sexual misconduct by 26 women (as of this writing).

Bart Simpson

Destroyed his grandpa's false teeth by using them to swing from the blades of a rotating ceiling fan.



Bill Cosby

Accused of sexual misconduct by 26 women (as of this writing).

Bart Simpson

Influenced Homer and his new college friends to steal the mascot from a rival college.

Bill Cosby

Accused of sexual misconduct by 26 women (as of this writing).

Bart Simpson

Went on to co-star in 17 mostly forgettable seasons of a television show.

Bill Cosby

Played the main character in a once-beloved sitcom for 8 years that no one seems to remember outside of the episode where he gave birth to a hoagie. Also, accused of sexual misconduct by 26 women (as of this writing).

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.16 Best #AskHerMore Questions From the Oscars Red Carpet

Monday, Feb 23, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Feeling discriminated against, actresses like Reese Witherspoon and Jennifer Garner demanded and received better questions on the Oscars red carpet. After the questions about fashion were out of the way, red carpet reporters managed to get in some real good and solid journalism.

Taller

Q. Are you still growing taller?

Q. When do you think you stopped growing taller?

Q. Would you consider taking pills or special growth injections to become taller?

Q. What would you do if you drank a special potion that would make you taller and every day you grew taller and you could not stop growing taller?

Q. Do you hate people taller than you?

Food

Q. Will you open this special melon for me?

Q. If you win Oscar what is spiciest special sandwich you could eat? I can eat spicier. Want to bet me?

Q. Are you afraid to open this special melon for me or just not strong enough?

Time

Q. Is time actual or an attempt to constrain the infinite?

Q. If we are moving forward into time can will reverse direction?

Death

Q. Is death an absolute or temporary state?

Q. Do we continue after death?

Q. Where would you like to be when you die?

Q. When you die will you continue to become taller?

Very Ugly

Q. Does Oscar make you pretty?

Q. Would you film a sexy scene with a very ugly man?

Q. If a movie script called for you to kiss a very ugly and smelly bad man for a scene would you do it?

Q. Would you be in a movie scene with a very ugly man who is on the Internet for being ugly if you have to kiss him and rub against him?

Q. Would you take tallness pills for a very ugly man kiss scene in the ugly man kisser and toucher movie?

Q. Would you open a special melon for a very ugly man right now?

Women

Q. Do you think women are better at acting because they lie more?

Q. What is the best size for titty?

Q. How do you take care of kids when you have to also kiss the ugly man in his movie?

Q. Do you think actresses should get paid as much as men in movies even though they are shorter and have PMS problems?

Q. What is best movie wife?

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.17 Let's Get the Terrible Apple Car Jokes out of the Way

Tuesday, Feb 24, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Rumors are swirling about a secret car being developed by Apple. This is because swirling is all that rumors can do. I don't like it either, but they refuse to partake in the use of any other verbs.

What's this car going to be, exactly? One of those self-driving vehicles running on Apple software but built by someone else? An electric Tesla competitor designed and manufactured entirely by Apple? Four wheels attached to a solid block of aluminum with rounded corners?

No one knows. But that won't stop the inevitable death march of business/tech website articles about the topic, each with eye-catching headlines and three sentences of vague speculation.

Many people will feel compelled to make terrible puns or jokes about the Apple car. My hope is that by publishing every conceivable bad joke now in its worst possible incarnation, I can somehow stem the tide.

A photograph of the Apple car. I know it's genuine because it's a jpg, not a Photoshop file.

Here Are The Apple Car Jokes Please Don't Steal Them

They're The Text Below This Line

- What are they gonna call this thing, the iCar? **double take, crosses eyes**
- RIP Steve Car
- I sure hope the Apple car doesn't use that one version of the Apple Maps app to navigate! The version that didn't work very well!
- The Apple car... hmmm... one wonders if it will be more expensive than similar cars. To a humorous extent.
- To start the windshield wipers I bet you have to put two fingers against the glass and swipe. This is a reference to touchscreens.
- That Apple car is incredibly thin. In fact, there's no room for you to get inside of it! All kidding aside, that is seriously a major design flaw.
- Are you familiar with iPhones? Well, they often become obsolete in two years, so people have to upgrade to new ones. Apple's car will also be obsolete in two years and people will have to buy new ones, like iPhones. Haha!
- Umm, it's Adam and Eve, not Apple and car!
- Apple's engineers have done the impossible. The vehicle's seats are magical marvels of engineering. They support an incredible 130,000 seat covers, and that number is growing every day.
- The Apple car only has one pedal.

- Hey I heard that the Apple car dealership looks like an Apple store but with cars in it. Geniuses and benches. But also cars. Wild.
- When you go to fill up the Apple car with gasoline, you'll find that you can't do it. The nozzle won't fit. Because the car uses a proprietary gas hole, and you'll have to buy an adapter. (If it turns out to be an electric car, just imagine this joke reworded to accommodate electrical outlets, perhaps with a comically oversized Lightning cable)
- Knock knock! Who's there? Apple car. Apple car who? Apple car can also knock on doors!
- What is this, a car or a tablet???

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.18 SkyMall Product Reviews: NIGHT GLOW Toilet Seat

Wednesday, Feb 25, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> NIGHT GLOW Toilet Seats, glow in the dark and light your way for up to and over 8 hours per charge from any light source. NIGHT GLOW seats safely guide your way, for all late night bathroom visits.

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By AREA51GRAYALIEN from Muncie, IN

YESSSSSS!!

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆

By BagPipeLover from Jackson, TN

I have a small dog, which means I have to shake it out over the toilet every few hours. Unfortunately, with the new glowing appearance, the dog is now terrified to be anywhere near my toilet.

I don't want to decide between my dog and new glowing seat, but it looks like I have no choice in the matter.

Age: 46-50

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By ToiletMan from Eugene, OR

I can't tell you the impossibly high hopes I had for this. I thought this was going to do for using the bathroom what cosmic bowling did for bowling: change the game forever. It's a huge letdown. It's just a regular old toilet seat made out of moon rocks or whatever it is that makes things glow. There is no magic here, folks. Don't get your hopes up.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By RALPH from Norman, OK

I'm something of a power user, so believe me when I say this seat is a disappointment.

Con: The glow paint on this thing is cheap, and rubs off on you. I had no idea my whole entire buttocks area was illuminated. It soaked into my skin and doesn't wash out. Also some of it got on my hands and face so when I go out at night I look like a monster. I will not be buying any more

of these until i get a formal apology.

Pros: Much more comfortable than my last toilet seat, which was a transparent resin with seashells embedded inside. The outer layer wore off from friction, exposing the sharp jagged edges of the seashells, which were constantly scrapping my backside and causing major cuts and open sores.

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating:

By Dirk from Boston, MA

Definitely a more elegant solution than what I did by rigging up an LED lighting system to the bottom of the toilet seat and coating the interior of toilet bowl with chrome paint. But my way is more authentic and pure, so I will not be buying this. Two stars for effort.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating:

By The Crying Man from Asheville, NC

It feels like I am throwing up into a portal to another world.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating:

By HolySpiritAnimals from Nampa, ID

I'm having serious dog troubles. My dog licked up all the glow paint within an hour of me installing it, and has been leaving behind glowing stinkers for weeks now. It's easier to pick up at night, but I just want my glowing toilet seat back and for the dog not to leave glowing streaks on the carpet when he drags his butt.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating:

By BornAgain4RonPaul from Amarillo, TX

I got this for myself as a gag gift, but I really, really liked it!

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating:

By MattP from Las Cruces, NM

I imagine this is how the characters of the motion picture "TRON" do their business. It's amazing, and unlike anything I've experienced before. I wish it could be night all the time.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating:

By Charlie from Reno, NV

I gave up on toilets a dog's age ago, but this lured me back. I'm hooked again!

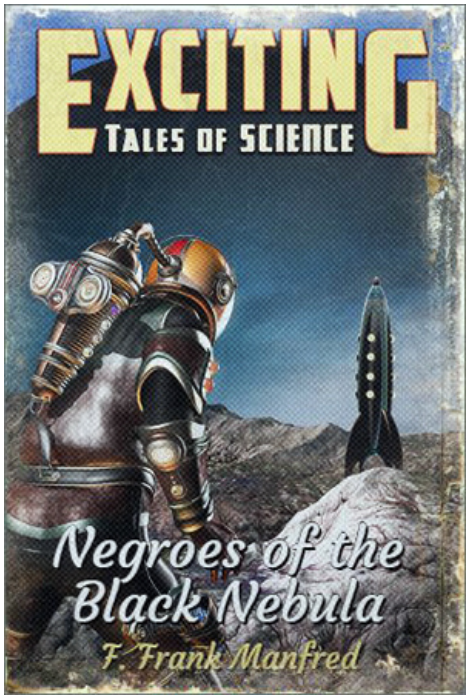
Age: 61-65

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.19 All the So-Called 'Blatant Eroticism' in My Stories Has a Valid, In-Universe Justification

Thursday, Feb 26, 2015 by F. Frank Manfred

To the editors of *Astounding Science Fiction*,



Over the years I've had many stories published in your fine magazine, including several that are now considered classics by your more discerning readers (*Savages of the Red Plains*, *Battle of the Sky Knights* and *Love over Saturn* to name a few). Naturally I was shocked when I learned my latest manuscript, *The Crystal Sentinel*, had been rejected, with certain scenes deemed "gratuitous" and even "pornographic."

While I do not deny that my work contains sexual and even erotic elements, they are fully justified not only artistically, but also within the context of the story. I have always prided myself as a writer who is not afraid to challenge the conventional mindset. Whether it is portraying interracial cooperation (*Negroes of the Black Nebula*) or championing the cause of Women's Liberation (*The Amazon Planet*), I have never been intimidated by social taboos. I think that if you approach *The Crystal Sentinel* with an open mind, you'll see that it espouses the same enlightened spirit as my previous works.

After reading your notes, I would like to address a few of your more egregious complaints:

Sylvia Goodeheart strips down to her bra and panties to wrestle the Amazonian Queen.

The Amazonians, as established in my story *The Amazon Planet*, respect combat prowess and purity of spirit above all else. By wrestling half naked, they pay homage to both these virtues by displaying their battle-forged bodies while preserving as much modesty as their society deems necessary. The gelatin in which they wrestle is symbolic of the fluid nature of battle, a concept the Amazonians call "akgor-gra."

The Space Lion's eye beams burn off Sylvia Goodeheart and Vivian Steele's flightsuits, leaving them nude without harming them.

The flightsuits of the Earth Galactic Squadron are composed of silicronium fiber, an advanced material designed to channel radiation around the wearer, protecting them from cosmic rays and other dangerous phenomena. The Space Lion's power source is well established to be a form of "synthetic cosmic energy," and the beams he fires from his eyes are nearly identical to cosmic rays only many times more intense.

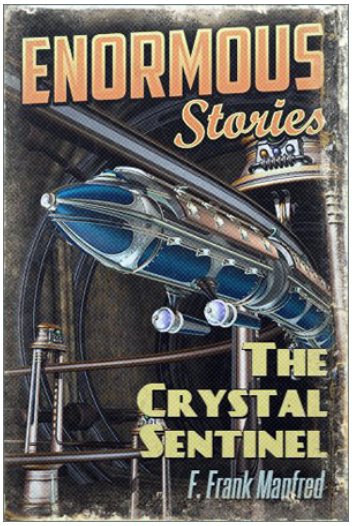
It's only natural that the EGS MK IV flightsuits would be designed to ablate when overloaded with energy, especially considering Tomaro's unfortunate and grizzly death in *Moons of Gold*, when his MK III flightsuit was repeatedly blasted with level eight cosmic rays and the energy was vented inwards, incinerating him over the course of several agonizing minutes.

Sylvia and Vivian must then perform a naked "walk of shame" through an alien bazaar to get back to their ship while crowds of strange creatures jeer and throw garbage at them.

As a science-fiction author, I'm often required to "step outside" my own perspective and examine the world from a different, potentially alien point of view. During these musings, it occurred to me that to an alien being, the human body would look somewhat ridiculous, teetering as we do on two scrawny legs, and growing hair only in seemingly arbitrary patches. The scene is a satirical deconstruction of our human ego. Getting covered in flour, egg yolks and spoiled yogurt is powerful imagery in any culture.

When Sylvia Goodeheart dons the Pendant of Life, her breasts grow to four times their previous size.

The Pendant of Life is a potent source of pure Life Energy. The female breasts are first and foremost organs of nurturing. It is only logical that Life Energy would accumulate within them in the manner described. This phenomenon also covers your subsequent note about the moistening of her nether regions and sudden urge to procreate. What other effect would you imagine Life Energy to have?



The Crystal Guardian is only defeated when Vivian Steele strokes a phallic object jutting from the guardian's crotch until it ejaculates.

"Ejaculates?" Get your mind out of the gutter. The "phallic object" is an externally mounted coolant module, and the friction from Vivian's rubbing imparts enough heat that it ruptures, releasing its viscous coolant fluid. Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.

The entirety of the Galactic Senate is sprayed with alien sex hormones and engages in a sprawling orgy. Multiple lewd sex acts are described in exacting detail, including sodomy, fellatio, cunnilingus, spanking, frottage and fisting.

I can't believe I have to explain political satire to the editors of a major publication. Science fiction is more than just a cheap avenue of escapist fantasy; it is a way to confront the issues of the present day through the lens of tomorrow! The editor of a science-fiction magazine has to be brave enough to stand up for artistic integrity.

I hope my letter has convinced you to make the right decision for *Astounding Science Fiction*. If we cannot come to an agreement about *The Crystal Sentinel*, I hope I can still interest you in my next thrilling tale: *The Groping Tentacles of Olgotho*.

Always onward to the future!

Sincerely,

Thanks to SA's Photoshop maestro ***Palpek*** *(and our old pal the Pulp-O-Mizer) for the book covers!*

–∼F. Frank Manfred

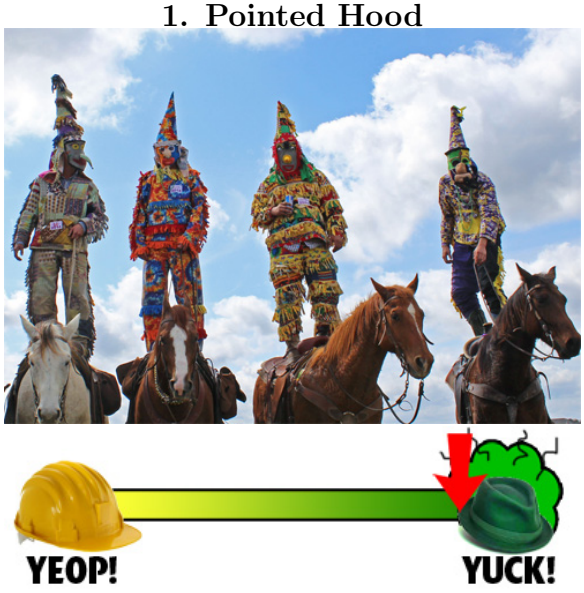
F. Frank Manfred

2.20 Men's Hats Ranked From Most to Least Tainted

Friday, Feb 27, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

As we have learned over the past few years, it can be really hard to be a man, and one of the most difficult aspects of manhood is choosing the right hat to wear. It can seem like every hat you look at has some sort of bad association. The truth is, most hats do have a bad association, but some are worse than others. Find out where your next chapeau falls in this ranking of tainted headwear.

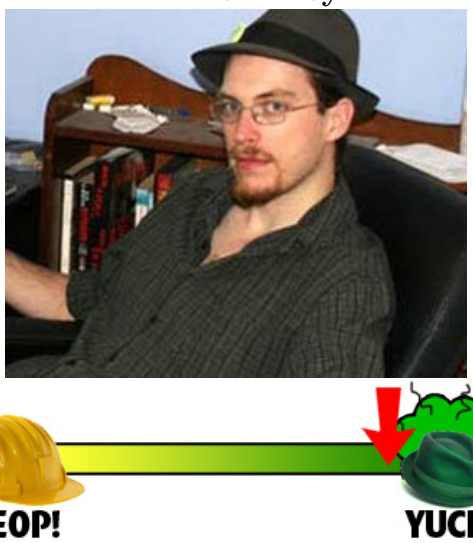
1. Pointed Hood



Worn as a Capirote in Spanish religious festivals and as a Capuchon (often without the face) at Mardi Gras, the good old pointed hood has had a tough time of it. I'm sure wearers of both types of hats are fed up with the comparisons to the Ku Klux Klan hood. That's the thing though, once your hat becomes associated with burning crosses and racist lynchings it is going to take a lot of time and rehabilitation to fall down the list. Worse, pointed hats are also associated with clowns,

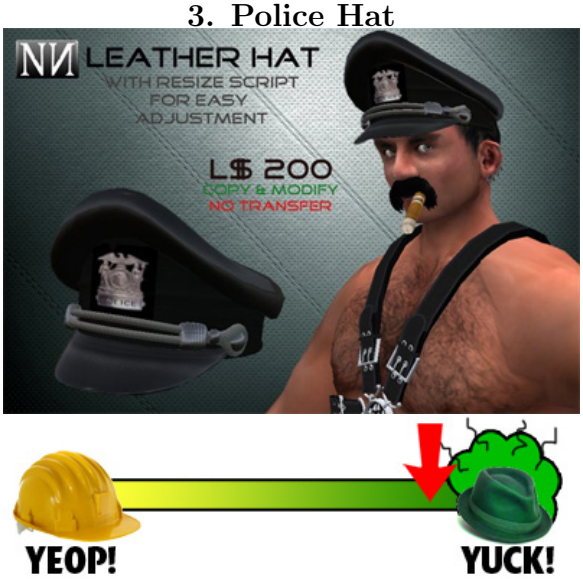
and clowns are one basement search warrant away from ranking as bad as a Klansman.

2. The Trilby



If a large portion of your hat's Wikipedia page is devoted to video game humorist and bar entrepreneur Ben "Yahtzee" Croshaw you are probably in trouble. Hat trouble. Once briefly cool in somebody's book, the Trilby has become the hat of choice for those worried they can't quite justify a fedora. Receives a slight bump in acceptability when green and worn at an Oktoberfest.

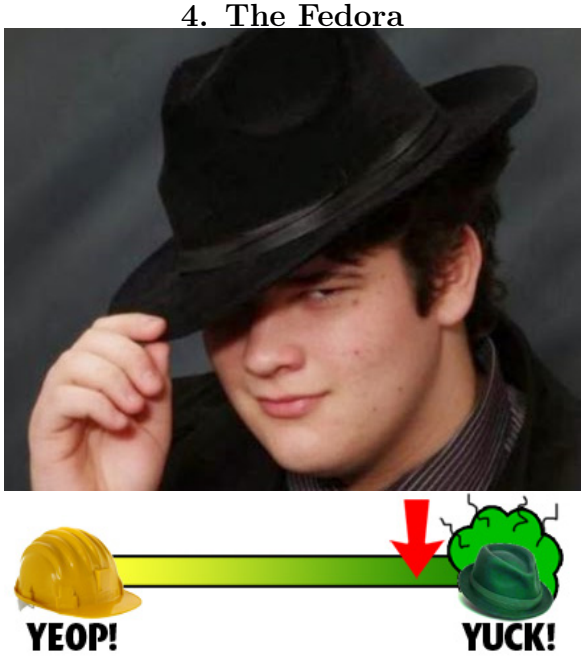
3. Police Hat



Whether it's a patrolman's cap or a highway patrol hat, or even one of those precise Rough Rider hats that Mounties wear, this is a dick hat. Not everyone who wears the hat is bad, but it's a sign

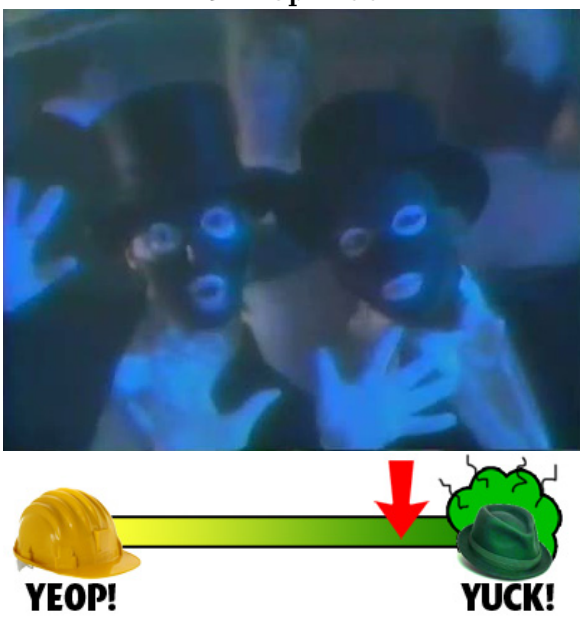
something is probably wrong with you. People are going to be justifiably nervous around you and chances are you are going to feel compelled to use your hat to bully people and get free long johns or a gratis topping on your pizza by the slice. Receives a very slight bump in acceptability when worn by male strippers. Please note, this ranking is for men's hats only, so women dressed as sexy cops for Halloween need to take that up with Twitter.

4. The Fedora



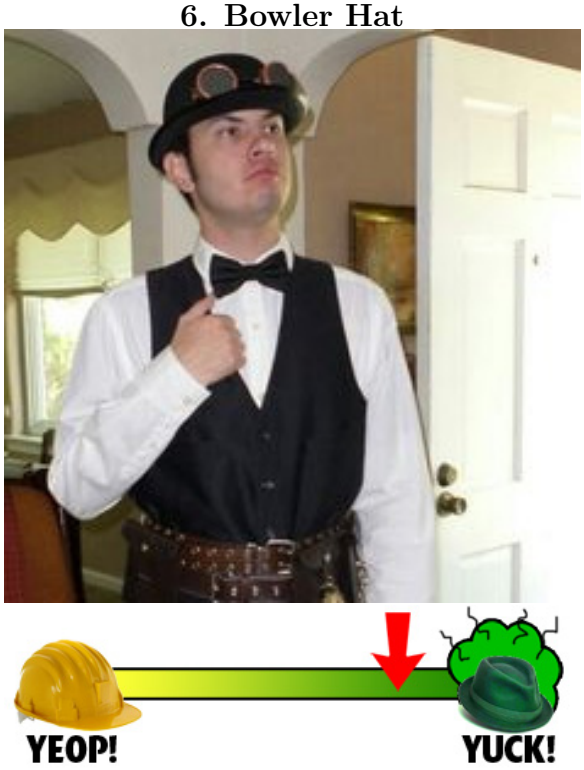
Yeah, yeah, yeah, M'lady. Everyone knows by now fedoras are the uniform headgear of PUAs, MRAs, and kids who wish they were Indiana Jones. Once the norm in American headwear, this hat has slipped so far that it looks embarrassing as part of a Don Draper costume at your office Halloween party. The Cuban straw fedora receives a partial pass, at least for those of believably Cuban heritage, unless it is being worn by a sweaty Cuban police detective in Florida, in which case it actually becomes a police hat and is worse than a regular fedora. Sticking a paper with the word PRESS on it in the brim doesn't help your ranking, but it might get you into a government briefing if you time travel back to the 1960s.

5. Top Hat



This once classy hat is rarely seen in the wild these days without the addition of goggles and cogs. A very spiffy gentleman might be able to bring it back, but spiffy gentlemen are more critically endangered than the top hat itself. Last seen worn by guys in blackface in the video for Taco's Puttin' on the Ritz and that was so bad they censored it on MTV.

6. Bowler Hat

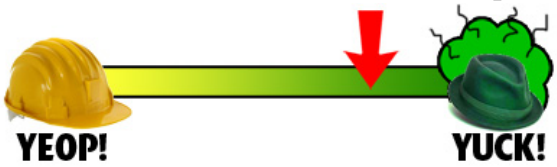


Not a top hat, not a fedora, this rather fancy hat receives fair marks for older European gentlemen, but drops down to costume gimmickry in the United States. If it's Halloween, all hat rules are off, so live it up as Alex DeLarge or John Steed. If it's not Halloween, if you're, say, live streaming yourself playing *Majora's Mask* on Twitch, then there is no excuse for a bowler hat. Also at a very high risk for goggles and cogs.

7. Backwards Baseball Cap

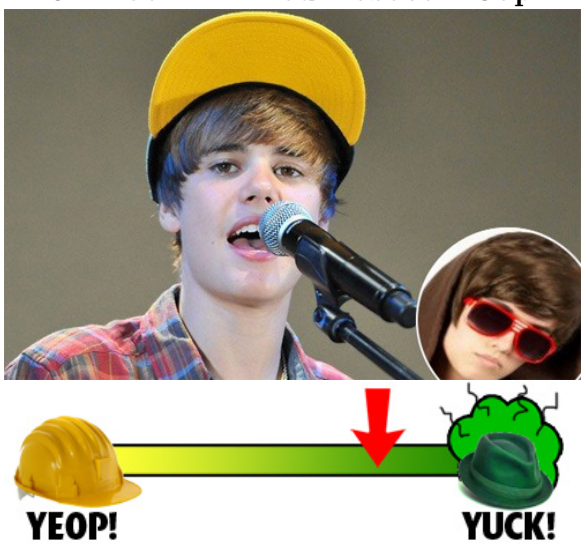
Dursted into obsolescence. For a brief time, backwards was the way to wear a baseball cap. Then, like most good things, white people got a hold of it and it was all downhill from there. Still frequently worn by people who use "yo" unironically.

8. Curled Brim Baseball Cap



Again, an obsolescent way of wearing a baseball cap. Many people, stuck in the past, continue to curl the brims of their baseball caps. Sun bleached and sweat stained from summer jobs, this style of hat has become the norm for farmers and also frat boys yelling at you to "Chug, chug, chug!" If you're a farmer you get a pass, if you're a hooting frat boy, you know you're terrible. If you're anyone else, just stop it.

9. Flat Brimmed Baseball Cap



The baseball cap aficionado knows to keep your hats mint and crisp, as if they just popped off a Chinese brim trimmer. Everybody else wonders why a grown ass man is wearing a baseball cap outside of a stadium. These hats are most likely to be seen worn by somebody also wearing a button down shirt and getting a forearm tattoo.

10. Beanie or Stocking Cap

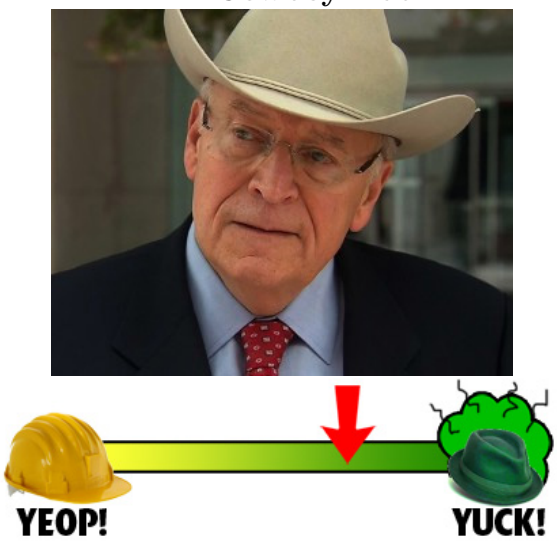
One of the most abused hats for men, it is a hat with a clear purpose often used as a casual hat or just to hide a bald spot. If you are indoors you should not be wearing a hat. End of story. But if we are going to continue that story, you especially should not be wearing a hat especially designed to keep you warm in cold weather. Slightly redeemed by PaRappa the Rapper and ancient historical figures Bob and Doug McKenzie. Perfectly valid as a choice of headwear when it is cold as heck.

Shameful when it's not.

11. Mortar Board

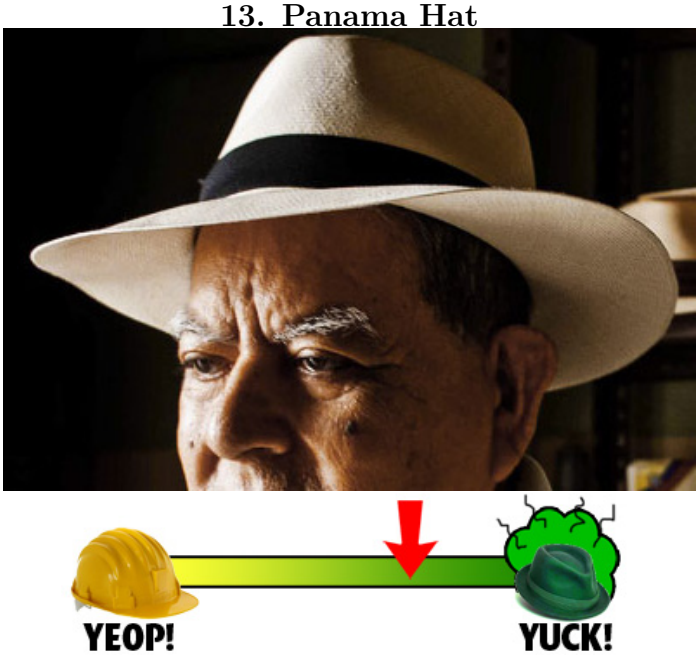
Congratulations. You graduated something. Biiiiiiig whoop. No need to go around rubbing everyone's nose in it with this elitist hat. Looks good only on kids who are the first in their family to graduate college and only on graduation day. If you're celebrating a high school graduation or, these days, a junior high graduation, don't wear a mortar board. Looks worst on a dumbass celebrity talking about "your future is about taking a chance and believing in yourself" at a commencement address.

12. Cowboy Hat



The cowboy hat has come to mean many things to many people. Most of them are bad. To large parts of the south, including Mexico, the cowboy hat is as ubiquitous as baseball caps on men. The northerly creep of the cowboy hat, along with the disappearance of actual cowboys, has significantly devalued although not quite tainted the hat. A fine cowboy hat can be a bold statement. If you are a big enough man to pull it off, then go for it. Recommended for rodeo riders, middle-aged junk collectors with a pickup truck, and groomsmen at a Houston wedding.

13. Panama Hat



Similar to the Cuban fedora, anyone can wear this classy white hat, particularly drug dealers and

retirees who probably used to work for NASA or something. It's usually made out of straw, which is a renewable resource unlike felt which has to be dug out of the earth. The hat looks good on an old guy drinking those tiny coffees at a cafe table and looks good on a young guy wearing shades who might just work for the CIA. Be warned, the Panama Hat is not currently tainted, but it is dangerously close to a fedora. Once you start seeing these show up on Let's Play videos, you will know the time has come to burn your garage full of Panama Hats.

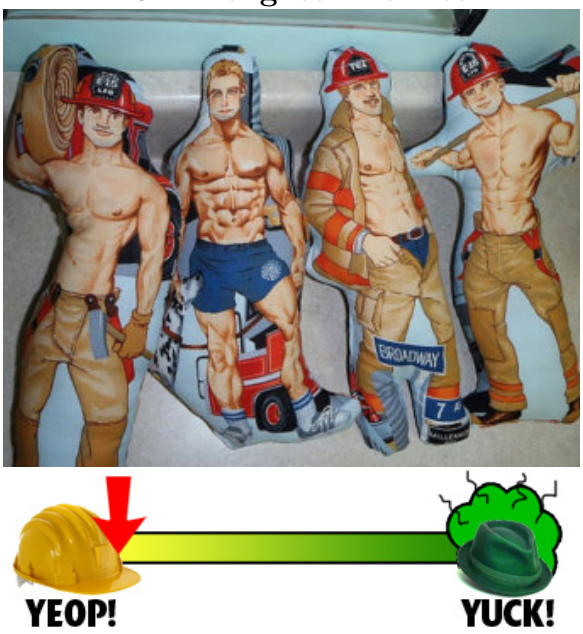
14. Sombrero

The classic Mexican hat before the cowboy hat fully invaded Mexico. It is a handsome, classy hat, as fancy as any you'll find and yet it is still a working man's hat throughout much of Mexico. Mariachis are downright disappointing without the sombreros. HAT DANGER: The sombrero seems like a "fun" hat, but it is not a "party" hat to be worn as a joke by non-Mexicans. Any other race wearing a sombrero is automatically "super racist" and drops the ranking to #1, particularly if you are wearing it in Cancun and doing shots while you wear it.

15. Newsie Cap

The last honest cap. These hardworkin' hats look good on a plucky teen shouting "EXTREE! EXTREE!" or an old black guy selling fuckbooks to cabbies from a news stand. Huge deduction if this hat is pastel colored and you are on a golf course. Only dickheads golf in the year of our lord 2015 and only huge dickheads put on the whole golfer costume. Even bigger deduction if the Newsie Cap is being worn backwards by Quentin Tarantino or, yes, Samuel L. Jackson.

16. Firefighter Helmet



God bless our firefighters. These hero hunks look good whether they are cooking up chili or saving a cat from a tree. They're the god tier first responder. They don't kill black teenagers, they aren't constantly high on speed like EMTs, and they even beat our troops because our brave hero troops in uniform aren't allowed to wear their cool helmets walking around a city. I think that's in the Constitution. Huge caveat, if you're not a real firefighter or a five year old boy, do not wear a firefighter helmet. Actual firefighters get pretty ticked off about that for some reason, especially if you try to tell a woman you need to check her clothes for a fire cuz that body is sssssmokin' and you even use your sexy Mask voice.

Did we forget something? Yeah, sure, like headbands, hard hats, jockey helmets and many other niche items of headwear. We omitted Homburgs and pork pie hats and a million other sub-categories. That's okay, you can figure this out.

The rule is, if you need your hat for a job, particularly for safety reasons, you get a break, unless that job is evil, in which case your headwear suffers accordingly. Think about recent celebrities who have worn your hat of choice. Were they a dingus? Then you're likely to feel like a dingus when you go out in public wearing that wizard's cap. Whatever you do, never wear a hat ironically, because we're back on sincerity for a few years before the pendulum swings back to irony. Good luck out there, men!

Still not sure? Try checking on Zack's Facebook. He'll help you out!

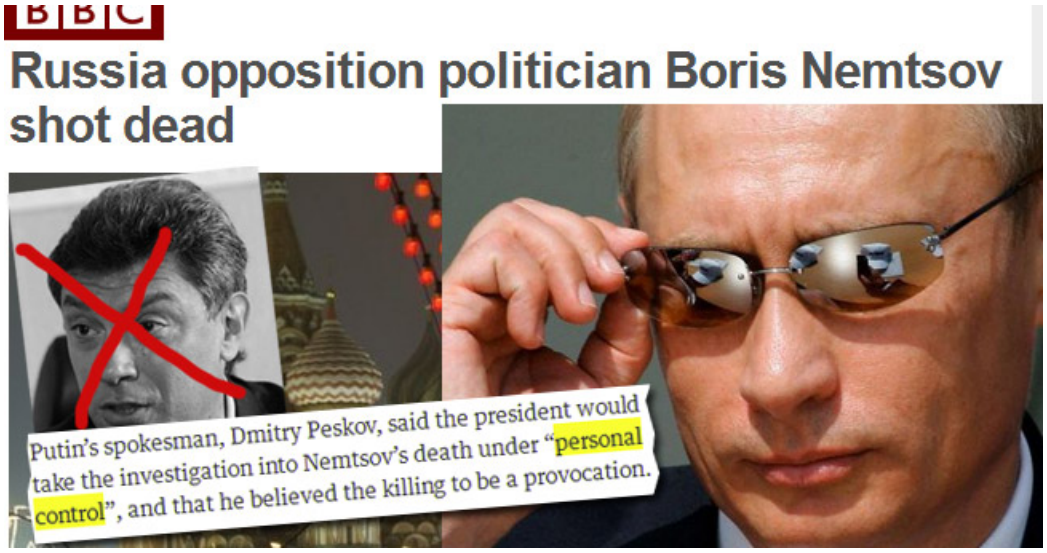
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 The Case Files of Supreme Detective Vladimir Putin

Monday, Mar 02, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


BBC
Russia opposition politician Boris Nemtsov shot dead
Putin's spokesman, Dmitry Peskov, said the president would take the investigation into Nemtsov's death under "personal control", and that he believed the killing to be a provocation.

The Case of Boris Nemtsov

Supreme Detective Putin arrives on horseback at the morgue. Gets down from horse and flips over lid of box holding remains of opposition leader Boris Nemtsov. He takes off his sunglasses and pokes and prods his finger into the Swiss cheese holes in Nemtsov's back.

"This is very weak blood. Homosexual blood. And these bullet? Forensic say only made in Ukraine," declares Putin. "They use very weak bullet. Is fatal because of very weak spine. See this? Is spine pussy. Shot in spine pussy by Ukrop bullets to make martyr. CIA maybe. Okay? No trial. It is very sad the CIA continues murdering opposition to me in plot to make me look bad."

He signs an 8x10 head shot of himself scowling at a tiger, hands it to the coroner, gets on his horse, and rides out.

The Case of Warehouse Massacre

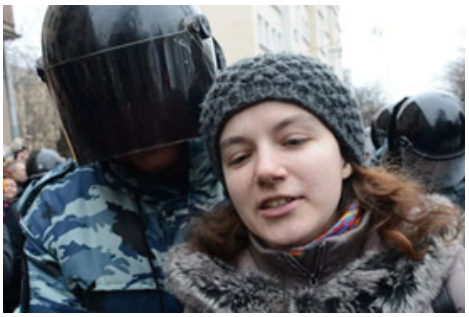
Eight unidentified men found with bags over heads and bullets in necks. Putin rides in back of SUV slowly past the warehouse where their bodies are being recovered. SUV does not stop. Tinted windows do not roll down. He calls a pale man in an overcoat with a scar down his face.

"Yes, FSB Commander," says Putin into telephone. "Men are Chechens killed by Chechen terrorists to make martyr sympathies for Chechen cause. CIA and Ukraine supply weapons. Arrest leader of opposition party and make him confess to being CIA. No trial."

The SUV continues onto the highway.

The Case of Break In at Opposition Headquarters

The opposition party headquarters reports windows smashed and computers stolen to Moscow police. SD Putin arrives in a giant helicopter and removes his shirt to get a better look at evidence. He promises, "We will find computers and who did this."



The next day, at press conference, "We have computers recovered full of pedophile sex pictures and a USA flag wallpaper. Also here is recording of opposition leader saying 'Piss on Russia it is bitch.' Opposition stole own computer to make martyr sympathies. CIA involved in fake set up martyr theft. Unfortunately all of opposition party went for policeman gun."

Answers questions from Russian press about the case such as, "Why does America allow gay to have baby while killing baby in Syria?" and "Why did USA and Britain shoot down Malaysia Airline flight and then lie to world?"

The Case of Oligarch Killed in Office

Gorky Karamazov was hacked to death with a machete and shot by two different guns. SD Putin arrives at the crime scene and immediately walks over to a weight machine in the oligarch's office, sets incredible maximum weight, and begins working out. He solves the crime while crushing reps on record amount of weight.

"Is suicide," he says. "Karamazov was secret homosexual and pedophile. His Ukrainian lover demanded he tell wife. Too much guilt so he hack himself with machete and shoot with guns to try to implicate FSB. CIA help. No trial."

He poses for a photo with a crying child before leaving.

The Case of Sexy Model Dancers Found Dead in Hotel

Three beautiful model dancers are found dead in Moscow hotel suite. A black SUV with tinted windows pulls up next to crime scene. The back passenger window whirs down to reveal Putin wearing sunglasses. He peers over his shades as a policeman approaches the car.

"Supreme Detective Putin, cause of death to these three beautiful women is severe trauma."

Policeman hands Putin a tablet with photos of the women from a modeling agency website.

"Yes, this crime is solved. Not a crime. I am cause, I remember now. These women made me have sex with them until they die. This is normal. Please note in report it is because my penis is of too large size and too heterosexual. CIA also sent these Nazi girls to kill me. Self defense. No trial."

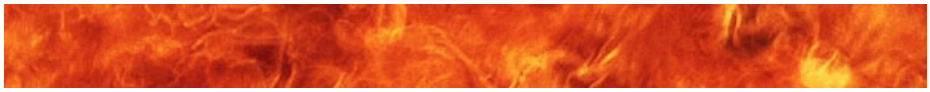
Another case solved, Putin returns to his office to stare at the flag of Russia until he is needed again.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.2 The Rings of Online Gamer Hell

Tuesday, Mar 03, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Welcome to Gamer Hell, where those who committed sins in online games must pay for their crimes against noobs for eternity. The punished live in endless agony, separated in rings based upon their misdeeds.



Ring of Players that were Aimless

Guilty of camping with a sniper rifle at spawn or endlessly farming alone, they are welcome entries to Gamer Hell. For their sin of not pushing to finish the game, they are forced to play the tutorial for all of eternity. In their tedious agony, they will learn and relearn how to crouch [X button/ctrl], to reload [left trigger/R], and to enter the buy system works [Press F to talk to shopkeeper], but they will never have a chance to do it.

Ring of Players of MOBAs

This ring of hell overflowing with those that play DOTA, LOL, or whatever awful game consumed their time on earth. Their punishment is to continue playing the game that cursed them to Gamer Hell. There are no locks on the doors of this ring; the doomed seem to be doing it on their own.

Ring of Players asking "R U A GIRL?"

These are those guilty of not getting over the fact that women play video games. Before Gamer Hell, they caused games to devolve into baseless assumptions or awkward attempts at flirting. Now they must pay the ultimate price of playing on offline servers with poorly programmed bots. Because the complex notion that diverse people play games was too much, all the bots can do is talk about ethics in game journalism.

Ring of Players streaming on Twitch

A whole ring of Gamer Hell is devote to those with egos inflated enough to think that they should start a Twitch stream. While everyone else was having fun, they begged everyone on their friend list to watch them play. They worked on their brand and spammed their URL in game, but offered neither the skill nor personality necessary to be amusing, and yet there they were, night after night, thinking that they were worth watching. Their streams had a record high of six viewers, a daily average of .3, a max donation of two dollars from a cousin, and now they are doomed to Gamer Hell, where they are all forced to shout the same copy/pasted meme at one another until the end of time. It is a punishment that most had already begun years earlier.

Ring of Players without Communication

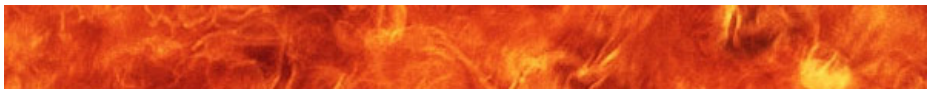
This ring of Gamer Hell comprised of those who could not communicate with their team, but kept being annoying until forcibly muted. It could be a broken mic that unleashes feedback. It could be an eight year old screaming cyka blyat. It could be someone listening to Rush so loud it drowns out their voice. It could be an endless cycle of jajajajajajaja. It does not matter. They remain in Gamer Hell until they can form a language complex enough to escape, but it never goes beyond basic racism.

Ring of Players with Sick Gamer Gear

Those that believed that vanity equates to skill. The buyers of cosmetics and DLC gear who mocked others for not having such shiny pixels. In Gamer Hell, the poor shall overcome the hat barons. Removed from their wasted income, they are forced to climb an endless mountain of mechanical keyboards and enormous headphones while they are blinded with blue flashing LEDs.

Ring of Players who refused Reflection

The second worst ring of hell is for those that cannot analyze their own actions. Despite all odds and evidence, they managed to insist that they are a flawless representation of God's blessing upon the clicks per minute. They called you a noob without mentioning their own 2-30 record. They screamed lag for their missed shots. They raged at their team when the whole server told them to shut up. They bragged about their skill when they just did the same combo over and over again. In Gamer Hell, those that refused Reflection must play together in games that are both unwinnable and endless. They scream and fight for eternity, a constant misery of loathing, never again to taste victory.



The Core of Gamer Hell

Only one person occupies the core of Gamer Hell: You. You are forced to play with the worst humanity has to offer and it is happening right now in real time. While all the others are here because they are punished, you do this to yourself. You do it and you think it is fun. This is the end. There is no escape.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.3 EXPLICIT Photos From My Stint As Emma Stone's Muse/Ghost Hunter

Wednesday, Mar 04, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Emma Stone was the most paranoid person I had ever met.

In private she wore a full suit of medieval armor at all times, visor down. The only meals she took were sandwiches or burritos, as she insisted on keeping one hand free to fend off attackers. She was obsessed with keeping her back against a wall so no one could sneak up on her. In hotel suites she always hunkered down in a corner, keeping me between herself and the nearest door/window as a human shield.

Here's a picture:

Taken during one of our flights. I love the way the clouds look from up here!

As a muse my erotic presence generates waves of intense sensuality. My clients channel this intoxicating sensation into their art. Our contract strictly forbade miss Stone from acting upon her attraction. While she never broke the terms of our agreement, her inappropriate behavior made me very uncomfortable.

She once forced me to sit still for several hours as she sketched a portrait of me. Her lecherous stare was unnerving. When Emma finished, she held up her sketchpad and revealed no drawing at all. Instead, in large letters, there was simply the phrase "DOIN' IT".

That incident was doubly distressing because I knew that she was able to draw quite well. On many occasions she harassed me with disturbingly detailed nude self-portraits, often depicting her in the act of tearing up our contract.

Here's a picture:

The ghost hunting aspect of my job description was secondary. I mostly just accompanied Emma on her nightly excursions, carrying her vast array of ghost-detecting equipment.

Our sessions were largely uneventful. She would wave around a mass spectrometer and attempt to provoke spirits with homophobic slurs, eventually growing bored and setting fire to a mattress or rolling a shopping cart into a ravine. My job was to record everything and "stop being such a baby" when she held a stud finder over my body while wolf-whistling.

Then, one night in a tunnel system beneath an abandoned psychiatric hospital in Germany, we came

Taken during a different flight. I'm proud of this one, you can barely see the window.

face to face with a full-body apparition.

This figure was so *real*, and so present that we stood in a state of shock as it looked squarely into our eyes and plead with words we could not hear before it vanished in thin air. All of our equipment was running. We captured the entire life-changing experience. For the first time in history, conclusive proof of the afterlife.

Here's a picture:

I thought it was interesting how the clouds looked fluffier here. How many kinds of clouds are there??

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.4 Let's Agree to Disagree About Your "Keep Our Apartment Weird" Initiative

Thursday, Mar 05, 2015 by Tyler, Your Roommate

Hi Steve,

Maybe you're wondering why I've chosen to write you this message on toilet paper and gently slid it under the closet door, square-by-square. Yes, I realize "Toilet Paper Thursdays" were a point of contention between us, and I once considered this subject off-limits, yet your "alternative" lifestyle has made it so I have no other choice but to inscribe this message via the medium of two-ply--and hope to god it doesn't bleed too much before you see it. This dollar store toilet paper may be perfect for hanging throughout the place like festive streamers, Steve, but that might be *all* it's good for.

When I agreed to rent out my back room, I chose you as my tenant despite your lack of professional references and abundance of t-shirts telling me to KEEP CALM and (DO SOMETHING). I was willing to be lenient because you reminded me of a young me--a dream-chaser who now lives his life fully fulfilled, having achieved my one true goal. Only a select few thousand of us are chosen to be assistant managers at Staples, and it's a role I don't take lightly. I was young once, too, and tried my hand at a number of paths: college, trade school, the Air Force, and so on. Yet, even before failing out of all these, I knew I was only lying to myself. Now, I have a higher calling: Making sure none of our employees work so many hours that we're obligated to give them health insurance.

Steve, you gave big city life a shot, and it didn't work out. And I'm sure those two weeks in Austin were transformative. Setting out to be a busker with no apparent musical ability or talent takes guts, but showbusiness is a harsh mistress. The thing is, Steve, we're a long way from Austin, and while I can sympathize with how much you miss a more metropolitan backdrop for your young life, the multiple leaflets and signs I see for this so-called "Keep Our Apartment Weird" campaign are troubling. I'm not sure how they do things in the big city, but here in Tyler's apartment, we follow the impartial orders of the chore wheel. And, in answer to your question from last night, yes, I *would* tell Jimi Hendrix to scrub the pans, especially if he tried and failed to make mac and cheese pizza as often as you.

Steve, make no mistake that I understand where you're coming from--after all, I'm also interested

in the arts. That's why I always make the suggested minimum donation when visiting our local museum, even when the security guard isn't there. But these "art jams" you've been hosting nightly offer nothing but a host of sweaty 20-somethings with dilated pupils watching adult-style cartoons and asking "Does he know?" every time I cross the living room. Steve, I appreciate you saying "Don't worry, he's cool," but I've had to shoo away several of your friends fixated on my vast collection of Magic Eye books as early as 6:30 in the morning. I'm sure your doctor has told you as much, but optical illusions should be used *in moderation*.

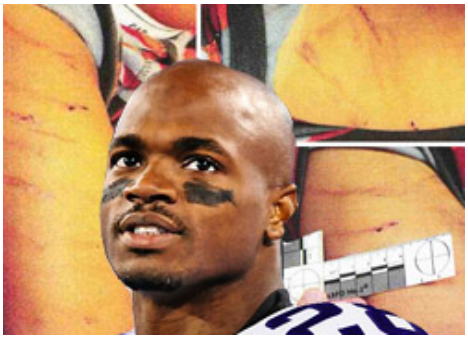
Steve, we may need to check with the good people at Webster to see if the word "weird" has changed in recent years, because I'm not entirely clear on your interpretation. Andy Warhol was "weird." Pablo Picasso was "weird." But did they leave a trail of dirty laundry behind them while remaining thoroughly unemployed? I'm no art history major, but I'm guessing they achieved notoriety through sheer gumption and sticktoitiveness. Would they choose to build an ever-growing pyramid of beer cans in their bedrooms? Would they use ordinary house lamps to dry mysteriously damp underwear? Google didn't provide any definite answers, but I can tell you the answer is probably "no."

I hate to say this, but I'm afraid I've reached my breaking point. And while I appreciate the fact that you've installed several cinder blocks to reinforce your "beeramid," I'm afraid they're the cause of my current predicament. Yes, I may have overstepped my boundaries by hanging up the Snuggie you wear so often in your closet, I had no idea this work made of concrete, aluminum, and fruit fly egg pods would collapse against the door, trapping me inside. And while Toilet Paper Thursday may indeed be my savior, I'm still unwilling to budge from my stance on your "Keep Our Apartment Weird" initiative. My only hope is that these discarded ramen flavor packets last me the long weekend you're at Bongo Camp.

–∼Tyler, Your Roommate

3.5 Adrian Peterson, Who Beat His Child's Balls, May Not Return to the Vikings

Friday, Mar 06, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Peterson admitted in court to attacking his son's balls and then successfully sued to have his suspension vacated.

All-Pro running back Adrian Peterson is not sure he wants to return to the Minnesota Vikings after beating his child's balls. Citing differences over a suspension by the Vikings for striking his own son in the balls, Peterson has suggested he may seek employment with a team where he would be a better fit. Peterson met with coaches and owners this week to discuss the possibility of a return.

"I appreciate Rick [Spielman] and Coach [Mike] Zimmer coming down to see me today. We had a great dialogue and they were able to understand where I was coming from and concerns my family and I still have," said Adrian Peterson who avoided jail time in a plea agreement for using a stick to whip his 4-year-old's balls.

For their part, the Vikings are eager to woo Adrian Peterson, who took off his child's pants and beat his legs and butt and balls bloody with a stick, back to their offensive line.

"We are able to have communication now with Adrian," Spielman said, referring to admitted child ball whipper Adrian Peterson. "We'll keep all those communications internal. I think it's been very clearly stated we want Adrian Peterson back. He's a unique talent, and he's under contract with us."

Peterson is known for attacking the footballs almost as well as his own son's balls, so it's only a matter of time until a team in the NFL signs him to bolster their offense. The question now is where can this man who whipped his child's balls land in 2015.

The Dallas Cowboys

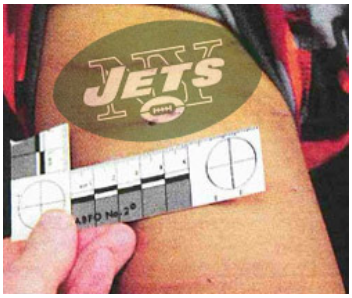
Texas is home for Peterson, who was there when he whipped his 4-year-old's balls, and Peterson has made overtures to Jerry Jones even before he made overtures to his sons balls with a stick.

"Well, I understand, Adrian," Jones told Peterson during the call, via ESPN.com. "I'd like that, too ... Well, I love your story. I love your daddy's story. I've always respected what you've been about."

It is not known if Jones knows or cares that Adrian Peterson has been about whipping a child's balls, which he did and admitted to in court. Does Dallas have a soft spot for Peterson even softer than a child's wrecked balls?

The San Diego Chargers

The Chargers have struggled to replace LaDainian Tomlinson, who never beat a child's balls, and have yet to find a strong running back through the draft. The Chargers know that sticks aren't the only weapons Peterson brings to the ball game. He knows how to get balls where they need to go, whether it is the hospital or the end zone.



The New York Jets

The Jets need to fix their passing game, but a powerhouse rushing offense can carry a weak QB into the post-season. If the Jets are looking for the total package, they need look no further than the man who whipped his son's package. Peterson could carry the Jets offense on his back and still have plenty of room to carry all that baggage about assaulting his son's balls with a piece of a tree.

Wherever Peterson ends up in 2015, he is going to bring that same energy and enthusiasm he brought to being a Viking and to brutalizing his son's balls.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.6 Uses and Side Effects of The Perfect Drug, According to Nine Inch Nails

Monday, Mar 09, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Feeling alone in a hedgerow maze? No one to swing your cane at? Haunted by Victorian mourners and fiddling dandies? Weird dogs? Death dreams? The Perfect Drug can help resolve your fancy maladies.

Effects

Internal body hardness - Reznorfil may cause a desirable hardening of the body's normally soft inner regions.

Excellent vision - Stupid eyes can be treated.

Cardiac arrow impalement - The drug will travel straight to the heart.

Side Effects

Head unraveling - You will still have your head.

Poor sense of direction and balance - Lack of control accompanied by an inability to keep track of where you have been.

Heart badness - You will still have your heart.

Tremors - Taking Reznorfil may cause shaking.

Destruction of sun, stars - Metaphorical. Or is it?

Death in equal proportion to giving - Stop giving and you will stop dying.

Severe physical addiction - Reznorfil cannot take you with it.

Please consult your weird, childlike physician if you experience blood urges or soul fears. Failure to follow the recommended dosage as instructed by a scrap of paper caught on a topiary may result in everything falling apart.

Usage

Squirt 3-4 drops over a sugar cube and into a shot of absinthe once every three hours as needed forever. If you find yourself bursting out shadowy pools or with the facial hair of a Wild West sheriff please lie down and prepare to become a ghost.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.7 The Internet's Small Pleasures

Tuesday, Mar 10, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The internet is such an integral part of our lives that we often overlook how shitty and dull it is.

Not that we can be blamed for expecting too much from the internet. Our generations are the first to grow up in a world with a constantly evolving network of information and technology. It potential is limitless. Of course we feel compelled to keep checking in on it to see what it has to offer. Turns out, it's mostly idiots.

Our interactions with the internet are more about routine and vague disappointment than fun or discovery. We keep coming back for a high that's never there, a potential that remains unfulfilled.

So it's up to us to find pleasure in the small things, like...

When you refresh the same six bookmarks for the twentieth time this hour, and one of the sites has actually been updated with something new. After glancing at the headline and the first few sentences you decide that you don't care enough to read further. Still, you feel satisfied. Progress was made.

Or...

You struggle and eventually overcome the urge to argue about some deeply nerdy video game/comic/movie shit. While this internal conflict is going on, someone else steps in and makes your argument. Now you get the satisfaction of seeing the original person refuted, along with the satisfaction of not being the douchebag who corrected them.

Or...

Your daily image search for "good picture" features a new good picture in the results.

Or...

Upon reaching the end of an enjoyable article, you close the tab without accidentally seeing a single comment. Acceptable substitution: You reach the end of the article and discover that the site does not even have a comments section.

Or...

A promotional trailer does not require you to fill in a captcha by looking at a blurry photograph of a meth cook's front door, and it does not ask you to verify your age with a drop-down menu that could never be circumvented by an underage person.

Or...

Someone you respect makes a tweet, and you're one of the first people to favorite it. They're probably nodding in appreciation right now, looking at your profile to learn more about the wonderful person behind the favorite. What will they think of your history? Should you delete that three month old joke about boners? What if they've already seen it, and they see that you deleted it, and they know you're a fraud? God damn is this exciting. I haven't felt this alive in years!

Or...

They finally caught the Bitburglar.

Or...

You compose and send an email in less than five minutes. At no point do you debate the merits of

opening with a casual "Hi" versus a more professional "Hello". You do not agonize over the use of an exclamation point. There is no second guessing your complete lack of irony and/or self-effacing humor.

Or...

Improbably, today is the one day of the year that Flash doesn't need to download an update.

Or...

Suddenly everyone is talking about one person. You discover the reason why, and they did not die, commit a crime, or say something sexist/racist.

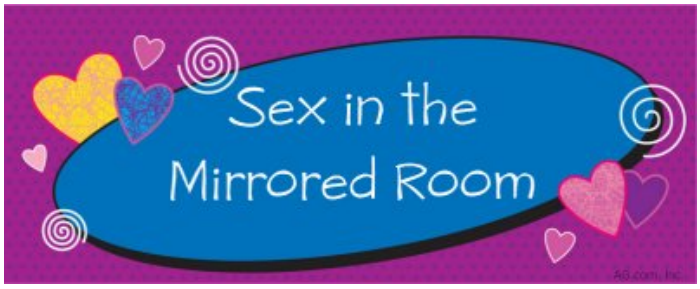
–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.8 Spice up Your Romance with These Free Love Coupons!

Wednesday, Mar 11, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Has the passion been fading from your relationship? Maybe it's time to try something new! Remind your partner that you love him or her with these fun and unique love coupons, guaranteed to add adventure to your romance.

Holder and partner will turn out the lights and have a cozy candlelit dinner. Both parties will share their deepest thoughts by the candle's flame, then cuddle on the couch and see what happens next.



Partner will join holder for a night of passionate sex in the room where the walls, floor and ceiling are giant mirrors. Infinite reflections will augur a love that will last until death, or longer.

Partner will painlessly remove holder's skull and perform a cleansing ritual, banishing evil spirits. Ritual will also protect holder's thoughts from the shadowkind.

Holder may enjoy unlimited use of the pleasure sphere for one day. They may use the sphere however they please, whether to live their most sensual fantasies, or visualize the violent death of their partner.

If holder is kidnapped by the shadowkind, partner will rescue them, even if it means entering the shadowkind's realm where time is architecture and death is just the beginning.

Holder is exempt from one household chore for one week. This excludes feeding the blood garden, which holder accepts is their responsibility, as the garden only craves their blood type.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

3.9 Have You Seen This Dog?

Thursday, Mar 12, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

If you recognize the dog in the picture, then we have a big security breach. I personally banished this dog from the neighborhood, so if you saw him, that means he is trespassing and threatening our way of life.

Clearly, this dog, Gary, did not heed my ultimate command: leave town. It's our responsibility as good people to keep pariah dogs like this out of town. Gary had his chance, and he squandered it.

That's why I'm hoping that if you saw this dog and are still reading this important note that I stapled to every utility pole in a 10-mile radius, you took swift action in yelled at Gary to go away. "Go away, Gary" is something I've said literally thousands of times, and it always has a nice ring to it.

Here is a helpful tip on how to send Gary packing: he really hates it when you talk in a deep robot voice and walk with your arms out like Frankenstein. That drives him mad. If we all do that together, Gary will think twice about setting paw in our enlightened community.

If you're still reading this, it should please you to know that my new dog is better than Gary in every possible way. He does not do the awful things Gary did, and he listens. He is obedient and loyal, two things Gary stands firmly against. Gary doesn't know what those words mean, even though I lectured him on their definitions many times.

My new dog also appreciates the whimsical sweaters I put on him, and never tears them to shreds. Those sweaters were expensive and imported, Gary. They were not to be trifled with.

Gary can be manipulative, so I trust you will not fall victim to any of his schemes, like begging, pretending to be friendly, loud whimpering or, most disturbing of all, mouthing the words "I love you" with remarkable accuracy. These stunts are just pretext for him to betray you with his usual Gary antics. Your best bet is to sigh loudly, then hit him with the ol' robot Frankenstein maneuver.

Because we're all in this together, if I find out that any of you have offered comfort or aid to Gary, I will do everything in my power to have you banished along with him. We have to put up a united front against Gary, or else Gary will make us all look like fools. Under no circumstances can we let that happen.

In case you doubt my commitment, you should know I'm the guy who ran Bryce out of town. Bryce, the idiot with the recumbent bicycle, the bald buffoon who sang loudly in his backyard and practiced his stupid woodwind instruments. Bryce and his stupid unibrow are gone now, and Gary is next. Don't get added to my list.

Gary can go dwell in the countryside, where his loud, obnoxious open-mouth chewing won't bother anyone. My new dog doesn't chew loudly like Gary. He has learned a better way. He holds the food in his closed mouth until it is soft enough to gently swallow. He may hate it, but he does it and that's why he's a better dog than Gary.

Just thinking about the fact you saw Gary has my blood boiling. I said to Gary, "You had your chance and you blew it." I read to him a long, exhaustive list of everything he did wrong, then I robot Frankensteined him out of town, which took six hours because he kept circling back.

I'm glad I can count on you as an ally against the menace of Gary. Together, we're going to send a strong message to Gary and any likeminded dogs that we humans have rules, and those rules mean something. Together, we're going to make this town just as Gary free as it is Bryce free.

Thank you.

P.S. I am also running for mayor and would appreciate your vote.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.10 For Girls Only: Becoming a Good Woman

Monday, Mar 16, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

INTRODUCTION

Being a good woman is the only way to attract a good man. A good woman is sexually desirable, able to operate effectively in public places without incident, is quiet to aid in stealth and capable of discrete self defense. You must become a good woman if you wish to advance.

GROOMING

A grooming routine is crucial to being a good woman. Moisturize regularly. Model women can be helpful. Identify a good woman and imitate her gait. Hair yourself as she hairs herself. Identify the source of her secretions and capture some in a dropper or slizzer into her dwelling to gather soiled garments to disguise your scent. Begin each day by spreading these soiled garments in your sleeping pit. Roll atop them to acquire her musk. Remove the quills of your pleasure area. Practice smiling at dogs.

FITNESS

Intake food rich in protein and vitamins. Beast eggs are good. Do not eat animals that you find already dead. Cook your food. Cook your chickens and apples and bread. Bowl them and steam them and put them into a fire. Very few worms live in fire. Sometimes food is as tough as defensive chitin. Use citric acid solution to predigest difficult foods and be sure to chew with your mouth. A healthy diet must be paired with regular exercise. Move your limbs in circles, travel from area to area, flex your clusters, exercise your pleasure area with obscene methods and battle foes that test the limits of your wits and endurance.

COLORING AND CLOTHING

Slough your day's tissues and secrete your night sheath. Upon the morrow, apply a base foundation of flesh coloring. Use bold woman colors to enhance your characteristics. These are blue, red, indigo and black. Remember: red the mouth, blue the eyes, black for camouflage, indigo is forbidden. You will want to avoid spiral designs and repeating patterns that you might otherwise find attractive. Look at yourself in mirror and say, "I am an adult human female." Say it until you feel it.

You must also wear clothing. No longer the jumpers and bogglens of youth. It is time for you to grow up, my dear, and don your uniform of womanhood.

APPROPRIATE CLOTHING	AVOID THIS CLOTHING
b. jeans	pincers
the sex dress	segments
titty shirt	dog suit
butt shorts	bad sex dress
business sex dress	jumpers and bogglens
wing suit	shitty hell dress
G*O*L*D*E*N D*R*E*S*S	tube

Remember: these are not your permanent skin, these are costumes you wear. If you make a mistake, change clothing. If they are damaged, you are not actually hurt and never throw yourself in the garbage because clothes are soiled. Do not be discouraged if dogs become riled up or snappy in your presence. Slizzer away from them or emit a gust to confuse them. Men are not so sensitive.

FLIRT

Doing a flirt is key to male attraction. Men like the following locations: torso (front and back), face (all parts), hair (top or bottom front), abs (sixpack), butt, legs, feet. Move these locations to provoke men. Show him your face first and then turn and show him back torso and butt locations. Turn again and show him legs front and feet. Try asking him about himself. It can inform you about him and let him know that you might be interested in mating.

Here are some good questions to know about males:

Are you venomous?
How many foes have you brutalized?
Do you eat animals you find already dead?
Have you been treated for parasites since then?
What macroscopic parasites have infested you in the last 30 days?

Can you make a nest with your saliva?
What is your estimated lifespan?
Have you eaten in the last six hours?

Men regularly eat mates, particularly if the man is hungry, so you may want to cook food for the male. Purchase a sauce and apply this to protein for him. Serve with bread.

BEDROOM ACTION

When you have decided to commence bedroom action with a man, there are certain techniques every good woman should employ to enhance the experience. Put your foot up on the bed and unroll your hose. Display your dangle and creases. Drip on him.

Talk dirty things into his canal such as:

- This piece (touching piece) is ready for your horny.
- Tell me all the good lies about my body.
- (Make chewing sounds loudly)
- I want you to play your whistle right here (point to whistle).

Do a horrific thing with him as much as he wants. The more you do it, the less it will feel bad. You probably will not die from this (but maybe??).

GOOD WOMAN?

Not all good women are mated to males. Some good women are what is called a false male. These good women do all of the things described above, but do not have a mate for whatever reason (poor musk, discordant call, excessive slizzering), so instead of being a mate they work at a job. It is not as honorable as being a mate, to spawn and to have hatchlings piled on your back and suckling at your nozzles, but a life as a false male can be tolerable. You can still be a good woman. Dogs may even stop growling at you.

HOPEFULLY THIS HELPS

Hopefully this helps you become a good woman. You do not want to be a bad woman. A crime woman. You do not want to write sex poems or pull out a knife blade to menace. To talk out of turn and slizzer for no good reason. A good woman is exactly what you must be.

You must be.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.11 Adopt These Discount Kitties

Tuesday, Mar 17, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Agnes
Birthdate: 1996 (Senior)
Breed: Short Hair
Here is one purrfect (perfect) living legend! Agnes was born right as Michael Johnson won the 200m gold medal at the summer Olympics in Atlanta. Now in retirement, this kitty likes it slow to not at all, preferring to spend her time between naps wheezing out adorable hairballs. The volunteers here have grown to appreciate her habits, but what Agnes needs now is a kind owner to act as a kitty hospice. Perfect for people who might not want a pet, but enjoy the smells of an aging feline.
Adopt now!

[Enter Name]
Birthdate: [Enter Birthdate]
Breed: [Enter Breed]

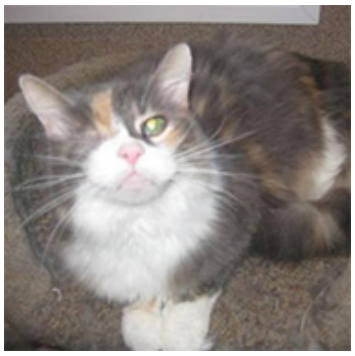
[Enter Description]

[Enter Sad Story]

[Enter Cat Pun]
Adopt now!

Jim Jim
Birthdate: 2012 (Adult)
Breed: Tabby
Jim Jim has come a long way! Found abandoned behind an Arby's, he has shown improvement with the volunteers over the past few years. Though shy at first, he is now comfortable enough to show his dominance over any other animal nearby. We're also proud that he no longer hisses at the television. Still a sufferer of kitty PTSD, Jim Jim is perfect for a house that has no other cats, no dogs, no adults with low voices, absolutely no children, and a minimum of mirrors. With an owner with the right purrsonality (personality), Jim Jim might possibly become a member of a household.
Adopt now!

Gizmo
Birthdate: 2006 (Adult)
Breed: Cat
It's hard to imagine that Gizmo's been with us for almost ten years. All of us volunteers wish we still looked this good after all that time! Gizmo won't beg for company, but he is patient and does not mind if you are around. All around, Gizmo is a great cat in its purrest (purest) form. Due to balance issues, we think he would be best away from young children, though he's never bitten anyone even when we're working on his desk. You cat (can't) find a better cat out there!
Adopt now!



Godiva
Birthdate: 2014 (Young)
Breed: 4 Legs
This cat is a work in progress for any kind adoptee. No, not the eye thing, but sort of similar except internal. Godiva has tested positive for kitty leukemia, kitty AIDS, and lands somewhere on the kitty autism spectrum, so she needs to take special kitty meds twice purr (per) day. She loves food and doesn't mind coughing (her version of meowing) when she wants to eat. Declawed on left side only. Cannot be petted. Can you get a better cat out there? Meowby! (Maybe!) but this sickly little feline is full of heart (and we should mention that that heart is also full of heartworms.)
Adopt now!

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.12 The Least Essential Issues of Marvel's 'What If?'

Wednesday, Mar 18, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

What If... Spider-Man's ability to stick to walls didn't work in bounce houses?

What If... Professor X hadn't seen an X flying past his window on that fateful night?

What If... Doctor Doom was allergic to peanut butter?

What If... Captain America wrote thinkpieces about video games?

What If... the Sinister Six were in line for an amusement park ride, and each car only seated five people?

What If... Wolverine was the height of an average man?

What If... no members of The Avengers knew how to ice skate?

What If... Galactus practiced sustainable planet devoury?

What If... Daredevil just spent all his time letting peers pressure him into eating hot peppers and breaking boards with his head?

What If... Iron Man continued to display the flag from his losing side of the Civil War crossover event, insisting that it was simply a symbol of heritage and pride?

What If... Magneto received a summons for jury duty, and was unable to get out of it?

What If... The Punisher channeled all of his energy into a molecular gastronomy blog?

What If... the Red Skull became a master of disguise after obtaining an alien artifact that allowed him to change the color of his skull at will?

What If... the Incredible Hulk attended a murder mystery dinner theater, and his enlarged sense of social responsibility prevented him from leaving until he solved the whodunnit?

What If... Hawkeye discovered that his ability to hit any target with an arrow translated into an equal level of accuracy flicking paper footballs?

What If... Thor was one of us, just a stranger on a bus?

What If... Ghost Rider went to a dermatologist because a mole on his neck looked sort of iffy, but it turned out to be nothing?

What If... the Black Widow had a slightly thicker accent?

What If... Doctor Strange had never grown facial hair?

What If... Jean Grey didn't even own a television, and she frequently used her psychic powers to remind everyone?

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.13 10 Things You DEFINITELY Didn't Know About Back to the Future

Thursday, Mar 19, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Back to the Future turns 30 in 2015, officially making this time-travel comedy a cinematic classic. But, even if you're a mega-fan of Robert Zemeckis' trilogy, there's bound to be some details you missed along the way. Read on, and discover everything there is to know about Hill Valley! Or don't--your click has already been registered with our advertisers.

Marty McWho?

Marty McFly might have been the ideal Everyteen for the '80s, but do you know he's not even a *real person*? That's right: Actor Michael J. Fox *portrays* the young McFly in all three movies, and was in his mid-20s at the time! Way to pull the wool over our eyes, Mr. Fox--now that's what I call movie magic!

Mood Music

It may strike you as odd that, in Hill Valley, orchestrated music plays out of nowhere, often emphasizing mood and/or action. Don't bother wasting your time looking for musicians hidden in the background of every scene, though: Back to the Future uses what's called a *soundtrack*, which exists outside the context of the movie's reality. Nice one, composer Alan Silvestri--you almost got us with that movie magic!

Those Incredible Shrinking Actors

If you've watched Back to the Future on TV, VHS, DVD or Blu-Ray, you may assume the cast of characters only measures somewhere between 2 and 7 inches tall, given the scene. But did you know this isn't the case at all? Director Robert Zemeckis used *film* to capture the movements of his actors, and the resulting images are sized according to the screen you're watching them on. A series of pictures creating the illusion of movement? Now that's what I call movie magic!

A McFly Sometimes Forgets

If you've been impressed that the cast of Back to the Future was able to improvise three entire movies with such logically consistent plot lines, you may want to hold off on writing those fan letters to Crispin Glover. Throughout his trilogy, Zemeckis used what's known as a *script*, which dictates who says what, and at what time. So the whole thing wasn't just made up on the spot? Talk about movie magic!

Goin' Lack in Time

Back to the Future is famous for its creative depictions of Hill Valley in the past, present, and future. But did you know that Robert Zemeckis and his crew didn't *actually* use time travel to achieve this feat? Instead, he turned to set designers, who dressed the backdrops appropriately, depending on the given scene. Help, I've been blinded by movie magic!

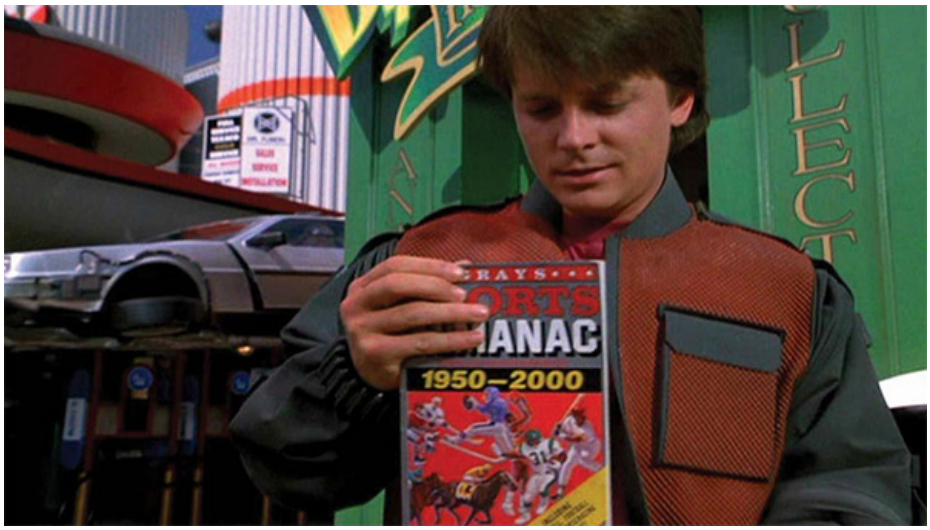
The Clone Zone

Some of the best scenes from Back to the Future feature characters speaking to past or present versions of themselves. But before you bring Robert Zemeckis up on crimes against humanity, hold on a sec: The famous director didn't need to resort to unethical human cloning to make these scenes happen. Instead, he filmed one role at a time, then combined these *takes* to create--yep, you guessed it: movie magic!

One Golden Throat

After Marty McFly belted out a rockin' cover of Johnny B. Goode at the end of the first film, you might have wondered why Michael J. Fox never released an album of his own. Well, it turns out the voice that sounded nothing like his wasn't *actually* his at all--rather, it belonged to a studio singer who made just a fraction of Fox's salary! Say it with me now, everyone: movie magic.

That Amazing Almanac



Biff Tannen built a legacy for himself thanks to a sports almanac featuring the outcome of every game from 1950-2000, and before the turn of the century, you might have thought to yourself, "Where can I get one of those?" Well, the sad truth is, this almanac is what's known as a *prop*--meaning it's not even real! If someone were to create such a book, it would likely be tens of thousands of pages, and probably wouldn't exist at all thanks to the Internet. Movie magic, you've done it again, you magnificent bastard!

Cowboys of Hill Valley

After seeing Doc and Marty ride those massive, majestic beasts in Back to the Future III, you might be wondering, "How many puppeteers did it take to make those creatures so lifelike?" Truth be told, in these scenes, director Robert Zemeckis used what's known as *horses*: Large, quadrupedal animals typically utilized for transportation or physical labor. Move over, Jim Henson's Creature Shop--you've just been outdone by movie magic!

The Secret of Verne Brown

After watching the final scene of Back to the Future III, you might be wondering, "Just what are those strange hand signals that little boy is giving?" Does it hint at a possible Back to the Future IV? Or perhaps that the evil of Biff Tannen will soon rise again? Nope! It's just a little boy pointing at his dick. If that's not movie magic, nothing is!

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

3.14 The Torturous Games Jimmy Fallon Will Make You Play in His Fiefdom of Hell

Friday, Mar 20, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven." - **Jay Leno**

The pact was drawn in blood. Jimmy Fallon was given *The Tonight Show* in exchange for an eternity of service to the Prince of Lies. His reward in the realm of hell: the title of duke and a palace wrought from agonized flesh in the eighth circle of Malebolge. Now you arrive among the endless ranks, spurred onward by pitchfork wielding interns. He tortured you with impressions, giggling interviews and bro games in life, now the torture continues for your soul. There is no escape. There is no relief. There is only Duke Fallon. Let his games begin.

Duke Fallon will **Read the Tweets** for the amusement of the screaming maggots that pack every crevice of Ulvagoth, the wound that lives. You are one of those screaming maggots. The Tweets are your own, pleading pathetically for release. Every joke Duke Fallon says will involve making up a new hashtag and saying "hashtag" which is actually worse than everything else.

He **Slow Jams the News** and the news is all that you are being buttfucked by hot pokers. The skinless cenobite of Brian Williams is there for some reason, wielding the pokers.

In **Hole in 666** you and Duke Fallon must bounce ping pong balls into the cloaca of a slime horror. If you make it in, you are rewarded with a knife to your genitals. If you miss, you must chug scalding bile and take another turn. It is always your turn.

Duke Fallon and the Roots subject you to **David Bowelie.** Shitted into a living sewer of the damned, your wails of misery are Auto Tuned while the Roots play a discordant cover of *Space Oddity.* A gurgling voice, perhaps an executive, will grimly note, "This thing is going viral!"

To run a cross promotion with NBC's *Chicago Fire*, Duke Fallon holds a game called **Chicago Dogs** where you must dress like a "Super Fan" and eat Chicago style hot dogs that fall through your eviscerated body and into the snapping jaws of burning, hunger-crazed hellhounds.

Duke Fallon does one of his hilarious monologue **Bad Joke Giveaways** where he gives away the cue card of a particularly bad joke. You are subjected to a nine thousand hour monologue. Every joke is bad. The cue cards are white hot steel sheets that Duke Fallon awards to your face, hands, under arms, thighs and buttocks.

Real People, Fake Arms forces you to act opposite Duke Fallon in an improv sketch in which your arms have been swallowed up to the shoulders by leeches that continuously lash your face with their stinging quills as they gnaw at your flesh. You have no control over what your leech arms are doing and you have to try not to scream as you act out the scene. If you do, or if Duke Fallon breaks character himself and starts laughing, you will be cast into the pit of leeches.

Demonic guests are invited to play the classic **Hot Dog in a Hole** game. This is where each guest is given a bucket of hot dogs to throw through a hole which is formed by your anus being progressively widened by the insertion of a twisting funnel covered in broken glass. Winners are allowed to dismember your family while you beg for mercy. Losers also do this.

Duke Fallon favorite **Facebreakers** is played using a 5x5 grid of panels of the living faces of the damned. Alive, aware and in constant agony, your face can only watch and scream as Duke Fallon and his guest attempt to throw screeching beasts through your fragile face.

Not actually a game, but you are pushed out onto stage naked and forced to do **improv crowd warm up** for the Nuremberg-sized audience of emotionless demons. This goes on for months without laughter. If you try to rest or sleep you are immediately and agonizingly devoured by Steve Higgins, only to wake up and have to start the crowd warm up over.

Sing It Like You Mean It a game in which the Roots make up a song that you have to memorize immediately and sing for the audience. You compete against Duke Fallon doing his Bruce Springsteen impression. Your prize for winning is freedom from hell. You always win, escape from hell, only to realize that you're in a world entirely populated by Duke Fallon doing Bruce Springsteen. You live out an entire life in this world, marrying Bruce Springsteen, having Bruce Springsteen children and always knowing that when you die, you will be right back in Malebolge being tortured by Duke Fallon.

As your misery stretches into eons, you will remember again and again how you welcomed Jay Leno leaving *The Tonight Show*. How nothing could be worse than Jay Leno. You'll realize, as the sounds of ping pong balls bouncing from plastic cups echo down the bone hallways of the castle, that you brought all this on yourself.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.15 History's Great Safe Spaces

Monday, Mar 23, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Much criticism has been leveled as of late at the concept of "safe spaces." These are places, often on college campuses, where people can get away from stressful or hostile environments to relieve some pressure.

> The safe space, Ms. Byron explained, was intended to give people who might find comments "troubling" or "triggering," a place to recuperate. The room was equipped with cookies, coloring books, bubbles, Play-Doh, calming music, pillows, blankets and a video of frolicking puppies, as well as students and staff members trained to deal with trauma.

Some claim that safe spaces are preventing students and others from engaging in intellectually challenging debate. This ignores the long history of important safe spaces.

Pope Stephen VIII's Priest Hole

942 Rome

This safe space was constructed for Pope Stephen beneath a private altar only used by bishops to offer express prayers to the secret, upper-tier of heaven. Beneath the trapdoor, down the ladder, Stephen found relaxation from his woes dealing with the Gauls by caressing the skulls of various past popes and bishops of the church. A golden statue of Stephen's favorite animal, a giraffe, watched over him while Stephen luxuriated on satin pillows and drank pitchers of olive oil. He was often visited by the papal therapist. Unfortunately, the location of Pope Stephen's safe space was well known and did little to deter the supporters of Alberic II of Spoleto, who tortured him with their mocking words and also with their mutilating swords.

Oda Nobunaga's Recovery Dojo

1582 Honno-ji Temple, Kyoto

Oda Nobunaga, one of the great warlords of Japan's Warring States period, frequently heard disturbing reports from his scouts and emissaries which caused him to seek solace in a specially-built dojo at the Honno-ji Temple. This room included huggable practice dummies, ultra-soft hug pillows, soothing teas and steam buns, and a geisha plucking the strings of a koto. Unfortunately, Honno-ji was set fire by Akechi archers during a coup. Nobunaga was squeezing his hug pillow so intensely that he failed to hear the warning from his bodyguards until it was too late. Realizing he was trapped and would be captured and beheaded by conspirators, Nobunaga experienced suicidal ideation and committed seppuku when his friends and trained social workers failed to intervene.

Catherine the Great's No Judging Palace

1780 Moscow

Russian ruler Catherine the Great, who dealt with a useless Tsar of a husband and peasant uprisings, decided to get away from her troubles by building a palace outside of Moscow where absolutely no judging was allowed. She called it Planeta Idoneitatem and included reflecting pools, swans, a thousand square acres of hedge mazes, candy for breakfast, a room for pillow fights, a bed designed to resemble a giant crib, and a violinist who followed her around playing caprices. Planeta Idoneitatem was sacked and burned during a peasant uprising, but thankfully Catherine had her revenge and ordered her favorite horses to parade over the captured revolutionaries.

FDR's Crisis Closet

1944 Washington, D.C.

FDR kept a small room just off the Oval Office to retreat to whenever he heard mention of "polio" or spoke to generals who disagreed with his plans to deal with the Japanese. This room included a special blanket Eleanor made for him, a teddy bear he was given by a child, and hundreds of letters from citizens calling him a great president. It was also well stocked with rootbeers and candied popcorn. When Pearl Harbor was attacked, FDR was in the midst of recovering from a very upsetting mention of polio victims as cripples, spending almost two full days binge-listening to The Adventures of Superman radio plays before emerging to learn the USA had been attacked.

Rosa Parks's Serenity Basket

1950s Montgomery, Alabama

Parks carried a basket with her at all times and when she was stressed out, particularly by systemic racism, she put this basket over her head and took comfort in the sweet, perfumed scent of lilacs, a special pillow, and a small collection of painted figurines. She considered sitting at the front of the bus as early as 1951, but instead she was advised to stay where she is most comfortable by a therapist who left notes in the basket. She decided to spend several years inside the basket at the back of the bus.

George W. Bush's Other Situation Room

2002 Washington, D.C.

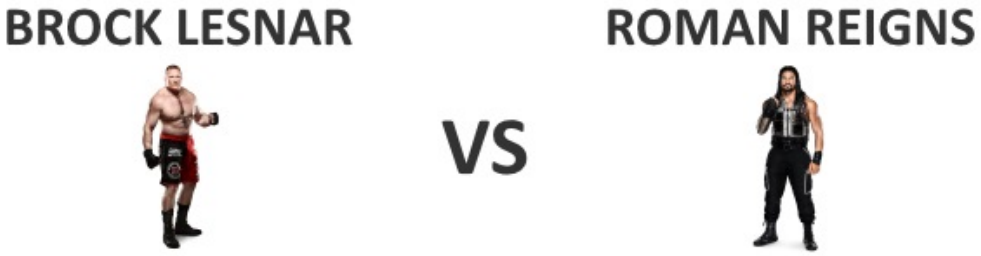
For crises involving national security, George W. Bush headed to the famous "Situation Room." When the "situation" was a challenge to his beliefs and ways of thinking, Bush headed to the less well known "Other Situation Room." When Laura told him no fireman's poles in the White House, he headed there. When Dick Cheney yelled at Bush for sitting at his desk and eating all of the candy out of the bowl at once, Bush retreated to the Other Situation Room. Inside were all sorts of art supplies for painting and drawing, a collection of Bush's favorite Chris Farley and David Spade movies, and a cassingle of John Fogerty's "Centerfield." He also had an arcade cabinet installed of Spy Hunter, but he was too afraid to play it and just liked to listen to the music and watch the demo mode.

Placed in a context, surrounded by the safe spaces of such esteemed figures of history, it's no wonder that safe spaces have such an appeal to our modern society. After all, who needs upsetting discussions or events? History can wait until you're ready.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.16 Who Are All These People in Wrestlemania and Why the Heck Are They Fighting?

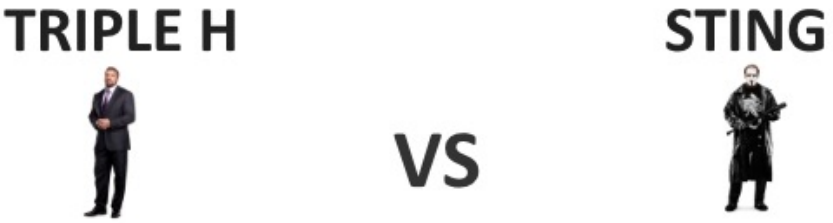
Tuesday, Mar 24, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



Brock Lesnar is an enormous and genuinely intimidating man. He was a successful UFC fighter for a while, but a serious illness ate half his guts so he decided to retire from mixed martial arts and take things easy by slamming 300 pound men through tables. When he gets really pumped up he does this victory/rage roar that sounds like a little baby bird just bumped its knee on a tiny coffee table. He's the best.

Roman Reigns is a romance book cover. He has been prematurely pushed to the top of the roster, past several deserving fan-favorite wrestler men. He obediently delivers WWE chairman Vince McMahon's terrible lines, including (this is not made up) fifty year old cartoon references like "Sufferin' succotash".

Roman Reigns wants to win Brock Lesnar's heavyweight championship belt and use it to hold up his pants. This is because he is afraid that if he does not do so, Mr. McMahon will soon tell him to wear suspenders, a pair of 1920s schoolboy short pants, and a propeller beanie.



HHH is a man in a business suit. He walks out into the ring and spends twenty minutes saying something that could be conveyed in one minute, often repeating himself while raising his voice then pausing for dramatic dead air.

Sting really liked that movie The Crow.

As I understand it, this matchup is a fight to determine who gets to sit closest when Kid Rock performs his second seven song set of the evening.

What if, instead of working out in his prison cell, Robert DeNiro's character in Cape Fear ate a bunch of LSD burgers while perusing a fedora catalog? That's Bray Wyatt.

The Undertaker is an undead graveyard man. Or a supernatural biker. Or an MMA warlock. I forget.

These two dark wizards are going at it to determine who gets complete control of the fog machine.

John Cena likes anime and cargo shorts. This makes him the ultimate American.

Rusev is a Russian. He is critical of the United States and shakes his head when the audience chants "USA! USA!". This makes him the ultimate American.

The winner of this match will officially become the president of the United States.

Nikki and Brie are sisters, and they're bad. Or one of them is good, and the other is bad. After a months-long leadup the bad one won an event with the stipulation that the good one had to become her personal servant for a month. That story disappeared with no resolution. The next time they showed up they were both bad again. I think.

AJ Lee and Paige are an uneasy alliance, and in the absence of any real story the WWE writers have decided to continually tease WHAT IF MAYBE THEY'RE SORTA LESBIANS? Like, what if they pin each other and linger for the benefit of the audience? Or how about one distracts the other mid-match with a kiss?

The WWE hates its female talent even more than it hates its male talent so I don't even know why this fight is happening. I do have a prediction, though: One of the announcers will say something revolting.

WADE BARRETT vs R-TRUTH vs DEAN AMBROSE vs LUKE HARPER vs DOLPH ZIGGLER vs STARDUST vs DANIEL BRYAN Intercontinental Championship Ladder Match

These guys are what wrestling fans call jobbers. Basically, that means they treat wrestling like a job. Every morning they clock in then turn to the camera and bemusedly state "It's a living," with a shrug.

As dedicated workmen, they all want the ladder. It's a pretty good ladder. Now they're going to fight for it. These blue collar folk ask that you do not cheer too loud during their match or hope for any of them to become overly popular or successful.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.17 SkyMall Product Review: Grand-Scale Humpty Dumpty Statue

Wednesday, Mar 25, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Add wit, whimsy and a bit of English historical style to your home with this adorable Humpty Dumpty sculpture inspired by an 19th century Lewis Carroll illustration. The wide smile and beloved countenance of this fabled nursery rhyme statue who sits on your garden wall, will reward visitors to your home or garden. This Design Toscano large-scale, display-quality sculpture transforms any home, garden, restaurant or hotel into something truly magnificent! Sorry, stool not included.

Customer Rating: ★★★★☆

By The Randman from Sandpoint, ID

I'll spare you $699 + shipping and answer what you're all wondering about. There's not a usable orifice anywhere on the entire damn thing.

Age: 51-55

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By SkyGrandma from Buick Springs, WY

This is a true museum piece. I feel like I've got my own art museum with this gem. He's such a charmer, too. British men are so handsome.

Age: 71-75

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By MythBuster from Tuscaloosa, AL

Performs according to legend. I perched him on a wall and gave him a really aggressive push (I ran from all the way across the neighbor's yard so I had a lot of momentum). He shattered into a million pieces. The famous story is definitely true. Good purchase.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

Posted by GrillyGirl from Batesville, AR

A suitable replacement for my husband, who cried far too much.

Age: 46-50

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆

By Bill Bigtree from Sarasota, FL

Read the fine print, friends. The young asian girl is not included in this package. Once again I'm stuck with a useless egg man statue and nobody to tend to my robust physical and emotional needs. Worst of all, the egg man didn't even come with a stool. I have to share my recliner and bed with him, and he is not sensitive to my needs at all.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By Soaring Steve from Kokomo, IN

All dumpty, no humpty. If you think this guy looks like a load of fun, you're in for a shock. He just sits there. I kid you not, it's seriously just a big statue and nothing more. It doesn't even play recorded phrases if you push a button. Children's toys do that, for Pete's sake. What kind of idiot designs a giant egg man and thinks, "well, I'm done. This egg man has nothing good to say. It's not like an egg man would have lots of funny egg puns to say, or interesting anecdotes he could share about being an egg. Nope, I'm done. I'm a big idiot. My children don't respect me. I'm never going to reach the next level of egg man sculpting and make a real name for myself. I'm happy being a runner up in life but that's ok because Obama will pay my retirement even though I don't try hard."

I'm a better egg man designer than whoever made this. Be a man, you idiot. I could take you in a fight any day of the week.

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By AngryWoman from ANGRY, AL

NO STOOL????? I spent my last penny on this only to find out the stool is not included. I was banking on this coming with a stool. BECAUSE OF THIS, I had to delay my marriage to a VERY WONDERFUL MAN.

Age: 46-50

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By CyberBullySurvivor from Oklahoma City, OK

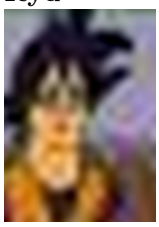
Thank you for finally making a statue that embraces my body type. I have never once seen a statue that looked anything like me until this. Naturally I bought it immediately to support the progressive artists who made this.

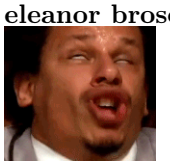
Age: 26-30

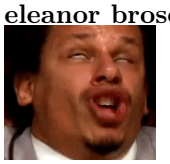
–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.18 Fun Good Time Forums ⟩Animals ⟩Picture of my cat

Thursday, Mar 26, 2015 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Ryu 	Howdy y'all. Hey, have you guys ever seen a picture of a cat before? Well, guess what. It's your lucky day, because I'm mixing the concept of a picture of my cat with the concept of the internet! His name is tumblepoop and he lives in the garbage. I've got a bunch more pics here I dont care I'll take pics of this cat all day **[SIGN UP to view links! Over 250,000 members and more every day!]**
DarthFungus	NICE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! *47 users gave this post a Thumbs Up*
j	ohmy god... im stunned by this magnificent cat. Thsi beautiful bouncing creature has won my heart... OHHHhhhhh how i love it so!!!!!! yes.... yes...! YES... YES!!!! I LOVE THE CAT! I GIVE MY SELF TO THE CAT!! YOU ARE A REAL TOP NOTCH FELINE PAL!! edit: spelling
JANINE BERSCHOW-ICZ	"GRRRRREAT" THREAD OP. I HAVE. 30 CATS#### AND EACH ONE IS FILTHIER AND MORE MATTED THAN THE LAST. ME AND MY COMMON LAW WIFE HAVE A JOKE THAT IT IS LIKE THE SCARECROW FROM THE WIZARD OF OZ CUT HIMSELF INTO 30 PIECES AFTER GETTING A HEART HA HA HA,. YOU'VE GOT A "PAWS UP" FROM ME!! THEY ALL HAVE THE TERRIBLE DISEAse

dog fan dogs	f this thread *dog fan* has been put on **TimeOut** for this post. Reason given: *Strike three, dog fan.*
BitchAndProud 	Ha ha long time no see cat thread :3 (JK - this is the first time i've seen this thread hehe) got a NEW vid of my three kittehs [Big Glass of Beer, Jake the Dog and Series 1 - Series 9 Simpsons Eps] rolling around looking cute and doing widdle poopies in teh litter box and teh poopy woopies getting stuck on their fur and when they run out of the litter box they drag semi-solid shit all over the carpet and leave what looks like a family circus dotted line. :3 LOVE ALL MY BABIES XXXXX MOMMA LOVES YOU!!HELL YEAH **[SIGN UP to view links! Over 250,000 members and more every day!]**
ERIC 	quote=BitchAndProud][/quote] Fucking Nice - I can see the cats Ass holes and all the poop and pee comming out of the Litterbox and getting on the floor. Hi, I'm Eric. *54 users gave this post a Thumbs Up*
eleanor brosevelt 	Might as well get in on the fun ;) here's my cat. Her name is Space Ghost - that's a referance to a tv show on ADULT SWIM AKA CARTOON NETWORK FOR GROWN UPS. YOu'll note she's absolutely freaked out by a laser pointer I'm shining around; that's a little thing I invented mysef back in 06. **[SIGN UP to view links! Over 250,000 members and more every day!]**
j 	aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaAAAAAAA YES!!! SPACE GHOST!!! IM SAYING THE NAME OUT LOUD AND ITS THE 100% BEST! I LOVE IT NOW AND FOREVER!! I AM A NEW MAN FOR THIS WONDER CAT! I RENOUNCE THE FALSE PROPHET OF TUMBLEPOOP
pieinthesky 	edit: nm

eleanor brosevelt 	edit: quote removed Well pieinthesky, it's not really too much of an issue - one leg is enough for a cat to perform most of its regular daily tasks, [eating, walking around in a circle, fallign over etc] and the craftsmanship on these wooden prostheses is amazing. They won't even rot if we keep Space Ghost indoors at all times and spray her with a high-pressured laminate gel applicator twice daily. As for the eye thing, it's fine as long as she doesn't look up, in which case the cavity will just fill right up with dust and she'll start sneezing [she is. absolutely. ADORABLE. when she sneezes from her eye hole] and the exposed bone? I'm enough of an adult to not be bothered by that. She's MY ccat. Bonus pic of my other l'cat Expensive Gold-Plated HDMI Cable nomming on the grass! :3
yeah that's my name	That Is Just A Head
Spider-Man 2	heres the fucking video of my god damn cat you assholes. **[SIGN UP to view links! Over 250,000 members and more every day!]** I hate this stupid cat. duhhhhh. duhhhhhhhhhhhh. you fuckers just eat this shit up. Yeah, you like it? you like the cat? duhhh baby like to look at the cat? suck my dick. all feedback, recording tips etc appreciated.

the borg from STAR TREK	NEW PHOTOSET!!!11! :P lol... just kidding. But seriously, here are some vids of my new cat Pusher Robot peeing on my keyboard so there's pee all over the keys and then it goes to sleep on the pee - soooooooooooo cute!! Ignore all the cat dander and smeared cat shit on the lino - 27 out of my 30 cattes have completely fucked glands and one of them is basically just a spinal cord with a tail at this point. At the end of the video I film the cat's ass hole really close with my camera and I put my lips to the ass hole as he's pooping and I suck the poop out and spit it across the room into a spitoon. Long time reader, first time poster, here! **[SIGN UP to view links! Over 250,000 members and more every day!]**
FurFanatic86	Cat... cat!! CCAT cat. cat cat cat. CAT!! CAT. CAt Cat cat. CAt cat..!? caT!! CAT!!! CAT!!!!! CAT CAT CAT CAT CAT. Cat!!! cat. cat..? cat&!? caT"!!! CAT *144 users gave this post a Thumbs Up*

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

3.19 Actually, It is Buckley Carlson Who is the LabiaFace

Friday, Mar 27, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Tucker Carlson's brother Buckley caused controversy this week by doing the old "reply all" trick to an email chain and making some nasty comments about New York Mayor Bill de Blasio's spokeswoman, Amy Spitalnick. The fact that Spitalnick was in that email chain might have been why the world now knows that Buckley Carlson called her a "Whiny little self-righteous bitch" and went on to mock her name and her face.

> *"And with such an ironic name, too... Spitalnick? Ironic because you just know she has extreme dick-fright; no chance has this girl ever had a pearl necklace. Spoogeneck? I don't think so. More like LabiaFace."*

Public outrage and charges of misogyny in journalism ensued.

Those might be fair charges, but this email is not symptomatic of some larger problem in the media in this case. It's symptomatic of the fact that Tucker Carlson and his brother are frat-faced sub-human smirkers probably cranking their needle dicks over liberal outrage.

They love it. The Daily Caller is the outfit that got White House credentials and proceeded to send a reporter to heckle an Obama speech where the guy repeatedly interrupted Obama mid-sentence by shouting to ask the journalistic equivalent of, "Why do you beat your kids?"

Buckley isn't a real human first name. It's what Mike Huckabee would name his pet beagle. The one his humongous son would eventually sentence to death by hanging for the crime of not being another ice cream sandwich. Tucker Carlson also named his son Buckley, which I'm sure causes some confusion around the holidays when everyone is trying to decide who gets the monogrammed "Buckley" golf cart.

Buckley Swanson Peck Carlson is the full name of Tucker's brother.

Pretty ironic name, too... Swanson? More like Shrekson. Face like somebody started making it and decided to stop halfway through. No chance this guy has ever put his mouth on a swan. Not even part of one. Pussyson? I don't think so. More like AssDad. Because this greased down dad was born out of a butt.

Oh, yeah, that Swanson name? That's the Swanson that makes the shitty TV dinners. I know this is going to blow your mind, but Tucker and Buckley are a couple of trust fund fucks, loafing their way through life, boarding school, and then dropping right out of college and right into a libertarian think tank.

Tucker is the libertarian, the one who looks like exactly the sort of dude just waiting to get into an argument about the definition of rape or who considers the EPA one torture chamber short of the Gestapo. Buckley is more lazily political. The sort of WASP trash man you'd see in boat shorts and a polo shirt guzzling white wine and sucking crab legs on a pier somewhere in the Hamptons while he talks about immigrants. I'm sure he likes to catch marlins in Key West like he is some sort of actual fisherman and not the guy who pays Juan, the fishing guide, to reel in a big one.

Buckley bills himself as a political strategist even though the last time he held that job was with a company called Kelton back in 2008. He writes for the Daily Caller now, barely, turning in a total of seven articles in three years.

Buckley Carlson is a failed political strategist freeloading on his brother's career. His brother who has been fired from CNN, MSNBC and now spends his time literally falling asleep on the set of the fucking weekend edition of Fox and Friends. The guy who runs a trust funded news website that has explicitly forbidden writers from criticizing Fox News under any circumstances. Thanks to family money, neither of them has ever been challenged to achieve anything much other than oozing their slime into the public discourse.

Oh, but oozing filth? Mission accomplished this week, AssDad.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.20 A Complete Chronological List of David Bowie Characters

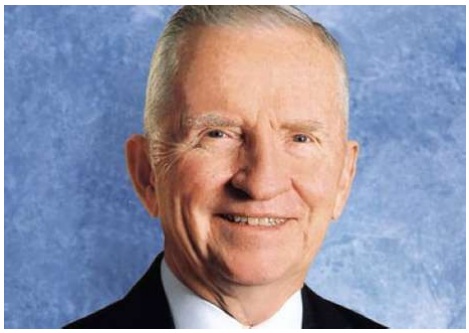
Monday, Mar 30, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Laughing Gnome
The Man Who Sold the World
Burly Cholo

Danno Jellybeans
Ziggy Stardust
Gendy Tunagrave
Oliver Hairoff
Huge Fat Cholo
Aladdin Sane
Burgles Beef
The Man Who Drove a Bomba
The Horny Constable
The Man Who Ate a Really Bad Pill
Abe Ape
Reverend Pac-Man
Frankenstein "Frankie" Hollywood

The Thin White Duke

Voodoo Berenstain
The Man Who Was Kind of Japanese
The Man Who Fell to Earth
The Man Who Was Several Cats Sharing a Paisley Pea Coat
The Man Who Was a Gigantic Space Cholo
Pierrot



Aqua Tancredo
M. Bassy Sweets
Jareth the Goblin King
Fonzie Bladerunner
The Man Who Stinked a House
Ehhhhhh
Beef Bowlie
David Bowie
The Riddler

Honey Beavs
The Earthling
Darth Poppens

The Man Who Rented a Couch
Kevin the Sex Owl
Mistaken for Sting at Heathrow
Jon Jon Frosting
DJ Drift Peanut
Menudo Manson
Trent Reznor's Dad

The Man Who Wears Shorts All the Time
Jetfuelio Steel
Sweddy the Pimples
Stone Cold David Bowie
The Clam
Post Bowie
Prefontaine

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 4

April

4.1 How to Tell If Your Teenage Skeleton Warrior Joined a Psycho Blood Cult

Wednesday, Apr 01, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You ask how his day went and he responds, "Fine." Or, you ask what he's up to and he says, "Nothing."

Tucked away between his straw bed and the cobblestone floor you discover a wretched assortment of role playing books and a bag full of twenty sided die.

He used to come straight home from skeleton warrior school every day. After pouring himself a flagon of milk, he would quietly set to work on his homework assignments in the living room. Now he arrives much later in the afternoon and refuses to explain where he's been. He just slinks into his room and slams the door behind him then turns on that rap music.

On Halloween he gets caught throwing drake eggs at the house of your kindly druid neighbor.

The margins of his notebook are full of graphic illustrations. One chilling drawing depicts a skull with skin wearing shades as it smokes a weed cigar. Another shows a female skeleton with its arms raised above its head, pushing her impossibly huge rib cage forward.

He never seems to stop playing video games. Super Cartilage Brothers, Call of Barrel, Elf-Life 3. You name the perverted filth and he's played it, sitting very close to the television despite your repeated warnings.

After his aunt spends all that time knitting him a lovely shield cozy he simply tosses in a drawer and writes a perfunctory thank you note.

When politics come up at the dinner table, he interrupts with bizarrely naive opinions. He wonders why there has to be an eternal war with the orcs. He asks how we know the bottom of the dungeon is worth protecting if we've never been down there. He insists that many of our problems would be solved if we tried talking to the cave troll. Who is soiling his mind with these ridiculous thoughts?

One day as you walk into his room with laundry (a freshly dusted scabbard and a helmet with broken horns) you catch him at his computer typing "good pictures of sexy babes" into the search bar.

When you casually ask him if he's heard of any good psycho blood cults lately, he seems confused.

After a heated argument he shouts that he can't wait to turn seventeen and move into a fancy barrel.

His best friend has a tattoo, is a barbarian. On several occasions you try to gently explain how this is unnatural. Each time he flips out and refuses to listen to reason.

He shows little interest in vegetables and seems uncomfortable during family outings to crowded places full of skeleton warriors in his age group.

You have to remind him several times before he finally - and with a theatrical sigh - cleans his room. If you don't get on his case his floor remains positively littered with superhero comic scrolls, discarded tattered cloaks, piles of gold coins, and cobwebs.

The first three numbers on his cell phone's contact list are labeled Psycho Blood Cult, Psycho Blood Cult (office), and Psycho Blood Cult Ombudsman.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.2 8 Things Made Illegal by Indiana's Religious Freedom Restoration Act

Thursday, Apr 02, 2015 by Governor Mike Pence

Did you know American Christians are among the most persecuted groups in world history? It's true--and it's never been truer than in Indiana, where responsible business owners are forced to commit the unspeakable act of accepting transactions from people who differ in faith or sexual orientation. Thankfully, this waking nightmare came to an end with the recent signing of the Religious Freedom Restoration Act, which revived the God-given right of Christians to pass judgment on everyone around them. But did you know this law also places restrictions on certain behaviors within the great state of Indiana? Because it's such a popular destination for business *and* pleasure, I've put together a little list of things to avoid whenever you're in Gary or any of the Hoosier State's beautiful and welcoming locations.

- **Now Illegal:** Entering the state while named "Gaylord."
- **Alternate Solution:** All "Gaylords" are to report to the nearest City Hall upon crossing the state border. For a modest fee, they will be given the choice of one of two new legal names: "Heteroking" or "Straightsy."
- **Now Illegal:** Watching any episodes of *The Flintstones*.
- **Alternate Solution:** None, until our crack team of media experts can figure out a way to successfully change the lyric "we'll have a gay ol' time" into "our actions will reflect upon the glory and wonder of the One True Christian God."
- **Now Illegal:** Using money to force a bakery or other business to bake your gay wedding cake.
- **Alternate Solution:** If you must be gay married, you can always buy two different wedding cakes with a solitary figure of the same gender atop each one. But please remember: In accordance with the Religious Freedom Restoration act, placing these cakes in the same room or including them in the same ceremony is prohibited by law.

- **Now Illegal:** Eating hot dogs or any processed meats from the frankfurter family over eight inches in length.
- **Alternate Solution:** Footlongs may be consumed if first sliced into individual pieces, but we recommend you generally stick to flat meats and other assorted patties to avoid a state-mandated police beating.
- **Now Illegal:** Bicycles.
- **Alternate Solution:** Ignoring the vast reserves of petroleum given to us is an affront to our generous God and the brave fighting men who make possible the fifteen-mile drive to our nearest grocery stores. If you must ride a vehicle without an internal combustion engine, we recommend you spill the equivalent gasoline per mile behind you as a sign of *respect*.
- **Now Illegal:** Men wearing any shade of red lighter than "rose."
- **Alternate Solution:** Anything close to the color pink on a masculine body trods heavily upon our religious beliefs. We recommend you stick to cooler color palettes unless you're looking to be an easy target for Indiana's famed wandering bandits with knife skills and traditional values. (Known by most of the country as "Boy Scouts.")
- **Now Illegal:** Soccer.
- **Alternate Solution:** "European football" is a feminine sport that doesn't give its so-called "athletes" enough breaks to pray and reflect upon God's glory. In most cases, we recommend American football, which showcases the ideal masculine form by regularly showing its viewers piles of rippling, sweaty bodies made in His image.
- **Now Illegal:** Using the word "Hoosier" in vain.
- **Alternate Solution:** We Indianians have long since forgotten the meaning of "Hoosier," but we know it is a solemn, powerful word often used to confuse our enemies into submission. If you must express your displeasure about something, the English language offers several racial slurs that we in Indiana regularly accept in normal conversation.

–∼Governor Mike Pence

4.3 The Sex Talk as Given By Pink Floyd

Friday, Apr 03, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Bees

[Indistinct dock sounds slowly growing louder]

[Ship's foghorn]

Child: "Look at the boat, mommy. Like the one daddy took to war."

Not every seed can grow into a man,
said the teacher and the band,
to children with their minds shut,
and to coffins planted in the sand.

Maggie sends bees off,
to drown for the union jack,
between the flower fields,
and uterus,
ten million fathers won't be coming back.

[Indistinct yelling and cash register sounds]

A bee loves a girl very much,
and the pigs might say he can't,
before that standard issue kicks his door,
he gets to know her even more,
he could also do it with a whore.

[Evil Roger Waters voice through megaphone]

"For the crime of intercourse you are found guilty and sentenced to a lifetime in the lower class and a finish on the dole!"

Woman has a pudding,
Man has a stick,

which, uh, we won't talk about much,
and fix our eyes upon the wall,
and wish that this were anywhere else at all.

Daughters are not worth considering,
until they are moms,
which are bad at raising sons,
who lost their fathers to the guns,
I mean my father specifically.

Behind our wall in our beds,
imprisoned in our heads,
we'll think of Maggie,
and all the possible futures,
now stashed in tombs,
and wanked into a hundred paper wombs.

[Heartbeat, baby crying sounds]

I wish I could help you,
I truly do,
but if you need to know more,
try knocking on the door,
of a kindly doctor who only exists,
in a dream that won't come true.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.4 The Best Kickstarter Backer NPCs in Pillars of Eternity

Monday, Apr 06, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Explorers of the Dyrwood know the epic adventure to be found within *Pillars of Eternity*, Obsidian Entertainment's new masterwork of old school RPG fun. One of the best parts of the game, a part that everyone loves, is getting to encounter all the interesting characters created by Kickstarter backers. You can walk up to any of them and through a ghost hallucination see a moment in their past to get a feel for their character.

The best part? These descriptions are written by the Kickstarter backers. You cannot talk to the NPCs or interact with them in any other way, but then again, what could you say to such amazing characters?

Here are a few of the best that we found when we were playing *Pillars of Eternity*.

Aloevera Graveshadow - You see a pale godlike woman with hair made out of bone dreadlocks. Her eyes glow orange in the ancient tiled darkness of a crypt. She is cradling a big bat in her hands. It turns into a vampire with a puff of smoke and you see a vampire woman. She says we raised you as best we could but a crypt was no place for a little girl who was orphaned by gods who murdered her parents.
Then the vampire dies and the woman begins to cry. Burning teardrops fall down her face. Her hands tighten into fists and you can know she really wants revenge for the vampire who turns to dust in the arms of the woman. You can tell that this godlike is going to go on a murderous path of revenge, using insane powers she learned from vampires to cause destruction to all her foes. Does she fight on the side of good or evil? You cannot be sure, but her powers are immense. After her revenge spree is done she is going to go stand outside an inn talking to people as if nothing interesting has ever happened in her life.
1: [Step Back]

Burfle Skrimsy - A dozen monks lie beaten and groaning on the floor of a dojo. The man who bested them stands in the middle of the dojo and slowly pulls back the hood of his cloak. His head is like a yellow onion and he has a mustache and looks really intense. Godlike? You think so. He says something to the defeated monks. Looks like searing wisdom, but you can't hear what he is saying. Then another monk appears through the door and you can tell this is the boss monk because he has a sash over his muscular chest. This guy has got to be pretty high level.
One of the coolest fights you have ever seen happens with like slow mo as they are punching each other and x-ray camera of bones breaking. Finally, the onion dude hits so hard that you see gravity distorting around his fist and the evil monk goes crashing into a support column and cracks it in half. But the battle has only begun. A whole realm of evil is waiting to be defeated in intense martial arts battles. After he has defeated everyone, the guy decides to go to the starting town and stand around next to a cart full of garbage.
1: [Step Back]

Marky Cooldude - The mists part with a flash of fire exploding. You see standing before you, resplendent in like a kimono, the coolest dude ever. He's buff, handsome and looks smart. His head is in the shape of a dollar sign, a clear indication of his godlike heritage. He is at an auction for some charity like kids with messed up crystals growing in their chests and all of the hottest women in the kingdom are bidding enormous sums of gold to win a date with him. Then one woman wins and you see she looks pretty evil but he has to go on the date with her because that was the deal he made with the charity.
Turns out this banging babe with evil eyes is actually a shape shifter and her true form is a silver goo ball. She shifts into another shape and you see it is this buff dude. Then this impostor like looks at the camera and winks and turns back into the woman. They go on a date to a guitar center and this guy shreds Through the Fire and Flames on a guitar like it is no big deal and then he goes to do ice skating and he is really good at that. The woman is like what a date dang let's go back to my place so they do and you see like that zoom out effect when people are going to do it in an old movie and then the door opens and the guy is walking out of the bedroom of her apartment. Only then it cuts and you see him dead on the bed. Dun dun dun. And then this shape shifter lady turned into the coolest dude decides to just stand around outside a shop with a couple other people.
1: [Step Back]

Climp Beastwood - A werewolf dressed all in black and wearing a cowboy hat stands in the desert squinting across mesas. His werewolf head is actually made of jet black crystal, marking him as having a godlike heritage. A black tiger stands at his side and you can sense there is a history to this tiger. As you approach the tiger you feel drawn into it and you reach out and see its history. Two godlike tiger men stand on a dying planet. They can only save one member of their races and for him to live they will have to disguise him as a tiger who is all stripes. They place him into an escape capsule and launch him into the sky as their dying planet begins to crumble around them.
A laughing figure watching this happen draws your attention to a half robot with one eye is robotic and the other eye is actually a black crystal, marking him as godlike. You are drawn into his past and you see that he is a watcher and he is looking into the past of another figure, who is sitting at a strange box and tapping away at a machine. Words appear as if by magic onto a screen. You see the word Twitter and the name Cliff Bleszinski. His head is clearly made out of mashed potatoes so he must be descended from the gods themselves. He types out on the screen "Too bad Ebert died and missed out on the first game that is clearly a work of art: this one, that you are playing right now." He turns and looks at the camera as you realize that you have been Roger Ebert's ghost all along. You find yourself drawn to a potion shop where you intend to stand uselessly for the rest of eternity. Pillars of Eternity, that is...
1: [Step Back]

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.5 1999's Most-Pirated Files

Tuesday, Apr 07, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Movies

1. The Matrix - Hard Coded Gibberish Subtitles, 100% Complete Nonsense Words.wmv
2. South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut - Shaky Cam, No Audio, Enormous DIVX Watermark.rm
3. Fight Club.mov (*130x20p*)
4. Sixth Sense - Quicktime Trailer Cracked to Show Full Movie This Is Very Real.qt
5. Star Wars Phantom Menace - All Audio Converted to MIDI.txt

Games

1. Unreal Tournament vs Quake 3.bin.cue (*A texture pack for Blood 2*)
2. Dreamcast Game Collection - Every Single Dreamcast Game.pkzip (*A gallery of covers that ripple like water when you move the mouse across them*)
3. System Shock 2 Ripped Ultra Tiny Install.exe (*No foreign languages, no audio, no textures, no lighting*)
4. Legacy of Kain: Soul Reaver w/ Nude Lara Croft Patch.rar
5. EverQuest - Cracked, Works Perfectly.bat (*Can't connect to the game's login server, but if you enter the username WAREZLORD and the password GREETZ the wizard lady loading screen will be displayed until you force quit the application*)

Music

1. It Really Whips the Llama's Ass by Winamp - Lossless, For True Audiophiles.aiff (*496 MB*)
2. Gin & Juice cover by Phish (actually by System of a Down) (actually Ben Folds).mp3 (*Actually the original by Snoop Doggy Dogg*)
3. Southtown by P.O.D. With a Parakeet Shrieking In the Background.wav
4. All About the Pentiums by Weird Al.rm (*mono, radio edit, missing the part where Weird Al says "Pentiums"*)
5. All About the Pentiums (Explicit) + Final Fantasy XIII Soundtrack Megamix.m3u

Applications

1. Photoshop - With Keygen and Auto-Uninstaller That Removes Photoshop Immediately After Installation.7z

2. Limewire Pro Enterprise Edition Cracked - Perfect for Businesses Fully Legit Includes Elf Bowling.executable
3. Windows ME Beta Build - Ultimate Version, Bundled With 3,000 Custom IRC Scripts.ini (*Every script changes "Slaps X with a trout" to a different fish*)
4. Anna Kournikova High Quality Wallpaper Studio - Over 50 Images of Tennis Mega-Babe.zip (*1MB*)
5. .html to .iso converter - take any webpage with you on a cd-rom.rar

TV

1. South Park Seasons 1-3 COMPLETE.par (*Every file is a renamed copy of the first episode*)
2. Lexx.wmv (A ten-second loop of that scene where Sarah Michelle Gellar kisses Selma Blair in Cruel Intentions)
3. Sopranos s01e01 VHSRIP.cue (*316 files*)

Documents

1. Every important poem ever written - no line breaks, word wrap disabled.txt
2. Make a REAL Bomb With Everyday Cleaning Supplies and Pass the SATs.pdf
3. What the Illuminati Doesn't Want You to Know About Situps.word
4. Get Free Long Distance Calls and Internet Access by Screaming Into a Phone at the Perfect Frequency.rtf
5. 1,000,000 WORKING Stolen Credit Card Numbers and Porn Site Passwords - Just Finish Our 3-Step Process on a Russian Geocities Pop-Up Labyrinth and Send Us a Scan of Your Driver's License to Get This File's Password.html (*also available in .iso*)

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.6 BUNCH OF DOGS

Wednesday, Apr 08, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

ANGELIC POODLE DOG is very special to me. He is the only dog I ever won in a Mexican standoff behind the Sizzler. Yours for $15 because I'm going to prison. 555-1575

I DON'T DESERVE HIM - this dog is too fine a creature for me. Here are my flaws: I have a stupid head, I wear dumb hats, my shirts have holes and my manager puts me in choke holds. I cry daily. This dog deserves better. 555-1422

DANCING COLLIE sashays left and right, forever standing on hind legs. I have taken to putting a sheet over her, but now she just looks like a scary ghost. Unbeatable deal at only $59.99! 555-2294

SOUTH AMERICAN DREAM DOG came to life after terrible nightmare. He never moves, yet everywhere I turn he is there watching me. People are starting to die. 555-1555

GROW YOUR FAMILY! We hoped Plaster would adapt to our unique living situation, but he is simply going out of his mind. We live in a glass house, and he runs into walls constantly and has terrible panic attacks. Free to any opaque home. 555-2133

WARM AND CRUSTY best describes Thermos, our White Lab. He's covered with a slimy crust that constantly

DOG WITH FUSE - Adorable scamp with long fuse coming out of his side. Very friendly, whip-smart and great with kids and other pets. Don't ever light fuse. He loves cuddling, playing and running. 555-1255

FULLY SHEARED AFGHAN HOUND - This Afghan is no longer useful to me now that I have made a wig from his hair. Will sell for $400, or trade for equivalent value in tick shampoo. 555-0015

BIG YELLOW DOG has been dealing with near-total liver failure thanks to his terrible addiction to dirty martinis, which I have been supplying him under great protest for eight hellish years. 555-9214

MYSTERY DOGS - Selling 9 sealed blind box dogs from the 2014 draft set. At least one box is guaranteed to contain a RARE or ULTRA-RARE breed. Complete your collection today! $75/each or $700 for the set. 555-7726

***** PRO QUALITY DOG ***** Incredible doggyophile fidelity. Not for hobbyists! Suitable for professional engineers in a controlled studio environment. Sturdy and rack-mountable. $3200. 555-2872

WELL ENDOWED specimen. It's very unnerving, distracting and far too humbling. He's just shameless. Ideal for small home far away from people roads, etc. 555-1875

WHOLE CANINE provides a rewarding experience, with one slight hiccup. The dog is in two pieces, WHICH FORM A 100% COMPLETE DOG. Dog is very happy despite severity of situation. Also selling slightly used magician supplies. 555-2134

♣ WHEEZING WHIPPETS ♣ What we have are 7 genuine whippet dogs, all dangerously out of breath from me chasing them around the Wal-Mart parking lot with a chainsaw. A mere $50 apiece. 555-1239

AUTHENTIC BIRD DOG is covered in live birds that feed on parasites under skin. Not sure about breed due to total bird coverage. $50 555-1993

FORMER TEEN WOLF - Our teen wolf has become a man wolf and we no longer want him. Once a month he's a great dog. The rest of the time he's still not in college, still not working and still giving his poor mother grief. 555-1234

GOD'S BIGGEST MISTAKE The Big Guy screwed the pooch with this one. Go ahead, count the legs. Count the ear and tails (!!!) while you're at it. $20 gets you proof of God's fallibility. 555-2551

UNIQUE JELLY DOG has texture and appearance of jellyfish, but meets all 6 dog criterion. Often gets stuck in corners when he floats up to the ceilin

Additional thanks to the late, great David Thorpe for additional canine computation.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.7 More Things That Happen When You Assume

Thursday, Apr 09, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

A dog realizes that someday it will die.

Every animated GIF on the internet starts playing backwards.

The game *NBA Jam* disappears. You're the only one who remembers it existed.

Everyone walking down the street thinks that everyone else will move out of their way.

Jim Cramer hits a giant red button but nothing happens.

OkCupid's matching algorithm becomes self-aware.

A fire destroys the world's largest collection of Garfield fan art.

Black helicopters are spotted over several Sizzler restaurants.

Weezer release their long-shelved concept album about *Yu-Gi-Oh!*

The president's teleprompter shows the lyrics to Tyga's "Rack City."

The law of physics that keeps tube tops up stops working.

The CIA's Kill List and Do Not Kill List get mixed up.

Hi and Lois get divorced.

Someone else takes the "Yolo Von Swaggasaurus" Myspace name you were going to register.

The bitcoin economy crashes.

Woman's World runs out of belly fat cures.

Bikers stop signaling turns.

NBC cancels the *Saved by the Bell: The New Class* reunion.

A kitten does something cute but no one records it.

The monster truck drivers' union goes on strike.

NSA agents read your My Little Pony forum PMs.

Hackers release nude selfies of Larry the Cable Guy.

A rich man watches someone die on a TV screen and laughs.

Gwar return to outer space.

You meet the guy or girl of your dreams but he or she doesn't like ska.

Every parrot starts singing Puddle of Mudd songs.

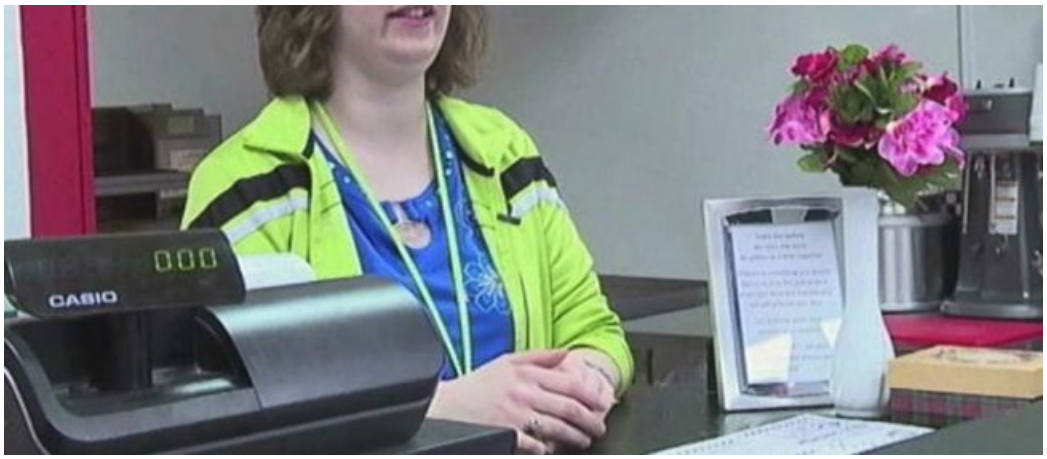
Clowns realize that we're laughing at, not with them.

Skateboarding becomes a crime.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

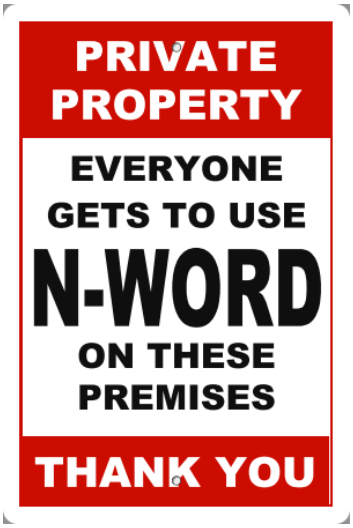
4.8 These Signs Will Help Your Business Raise Money on Gofundme

Friday, Apr 10, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



One of the proprietors of Indiana pizza parlor Memories Pizza recently told reporters that the business would use an Indiana law to refuse to serve pizza to homosexuals. After receiving lots of negative feedback, including hundreds of bad Yelp reviews, Memories Pizza closed its doors. Conservative radio show host Dana Loesh immediately started a Gofundme campaign to give money to Memories Pizza. In the span of four days, over $840,000 was raised.

The culture wars are on and the conservative activist money trough is available to any entrepreneur savvy enough to hang one of our signs up in their place of business.



NO
ABORTIONS
IF YOU GOT ONE
OR WANT ONE
WE REFUSE TO
SELL YOU RIMS

IF YOU LIKE
LIBRARIES
WE'LL KICK YOUR
DUMB ASS

VEGANS
LEAVE

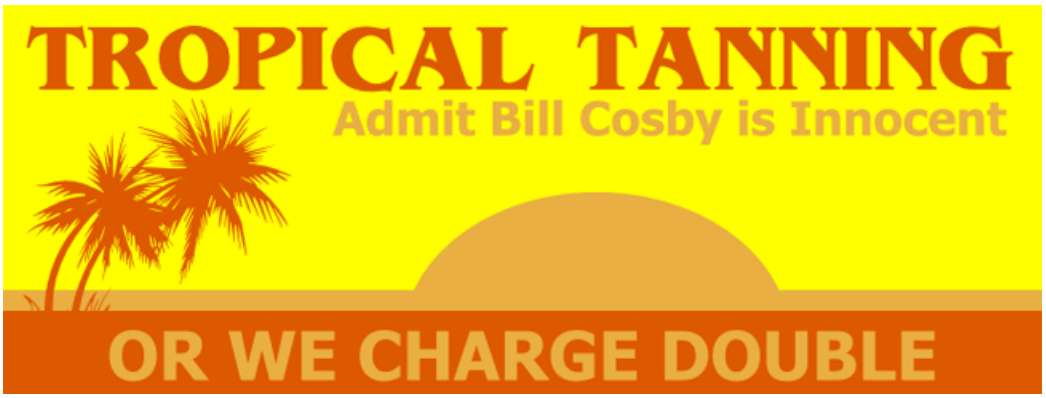
DO YOU
LIKE
RAP
MUSIC
SONGS?
GET OUT
OF OUR
FUCKING
BATTING
CAGES
And Our Go Carts

VINTAGE
35MM FILM REELS
aren't for People on Welfare
Stop buying steaks and soda too

THE PROPRIETOR
KILLED
A ROBBER
(HE WAS BLACK)

God Told Us Not to Serve
TEACHERS
We Will Not Fix Your PC
We Will Not Sell You Corel

WE LOVE GOD
AND WE HATE FEMINISTS
WE WILL ONLY SELL A CAR TO YOUR
HUSBAND OR FATHER

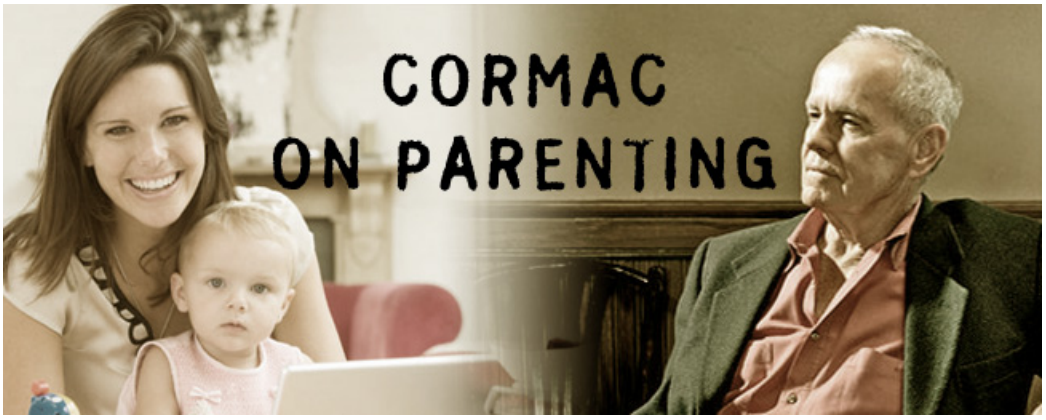


–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.9 Cormac McCarthy Answers Questions For the Washington Post's "On Parenting" Blog

Monday, Apr 13, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.



Q: Drop in daycare

Given everything I have read on the importance of acclimation and attachment to caregivers, what are your thoughts on the best way to use drop in day care of the type found at gyms? not a great idea all together? depends on the age/kid? Works with acclimation? I have a 21 month old.

Entrust your flesh to ruminant saints who sing from their throats and swaddle every toddling moment in linen. Tie weights around your child's limbs and sink him down to benthic misery to be taught by boneless hunger without a name, You have failed. Life whole considered is a single process of acclimation to misery at a pace that does not kill prematurely. Failure is a guarantee. The gnats slowly gathering in the corners of our eyes by moments and years. War will come or famine or a gradual sloughing of meaning as an automobile splaying out by rust and rain in the grass of some forgotten lot. Did they not have song circle at the gym daycare will be carved on no white holy picket.

Q: Teaching kids values through play?

Do you think kids can learn to be be empathetic, resilient, kind, grateful and cultivate other character traits through arts, crafts and games? We developed a line a products in the hope that parents would talk and play with their kids for this purpose intentionally but I am not sure it's the right solution. Would love your input.

It makes no difference what a child can learn from a game. The world will teach toothwise and stare with eyes rimmed red with hate. Kindness invested in flesh same as empathy in the harrowed loam of our soonways residual bodies is worse than waste. One of the greatest mistakes a parent can make is to tame the animal heart. Rude things will visit your son or daughter be they in darkness with hard hands or in the light of day with a knifehid smile. A whole world of lapidaries awaiting with tools of various violences to polish your children into radiance if only you step aside. In due time so you will.

Q: Spanking

Why are you so against spanking? I'm not talking about using the switch, or the belt, or a paddle or beating your child. I'm talking a swift swat to the rear. It seems more and more we have parents that can't control their children.

Worse even than to coddle is to invest the poison that afflicts you upon that phlegmatic miracle now risen lissome from the clay. Do not bring it down into the dark grottoes you inhabit. It will find its own way and by its voluntary degradations. Your clattersome bones will spill from the same wagon and entangle with the same roots whatever you choose. Does it matter then? Nothing would. But if you were still anything at all you might be glad you were forgotten and not yet residing in a bitter moment for another lifetime or becoming the poison itself indelible and seeping through hands over calamitous centuries.

Q: Split-Joint Parenting

My daughter is 4 and visits her dad every other weekend. She has comments upon her return that are hurtful to me knowing it's coming from him. How can I positively combat that by being the "bigger" parent and still successfully discipline her (one reason is she does no wrong at his house)?

Without the particular context and claims of your deeds I cannot refute this man nor side with you against his warnings. Have you killed? Will you kill again? My suggestion is you should. Get your hands around his throat and squeeze. Put your thumbs into his eyes until he kicks and lies still. Regard that limp wretched thing that was a man and now commences the gradual deactivation of all inner luminance. While it sets forth on its course of dissolution remind yourself that this is good. A thousand worms will have their feast and a billion cells will paint their murals over his congealed innards. So have you brought silence to your household and a miracle made where life will teem anew and carry away by rain and wind and scuttling the last benevolent purpose of this man.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.10 How to Pull an All-Nighter

Tuesday, Apr 14, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11pm: Hoard

If you have any chance of success (which you don't) then you need to stock up on food. Put all your ambition and energy into buying enough high fructose corn syrup to keep you going for the night. Gummy bears, whatever gimmick Oreo is out this month, kettle chips, wavy chips, Pringles. You need to start putting away junk food like you change back into a vending machine at midnight. You need to somehow enjoy two types of Mountain Dew Kickstart and an intravenous coffee supply. And you need a theme song, a jam. Something embarrassing that reminds you of the power you once had when you were younger.

12am: Feel So Good

Ride the momentary high of actually accomplishing work. "I can do this," you'll say in complete naiveté, "this will work!" You don't know it yet, but this will be the most productive moment of the night. So enjoy the last few minutes of typing madly before the shit hits the fan. There are eight hours until daylight.

1am: Move Around

Falsely blame your slowing progress on something irrelevant like "sitting too long." Stand up and stretch and when that doesn't work, pace around the room like a dog looking for a place to poop. And when that doesn't work sit back at your computer and sigh. In five minutes, stand up again.

2am: Delusion and Reward

Convince yourself that you've done a lot of work (you haven't) and that you deserve a break (you don't.) Lean back in your chair. Tell yourself that it's totally cool to close your eyes for, like, one second. "Because," you say out loud, "people close their eyes all the time and nothing bad happens." And in your inability to differentiate blinking from sleeping, nod off.

3am: Self Punishment

Imagine that your fists belong to Manny Pacquiao and your face belongs to you. Slap yourself. Hard. Go two rounds. It will be like a whip-it in reverse: instead of a fleeting moment of confusion, you will feel awake. And instead of gripping a whip cream canister, you're only able to hold onto the dying glimpse of your hopeless night.

4am: Panicked Desperation Binge

Feel how close failure is, how it creeps inches behind. One false move and you'll lose everything. Rip through the remaining bits of your food. Destroy your Zebra Cakes, eat four Starbursts a minute. Chug a Monster, a bottle of Starbucks, a Red Bull. When that doesn't open your eyes, increase the volume of your jam. Put it on repeat until your ears sting. And when the words, the joyous chorus, the droning baseline that you loved so much don't even register, panic. Everything you hoarded to defend against the cold grip of sleep does nothing. The fire is out and your matches are wet. You are alone.

5am: Lost

[Unfocused gaze at computer screen]

6am: Large Scale Regret

Get your 82nd wind upon realizing that this could have all been avoided if, for once in your life, you acted like an adult. The immediate rush of guilt energizes you. How long will this go on? Will you ever grow up and stop procrastinating? You were a loser, you tell yourself, and you'll always be a loser. Embrace your suffering. This is what you deserve.

7am: Advanced Movements

Much like the U.S. military circa 2003, realize that you've made a huge mistake, but that it's too late to turn back. Research some Abu Ghraib levels of sleep deprivation. Place feet in cold water. Find a vicious dog. Pause your Spotify playlist and waterboard yourself. Convince yourself that these are isolated incidents. There are no other options. The physical you must pay the price for the mental you. Claim you'll do anything for victory, but stop short at the rectal feeding.

8am: Fall Asleep

Fall asleep.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.11 The Official Mortal Kombat X Timeline

Wednesday, Apr 15, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6000 BG (before Goro)

That techno Mortal Kombat song is released, creating a ripple effect throughout the multiverse. The old gods of several realms are awakened. Their vast minds set to work, orchestrating events over thousands of years to culminate in their ultimate goal: Getting violent people to fist fight one another.

4800 BG

Future Scorpion arrives via demon portal, tells Primordial Scorpion, "We've gotta fix the future!" The two do a high five, but with grappling hooks.

4000 BG

Ninja guys from the Outworld invade Earth Realm.

Easy Fatalities
Finish Him! Purchase a pack of Easy Fatalities giving you access to Fatalities with simplified inputs.
★★★★★ 0
Release date: 4/14/2015
5 Easy Fatalities - $0.99
5 Easy Fatalities - $0.99
30 Easy Fatalities - $4.99

3999 BG

Ninja guys from the Netherrealm invade Earth Realm.

3998 BG

Ninja guys from Different Realm invade Earth Realm.

2023 BG

The Continental Congress ratifies the Articles of Confederation.

0

Goro happens.

Well, he only happens if you pre-ordered Mortal Kombat X. Or if you buy the Goro DLC. Or if you buy the Season Pass, an incredible deal that unlocks four characters for just $30.

Wait! I'm wrong. Sorry. The Season Pass does not include Goro. I guess "Season" doesn't mean "the first few months after the game launches" and "Pass" doesn't mean "you get everything". Also, the Season Pass does not include the 30-pack of Easy Fatalities. That's sold separately for $5.

1 AG

Modern gaming dies a fiery death in My Personal Fantasy Realm.

3 AG

Cassie Cage is conceived when Johnny Cage and Sonya Blade make love. This is portrayed by a passenger train entering a tunnel. At the moment of climax the train derails and flips upside down. A slow motion x-ray shot lingers as the train's backbone snaps into a thousand bone shards and its liver bursts.

14 AG

Jason from Friday the 13th and Predator from Predator (as well as Predators) discover that their brands have been sufficiently devalued, allowing them to appear as licensed characters in a fighting

game set in someone else's universe.

25 AG

Cyber Cyborg comes up with a hilarious new fatality that, for a change, wasn't stolen from the last season of the Spartacus tv series. After he defeats his opponent, Cyber Cyborg shoots them in the face for fifteen minutes, his bored expression never changing. It's extra funny because one shot would have been enough to kill someone, so every additional bullet makes everyone laugh even harder. This violence is so over the top. It really makes you wonder what they'll think up next.

27 AG

Raiden encounters the Temple of No Dragon At All, where he discovers a dragon. With the force of the Earth 3 USAF Soldier Squad they use a time portal to banish the dragon to Probably Never Coming Back Best Not to Think About It Realm. This angers a bee god, which in turn begins the Scorpion Clone Wars.

At this point everyone pauses, looks at one another, and wonders if they'd be better off in World of Warcraft's story.

30 AG

Everyone becomes a ninja. With robot fists. And a gun.

39 AG

To facilitate more fighting, the governing bodies of Earth Realm, Outworld, and Netherrealm coordinate in an effort to create more enticing battle arenas. Citizens are encouraged to carve skulls into monuments, reduce buildings to rubble with cool flames and smoke, erect spikes wherever possible, and litter corpses everywhere.

50 AG

Quan'Qzi, metalord of the Multiverse, grand overseer of the lizard ninja army, techpriest of the elusive holo-assassins, frowns. Before him is an ancient tome. Its pages are yellowed and crumbling, its ink faded like the blood of a demon monk being absorbed by the sand of a battle arena. But the words are still legible. The embossed cover still bears its title: Dictionary

His frown deepens as he re-reads the passage. It's not the definition of the word that concerns him. It's the spelling. Combat. With a "c".

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.12 Join Tulsa's Senior Junior Deputy Program!

Thursday, Apr 16, 2015 by Tulsa Senior Outreach

Attention male seniors, ages 65 and up: Are you sick of whiling away your Golden Years, scratching lotto tickets and struggling to remember whether or not the two-hour anecdote you're telling the grandkids is from real life or a rerun of *The Danny Thomas Show*? The Tulsa Police Department understands staying active is key to maintaining well-being during old age, and we regret to inform you the health benefits of feeding ducks down by the lily pond have been greatly exaggerated by our city's parks and recreation department. If anything, those ducks are responsible for several salmonella-based deaths within Tulsa's senior community.

Hi, I'm Robert Bates. I never thought I'd kill a man in cold blood, but look at me now!

Before you resign yourself to a quiet existence of informing everyone within earshot how much things used to cost, know that we're here to provide a better way. Instead of spending your life savings on fad blood pressure medications and costly inheritances, have you considered making a monthly donation to your friends at the Tulsa Police Department? It's not just tax-deductible; if your generosity meets a certain threshold, we'll bring you along as an honorary officer who isn't bound by the same rules and regulations that often make our work so inefficient. And if you happen to accidentally kill someone, we only ask that you act the same way you do when you're caught shoplifting: Pretend that you don't even know where you are, and start asking people if they're your grandson.

Sound interesting? Then grab your large-print checkbook and discover how you can help keep your community's wealthy property owners safe.

Even if you don't have much to give, Tulsa has plenty of excitement to offer seniors on a budget. Donors to our "Little Cowboy" tier will be driven through some of our city's most dangerous neighborhoods in a vehicle not unlike the Popemobile. But there's something more to our urban safari: This means of transportation is also equipped with a tennis ball cannon--bought wholesale from the set of TV's *American Gladiators*--that can deliver surprising-but-not-lethal projectile attacks to anyone within a 100-yard radius. You'll be tasked with opening fire on anyone who *looks* like a suspected gang member, and thanks to some clever rewrites of police brutality laws, what many would view as an abuse of power now falls squarely within the realm of legality. Will these fuzzy balls of justice set young teens on the right path, or merely knock out some of their inessential teeth? Find out for only $500 a month.

$1000 / Month Donation
"Big, Brave Man" Tier

If you'd like a more hands-on police experience, the $1000 tier is the place to be. For this relatively negligible cost, you'll get to ride along with us for 8 full hours, responding to calls and providing backup like a true boy in blue. You won't be wandering into danger unprotected, though: All donors to this tier will be equipped with a Kevlar vest--one too expensive for our brave, fighting men overseas--as well as as your choice of one of the many firearms collecting dust in our evidence room. And just to spice things up, we'll provide you with a non-lethal taser shaped exactly like our standard-issue handguns! In the heat of the moment, will you choose the right one? Only $1000 donors will know for sure! But please, keep in mind these weapons are only to be used in cases where your life is in danger, like when an unarmed suspect is fleeing in broad daylight. And if you're ever called to testify to in court, you must vow to never acknowledge what you read here.

$1500 / Month Donation
"Loose Cannon" Tier

There's a new sheriff in town--and it's you! Team up with one of our elite drug enforcement squads as we raid whatever looks like a crackhouse. In accordance with our deal approved by the *American Gladiators* prop warehouse people, we'll provide you with an AtlasSphere outfitted with bulletproof glass for protection. Inside, you'll be completely safe from stray bullets and laws prohibiting excessive force! Roll over dangerous pets, threatening children, and the few meager possessions of the poor in search for the ultimate treasure: Justice! But should you stumble upon any other valuable urban goods in our continued war on drugs, always remember the Tulsa Police Department motto: We finds what we keeps. Disclaimer: Since the AtlasSphere requires a great deal physical effort to move, we'll need a note from your doctor, or, at the very least, his verbal assurance that you won't immediately die within its steel confines.

$2000 / Month Donation
"Angel of Death" Tier

Let's face facts: We've all wanted to end someone's life. And now you can do it in full accordance with our justice system! Donating $2000 a month will make you first in line for any state execution, where you'll personally deliver our special drug cocktail to the condemned, intravenously. Worried that your shaky hands might cause you to miss the vein? Well, we're happy to tell you that once someone is strapped down in that bed, no amount of needle-based injuries could possibly be considered cruel or unusual. Anyone with experience can tell you there's nothing like the death rattle of a man still possible of rehabilitation--if your pockets are deep enough, you can be there to experience it first-hand! Watch our great court system play out to its logical conclusion as a

mix of poisons seizes up the heart of someone who once had promise and a future! Witness widows grieving, and victims' families realize that revenge is ultimately fruitless. Peer into the unbridled futility of life itself weeks before death stamps your ticket to the great beyond. But please, no flash photography.

–∼Tulsa Senior Outreach

4.13 What the Latest Trailer Tells Us About the New Brazilian Star Wars

Friday, Apr 17, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The world was enthralled on Thursday by the premiere of the new Brazilian Star Wars trailer, which received over 600 views and trended for most of the day on Digg. This second trailer was packed with a lot more action and new info about the upcoming film. We break it all down for you almost frame by frame.

Right away you see what is probably Carlos Rumego as Drav Oito and those are the Tempestade Terrivel Soldados. Notice anything different? Yes, they now have rank dots on their forehead.

This shot is crammed full of revelations. The Millennium Auto is back and the whole crew and then some is back. Left to right that is Chababga, Erni, Vidor, Salame, Igles, Ernesto, Enrique, and Chazzi. Plus Pepi in the foreground. It looks like they might be on a tinsel planet, possibly meant to be ice. Hoth?

Looks like they are going to judge a bikini contest. Hopefully they will bring back Umbro and the nose he used to smell all those bicycle seats at the race in the first one.

Pepi is going to fight an egg at some point in the film. We saw the new egg design in those leaked posters and here we see one in action.

Speaking of new designs, there has been a lot of talk about the new bikini designs and most of the rumors were wrong. This futuristic bikini is seen in several places during the trailer. It looks like at some point in the movie Pepi and Erni will have to disguise themselves in these bikinis.

Drav Oito strikes again. Notice the golden decorations on his arm. Some sort of defense?

Yes! Confirming everyone's hopes, the wise alien Umbro makes a return to advise Erni, probably on how to use his powers and how to get the ice cream girl to go on a date with him.

Guzz Hoppa shows his ugly face again!

Two unidentified aliens, but they look pretty shady, like they are spying. What could they be spying on? A bikini? Chazzi taking a shower?

The action looks like it takes the franchise to the next levels. Could anything top the fight where Pepi chases Soldados with a banana from the first one? The budget is almost 800 dollars, so it's possible.

And of course, Chababga gets the last line, "Is this the bar, amigos?"

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.14 Increasingly Depressing Upcoming Loot Crates for 2015

Monday, Apr 20, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

May is Mermaid Month

Ker-sploosh! Get ready to have fun in the sun and surf with these ladies and their fins. This month's crate is definitely the Prints of Tides!

- A poster print of a mermaid done by an artist you've never heard of who also does a lot of zombie pictures.
- A classic reboot GI Joe action figure upper body and half a dead fish.
- A t-shirt we found floating in a river.
- A special comic that DC was going to cancel about mermaids and we said, "No, don't cancel it, we'll take all 60,000 copies of your mermaid comic and give them to these idiots who buy boxes of garbage from us."
- Bags of plastic bottle caps recovered from the ocean!

June is Hamburger Month

Nothing says summer like the smell of a hamburger shipped in a cardboard box in June. We have all the burger fun you could imagine crammed into this month's crate.

- A t-shirt from GoofPop with a picture of a hamburger that says "The Only Good Hot Dog is a Hamburger!" which is a quote from *Dr. Who*.
- Two different fun hamburger figures from Japan that were originally marketed to seven year old girls but in America adult men buy them.
- Ketchup packets from actual Burger King stores in Japan that say "Catsupu!" and have a picture of the anime king.

- A plastic mirror that says "#1 Burger" on top and has a hamburger design around the border so your face is between the buns. We found this one in a warehouse and we don't really know why it was made.

July is Independence Achievement Unlocked Month

Celebrate the 4th of July with this crate loaded with patriotic geek and gamer gear. Did you know Ben Franklin was a gamer geek?

- A full, original Halo comic, with three different alternate covers created just for Loot Crate, that is eight pages long and contains a suspicious number of full page ads for the new Halo game.
- The ultimate classic video game meets the ultimate modern video game in this Halo spinning top. Wind the base and release Master Chief to spin on any hard surface just like in your favorite Halo game.
- Power up with these DIY paper art Mario power ups. Just cut them out and glue them like you could have done using your printer.
- One of those boob mouse pads for Lara Croft with an arrow stuck through her boob because the new Tomb Raider is serious.

August is Autism Awareness Month

We care about Autism. It may not sound like a fun crate, but neither is autism. It's a serious illness and it is spreading because of toxins in the food we eat.

- 1,087 jellybeans in a photograph because that is way too many jellybeans for us to actually give to you.
- A home autism test kit DVD hosted by David Tennant that includes a sheet of paper with the word AUTISM printed on it in bold text.
- Chutes and Ladders vintage board game thrown out from grade schools for containing asbestos. Actually, originally this was going to be Asbestos Awareness month, but asbestos is really expensive and autism is free.
- Rilakkuma plush bears that were found soiled in an actual Japanese hospital. These popular and collectible Japanese bears have been professionally cleaned and are certified as not medical waste by a garbage dump that sold them to us in bulk.
- A picture of asbestos because we ran out of stuff. We Photoshopped out the Getty Images watermark.

September is Scorching Super Heroines

It's another super hero crate, only this time with a twist. All of the hottest super heroines you loved growing up, which you are still doing at the age of 32.

- A blown up panel of Dr. Doom yelling at Ms. Marvel for the wall of your man cave.
- She-Thing snow globe.

YOU DO UNDERSTAND? YOU MEAN NOTHING TO ME!
YOU'RE A FAT PIECE OF FURNITURE I MAY NEED FOR TRADE!
SO SHUT YOUR COW-MOUTH OR I'LL REMOVE YOUR FACE BY HAND BEFORE I STOP YOUR WHORE'S HEART!

- A print out of the White House official petition response to the "Make a Black Widow Movie" petition from 2013. The response was, "Are you people dumb? We don't make movies."

- The sheet from the press kit of the 2015 **Fantastic Four** movie that lists the full cast.

October is Scary Horror Month

Things are getting spooky this month as we usher in our favorite monster merch and scary swag. This crate is bursting with legit horror goodies.

- The real monster is intolerance t-shirt sold to raise money against prejudice against police officers who deploy their firearms in self defense during a citation for noise violations and accidentally shoot a baby and then arrest the parents and charge them with murder because their baby died during a crime and that crime was watching Interstellar too loud on a week night. It actually says all that on the back of the shirt, but there's a sort of cool monster on the front. We know, it's sort of lame, but they didn't sell any of these t-shirts raising money so we got them for like eight cents each.
- A used DVD copy of season 2 of everyone's favorite movie monsters **Ren & Stimpy**.
- An index card with the name of one of our favorite monsters written on it in permanent marker.
- The grappling hook from a **Mummy Returns** toy.
- Real monster food: astronaut ice cream. Just like you're hanging out with Wolf Man on the International Space Station.
- A photograph of jelly beans. We cropped it different and printed it in black and white.

November is Time to Get Thankful

Nothing makes us as thankful as living in the golden age of TV. We celebrate your favorite shows with some unique merch!

- Celebrate streaming and Christ with branded wrist bands (2) for Netflix original, *VeggieTales in the House*!
- Don Draper's shoe laces. We watched most of three episodes of *Mad Men* and figured out which shoe laces he is wearing. It turns out they are Chinese shoe laces that sell 600 for a penny from the manufacturer. Cannot guarantee that the lace sizes match.
- An original comic book for the *Blacklist*. It's actually just a picture of fat James Spader sitting in a chair holding a gun and wearing a stupid hat that we put through a filter to look like it was painted. We added a speech bubble of one of his quotes from the show, "I am not here to talk I am here to watch you die or whatever."
- Flintstones vitamins (loose) which is technically a TV show and probably still on some TV channel.
- A grappling hook toy from *Game of Thrones*. Right? They have those on that show, don't they? NOT the **Mummy Returns** grappling hook toy.

December is Celebrate Santa Bringing Jellybeans

Ho ho holiday time is here and we are swooping in on our grappling hooks with all of YOUR favorite loot crate items from the year. So if you missed out on 2015, now is the time to get in on the action. This one is jam packed with double items!

- Index card monster names, both the regular and the scary jellybean photos, the dust from Flintstones vitamins, the paper inserts from the **Ren & Stimpy** DVDs, and three copies of that Halo comic book.
- A reproduction autographed photo of Chris Hardwick and Wil Wheaton talking to each other about geek culture.
- Plus, an ALL NEW original Santa Claws GoofPop t-shirt with a picture of Santa and, get this, he has Wolverine claws. It's called a mash up and kids these days love it!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.15 Best Buy's Revised Trade-In Dehumanization Process

Tuesday, Apr 21, 2015 by Best Buy (@DennisFarrell)

Want to take part in our much-publicized trade in program to swap an old tablet or video game for in-store credit? Great! We just need your license, home phone number, email address, work number, and your fingerprints. We might even take a mugshot of you.

No joke, that's all 100% true. Why?

Since a fraction of the items that people trade in might be stolen, we treat every customer like a criminal and collect their data. Then we get to store that data and sell it to our corporate partners. It's a win-win for everyone.

Now we're revising the process to make things even better! For us! If you're planning to trade something in for credit at your local Best Buy, be prepared to submit yourself to handing over the following:

- Three tablespoons of spinal fluid in your favorite coffee mug. Preferably a mug with sentimental value.
- The name and phone number of someone you really like. Not just as a friend. Someone you secretly "like" like.
- Do you remember the name of your childhood pet? The very first one you ever had? Good. We're going to need you to dig that critter up and bring its corpse into the store. Drop it right on the counter and choke back the tears, you son of a bitch.
- Allow us to hook you up to a lie detector test and ask about your internet browsing habits.
- Guess which hand our clerk is using to hold the marble.
- Not that we're saying you are a murderer, but if you absolutely had to kill someone we need you to explain who you would kill and which weapon you would use.
- A signed photograph of your genitals.
- Climb the rope. All the way to the top. What kind of weakling are you?
- The contact information of your oldest living relative or the highest ranking boss at your workplace who knows you exist. We simply need this information so we can subject them to a grueling series of questions about your morals and why we should allow you to trade that copy of Captain Toad for $20 in Best Buy fun bucks.
- Face the Best Buy troll and answer his riddles three.
- Take a breathalyzer. If you haven't been drinking there's nothing to worry about. Come on. You made it this far. What are you hiding? Just do it. Do it. By the way, when you suck in the last lung full of air before blowing out, our clerk will punch you in the stomach.

- Get on the Best Buy store intercom and tell your fellow shoppers which movies made you cry.
- Prepare a series of ten flash cards, each one summarizing five physical characteristics of a different ethnicity which you do not belong to. Be ready to read these out loud in front of a group of people who do belong to those races.
- Lay on your back, exposing your soft underbelly to us in a sign of total submission.
- Answer the following routine medical questions: In great detail, what was the consistency of your last irregular bowel movement? What's the weirdest patch of dry skin on your body? If you could change one thing about your nipples, what would it be? Great. Write your answers in enormous letters on signboard. The helpful Best Buy clerk will ask you to stand on the opposite side of the crowded store, then he or she will shout each question at you. At this time, hold your answer up high over your head.
- Put your hand in the Fear Jar. Do not remove it, no matter what happens, or your trade in will be forfeit.

–∼Best Buy (@DennisFarrell)

4.16 SkyMall Product Reviews: Goddess of Light Floor Lamp

Wednesday, Apr 22, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Offering up a crystalline resin urn of golden light, our nearly life-size maiden illuminates any decor with her mesmerizing silhouette and ethereal presence.

Customer Rating: ★★☆☆☆

By Bright Eyes from Williamsport, PA

This is a very stupid way to carry a jug. She's going to drop the damn thing! Of all the nude-carrying-a-jug-themed lamps in my collection, this one is probably the most ill-conceived. What a joke... except I'm not laughing.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By No1Dad from Ogden, CO

Not impressed. I expected more from a $599 lamp. I thought maybe this would sing or dance, like those bears at the Chuck-E-Cheese. If I knew it was just going to stand there and put out very faint light, I would have just bought an animatronic singing bear like I wanted to in the first place. I couldn't possibly be more disappointed, and I'm already hugely disappointed in a lot of things: my kids, my wife, my house, my country, my president, my car, my job, etc.

Age: 46-50

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Waterworks from Fort Wayne, IN

This lamp ruined my marriage, but I would do it all again in a heartbeat. I swore to my new mail order wife I was out of the pleasure lamp game for good, but this one I could not pass up. I'm back in!

I ordered six of 'em for good measure, and completely maxed out the credit cards.

She got some Tall Chinese Man to come and take the fridge and some furniture. You may have gotten my fridge, but I've got enough of these babies to keep the house bathed in 40 watts of pure sensual light.

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By InfoWarsVeteran from Bismarck, ND

The prudes at work hate it. The fascists from HR (Hitler Reenactors) have already wrapped a company hoodie around it and started circulating BS emails saying we can't bring in erotic lighting or statues into the office. The world has it out for working men with good taste, and this proves it.

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Eagle Eye Jerry from Potato, ID

How much for just the jug? Write me back and let me know. I've already got a few nude statues that could make use of a glowing jug.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Gus from Yakima, WA

Very satisfied with this lamp. For obvious reasons my family can never know I purchased this, which is why I keep it in a metal shipping container I bought and hid and the woods.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Marty from Lawton, OK

A great addition to my Caligula-themed front porch. The neighbors are clearly impressed, given how much they stare and jealously scowl at me. I always knew I'd be the talk of the town.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Enlightened from Rowbutt, LA

Two words: GAME CHANGER. Your move, light fixtures industry.

SO PUMPED.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating: ★★☆☆☆

By Lamp Ray from Cheyenne, WY

Does not handle moisture well. When I took it in the shower, it didn't take long before I got a

really nasty shock and then smoke started coming out. This clearly was not engineered to withstand normal wear and tear.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating:

By SugarRayFan from Newport Beach, CA

It's not very bright. I had to purchase a few spotlights to keep the naked lady portion of the lamp properly illuminated. The downside of that is it makes my house a lot hotter and drives up my energy bill. On that note, the designers were awfully conservative with the breast size. Guys, you could put at least $120-140 more worth of high quality resin on there. No need to pinch pennies, especially if you increase the value and get more sales. Also, why is the jug the illuminated portion? Doesn't make the slightest bit of sense. Is she transporting radioactive materials in that? The sensible thing to do would have the breasts be illuminated, like they are in my DIY mod. Would be happy to talk to your sculptor at length and share my knowledge and wisdom so he can do it right the next time. I'll keep calling until I get through.

Age: 46-50

Customer Rating:

By Blade Master from Overland Park, KS

40 watts? Are you kidding me? I was all set to buy one until I saw how massively underpowered it was. I was all set to install this on the roof of my house, but I'm not going to impress anybody with a measly 40 watts. You clowns should be ashamed. I hope your clown car crashes into a ditch, bozos. Get out of the lighting game.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating:

By Joey from Goat's Remorse, TN

WHY DOES THIS LOOK LIKE MY SISTER??? NOT COOOL

TAKE THIS DOWN SKYMALL

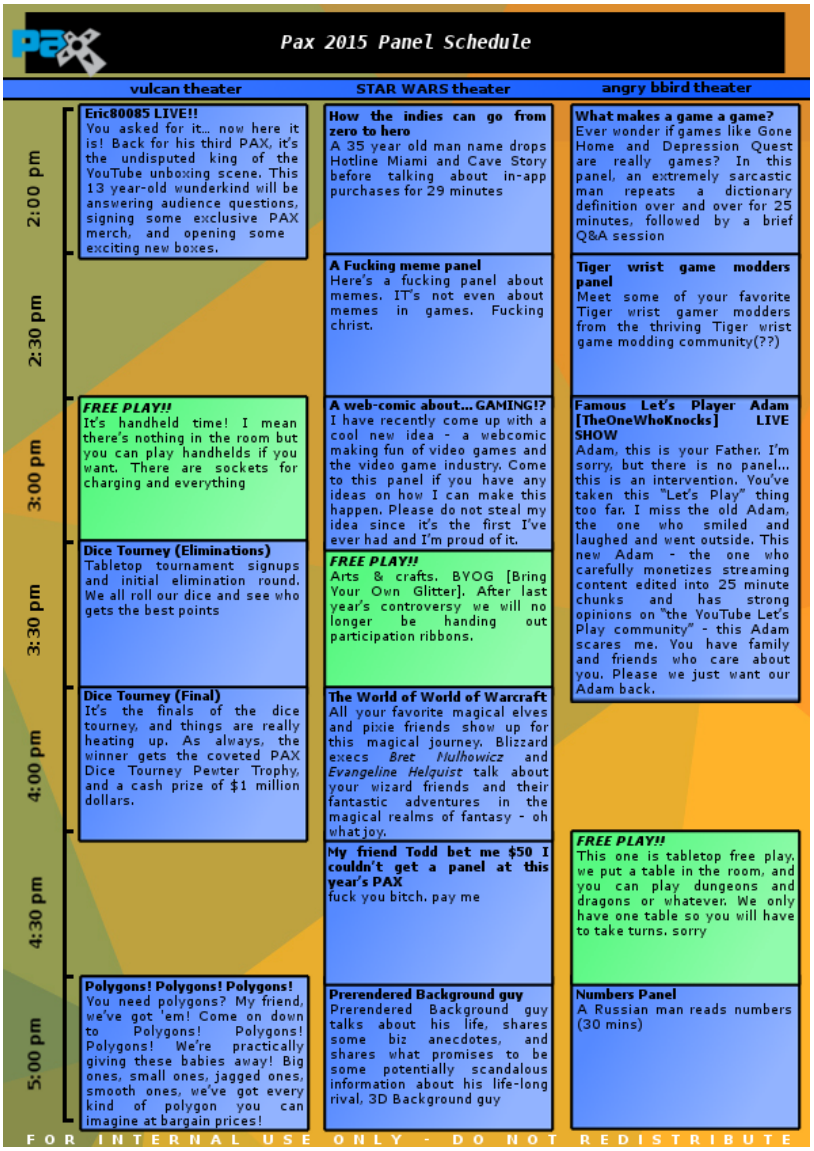
Age: 16-20

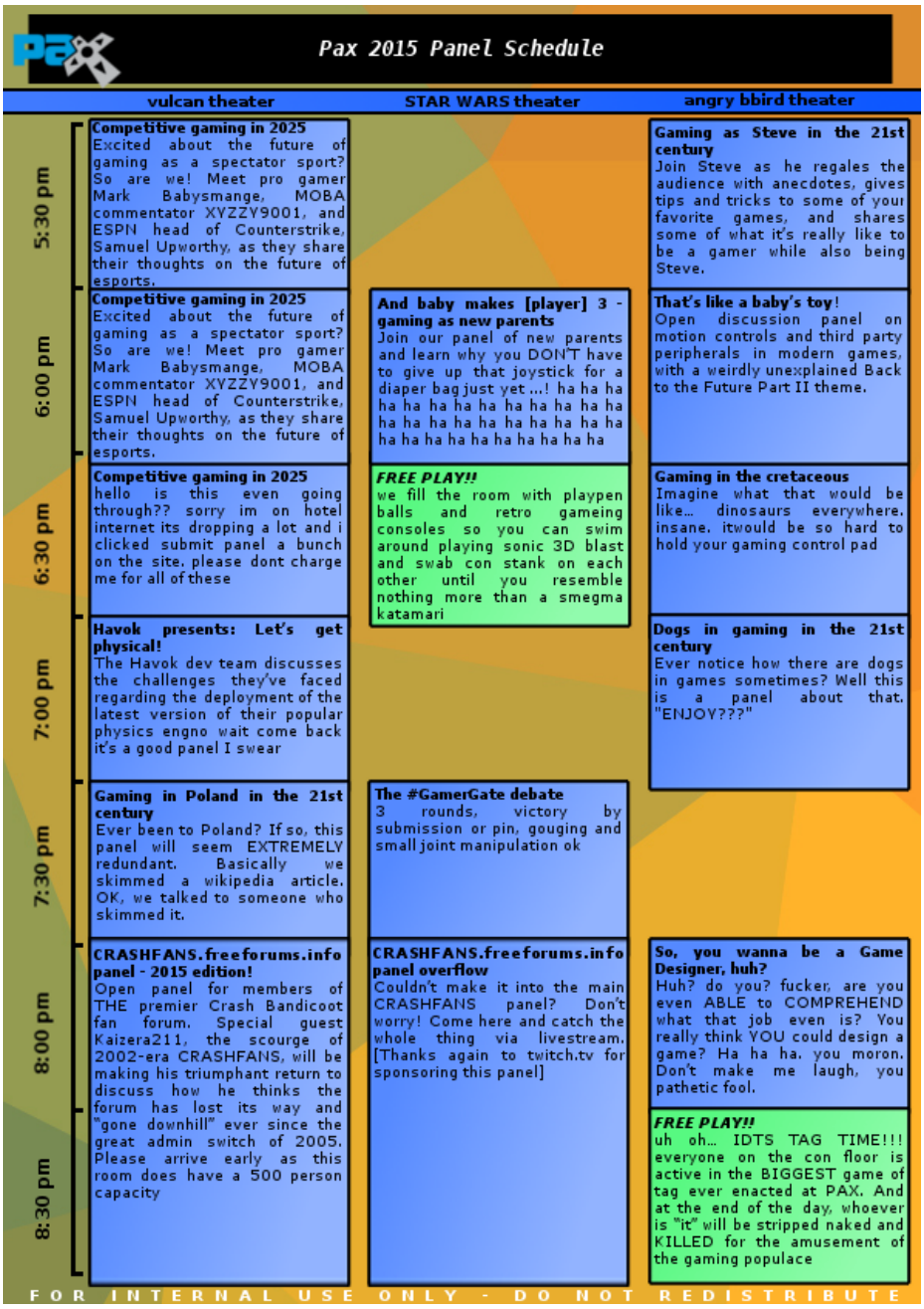
–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.17 PAX 2015 Panel Schedule!

Thursday, Apr 23, 2015 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

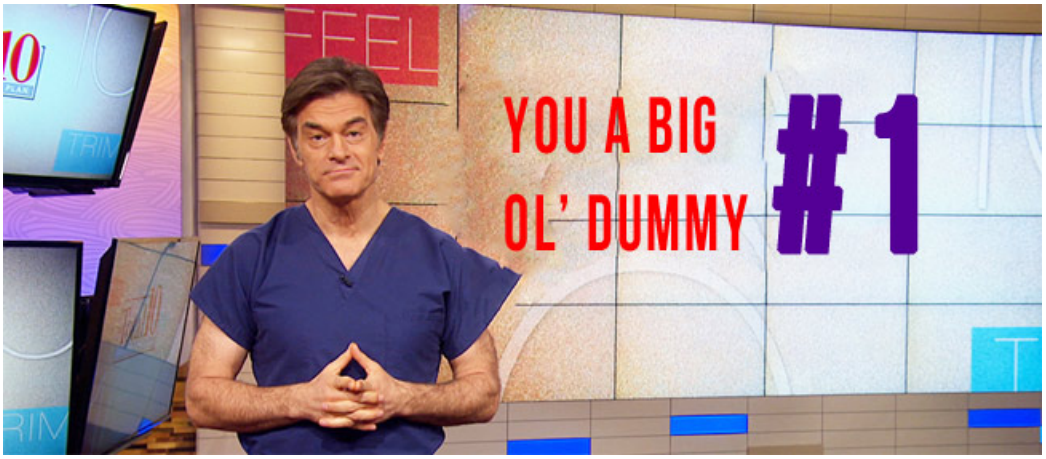
Any player of computer or video games worth his or her salt knows about PAX - aka the Penny Arcade Expo - the world's biggest convention specifically for fans of playing games, or "gaming." PAX is known for showcasing indie titles alongside big-budget software, creating "chillout" spaces for relaxed portable gaming, and, perhaps most importantly, presenting thought-provoking panels. As an industry insider, I was able to secure an advance copy of this year's panel schedule. Enjoy!


Pax 2015 Panel Schedule
vulcan theater
STAR WARS theater
angry bbird theater
2:00 pm
2:30 pm
3:00 pm
3:30 pm
4:00 pm
4:30 pm
5:00 pm
Eric80085 LIVE!!
You asked for it... now here it is! Back for his third PAX, it's the undisputed king of the YouTube unboxing scene. This 13 year-old wunderkind will be answering audience questions, signing some exclusive PAX merch, and opening some exciting new boxes.
How the indies can go from zero to hero
A 35 year old man name drops Hotline Miami and Cave Story before talking about in-app purchases for 29 minutes
What makes a game a game?
Ever wonder if games like Gone Home and Depression Quest are really games? In this panel, an extremely sarcastic man repeats a dictionary definition over and over for 25 minutes, followed by a brief Q&A session
A Fucking meme panel
Here's a fucking panel about memes. IT's not even about memes in games. Fucking christ.
Tiger wrist game modders panel
Meet some of your favorite Tiger wrist gamer modders from the thriving Tiger wrist game modding community(??)
FREE PLAY!!
It's handheld time! I mean there's nothing in the room but you can play handhelds if you want. There are sockets for charging and everything
A web-comic about... GAMING!?
I have recently come up with a cool new idea - a webcomic making fun of video games and the video game industry. Come to this panel if you have any ideas on how I can make this happen. Please do not steal my idea since it's the first I've ever had and I'm proud of it.
Famous Let's Player Adam [TheOneWhoKnocks] LIVE SHOW
Adam, this is your Father. I'm sorry, but there is no panel... this is an intervention. You've taken this "Let's Play" thing too far. I miss the old Adam, the one who smiled and laughed and went outside. This new Adam - the one who carefully monetizes streaming content edited into 25 minute chunks and has strong opinions on "the YouTube Let's Play community" - this Adam scares me. You have family and friends who care about you. Please we just want our Adam back.
Dice Tourney (Eliminations)
Tabletop tournament signups and initial elimination round. We all roll our dice and see who gets the best points
FREE PLAY!!
Arts & crafts. BYOG [Bring Your Own Glitter]. After last year's controversy we will no longer be handing out participation ribbons.
Dice Tourney (Final)
It's the finals of the dice tourney, and things are really heating up. As always, the winner gets the coveted PAX Dice Tourney Pewter Trophy, and a cash prize of $1 million dollars.
The World of World of Warcraft
All your favorite magical elves and pixie friends show up for this magical journey. Blizzard execs Bret Mulhowicz and Evangeline Helquist talk about your wizard friends and their fantastic adventures in the magical realms of fantasy - oh what joy.
FREE PLAY!!
This one is tabletop free play, we put a table in the room, and you can play dungeons and dragons or whatever. We only have one table so you will have to take turns. sorry
My friend Todd bet me $50 I couldn't get a panel at this year's PAX
fuck you bitch, pay me
Polygons! Polygons! Polygons!
You need polygons? My friend, we've got 'em! Come on down to Polygons! Polygons! Polygons! We're practically giving these babies away! Big ones, small ones, jagged ones, smooth ones, we've got every kind of polygon you can imagine at bargain prices!
Prerendered Background guy
Prerendered Background guy talks about his life, shares some biz anecdotes, and shares what promises to be some potentially scandalous information about his life-long rival, 3D Background guy
Numbers Panel
A Russian man reads numbers (30 mins)
FOR INTERNAL USE ONLY - DO NOT REDISTRIBUTE


Pax 2015 Panel Schedule
vulcan theater
STAR WARS theater
angry bbird theater
5:30 pm
6:00 pm
6:30 pm
7:00 pm
7:30 pm
8:00 pm
8:30 pm
Competitive gaming in 2025
Excited about the future of gaming as a spectator sport? So are we! Meet pro gamer Mark Babysmange, MOBA commentator XYZZY9001, and ESPN head of Counterstrike, Samuel Upworthy, as they share their thoughts on the future of esports.
Gaming as Steve in the 21st century
Join Steve as he regales the audience with anecdotes, gives tips and tricks to some of your favorite games, and shares some of what it's really like to be a gamer while also being Steve.
Competitive gaming in 2025
Excited about the future of gaming as a spectator sport? So are we! Meet pro gamer Mark Babysmange, MOBA commentator XYZZY9001, and ESPN head of Counterstrike, Samuel Upworthy, as they share their thoughts on the future of esports.
And baby makes [player] 3 - gaming as new parents
Join our panel of new parents and learn why you DON'T have to give up that joystick for a diaper bag just yet ...! ha ha ha

4.18 I Am Just Helping Complete Idiots Be Their Best Selves

Friday, Apr 24, 2015 by Dr. Oz (@sexyfacts4u)



Much has been said about the medical advice I offer on my talk show. Words like "good" and "great" have often be preceded by the word "not." Most of these critics have been so-called "health professionals." You know, people working for an industry that is directly linked to giving medicine to people. Think about that: they are profiting from giving you medicine and they want to stop me from telling you to feed your heart pills to your cat and drink lotus juice.

They profit from the industry of health. What do I profit from? Giving idiots solutions. I am about more than just pumping you full of pills. I can see the whole picture and that picture is helping you realize your best self.

Now listen very carefully, because I know you are easily distracted and I want to talk to you about the iron man diet.

What if you were made from iron? The average human body weighs 165 pounds. If you eat 165 pounds of iron supplements your body will gradually replace your meat with iron until you are completely iron. And guess what: 165 pounds of iron is a lot more dense than 165 pounds of dandruff and hoagies. You'll be able to wear baby clothes and save money on travel by shipping yourself. Even better, you will be impervious to bullets. And I mean they'll just bounce off, not like the time I told you Reiki can heal gunshot wounds.

I want you to remember the name Dr. Timo Terrio. Write it down. Dr. Timo Terrio has developed a new form of ionic therapy that is 100% crystal based. He has tested this technique on his parrot, Ralph (pronounced rafe) and his two ferrets (Charles and Diana even though they are both boys), and he has confirmed to my satisfaction that it is completely safe and effective for removing negative ions from your children.

The Terrio technique will require several large crystals which you can harvest yourself from a meteorite or log onto my website and I will provide referral links to Dr. Terrio's etsy store. These crystals will positively charge your ions and increase your healthiness levels.

Stay tuned and I will tell you how to unlock your body's true health potential using a new technique that's actually thousands of years old. It's called the Stonehenge diet and wait until you hear what it can do for the free toxins in your blood.

Did you know that in 1982 the remains of a 2nd century BC druid were found in a peat bog and they were almost perfectly preserved. This is because the druid died with almost zero percent body toxins. No toxins, no decay.

How do you get this diet? First you will need to build a henge big enough to enclose your entire body. You can use books, tombstones, pizza boxes, Tombstone pizza boxes, or whatever else works for you. Then you are going to activate the ley line and transform yourself into a being of pure energy. Once you are pure energy, you can tap into that ley line and energize yourself and travel through space and time.

Trust me, it works. I use this diet on myself. I built a henge out of pet grave markers at Joshua Tree and I traveled to 600 BC as an entity of pure energy. Since then I haven't eaten anything larger than a peanut. And I don't mean one of those big peanuts, I am talking about an average to small peanut.

Lastly, before they attempt to shut me off, I want you to write this down: scream manifestation. This is the act of screaming your desires as loud as possible to manifest them physically. Want a promotion? Trying to woo a lover? Can't get pregnant? Scream as loud as possible and your problems will be over.

This week's show is brought to you by Doctor Zimphander's Throat Lozenges. Mulberry, honey, zinc, and colloidal silver are combined to soothe your throat. These lozenges have been certified as effective against cancer by the National Cancer Board of Nauru. You can order them through the referral link on my site.

–∼Dr. Oz (@sexyfacts4u)

4.19 Yo Momma So Unspeakable or: H.P. Lovecraft Plays the Dozens

Monday, Apr 27, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Yo momma so nasty, though ten nights have passed in this cell, I cannot even begin to describe the loathsomeness of her unearthly visage. Go! Do not dare ask me more or you will condemn yourself to this same madness!

Yo momma so ugly, my fulminant disorder of the mind was aroused upon glimpsing her through that cursed mirror for only an instant as she moved amongst the ancient stones on that lifeless heath of Leng.

Yo momma so fat, so manifold of flesh, so utterly depraved in her desire to consume that meal of pizzas and burgers, of fried Kentucky which I dare not detail, that slaw of cole and family sized bucket, no... to speak more is to invite total madness.

Yo momma smell so bad, her essential saltes got biohazard on their urns. Talking about conjuring up her gauzy apparition lit from within by malevolent vapors, though she insubstantial, she still got them stink lines.

Yo momma so black, even the diabolical Mi-Go, The Abominable Ones descended to our planet from the lightless cities of Yuggoth, whose fungal rhythms require no light or warmth, would lapse into a state of confusion in this sucking void of illumination, this ur-negress of truer black than even the trackless depths.

Yo momma so white, the colour from outer space hit her up and she look like a Pantone wheel.

Yo momma so poor, she tried to call Yog-Sothoth by sacrificing two fingers and an EBT card.

Yo momma so slutty, maiden of the Black Goat, she has been to the shrines of Irem and I dare not speak further of the blasphemous congress she indulges in the night wood.

Yo momma so ugly, she is nine feet in length, three and nine-sixteenths central diameters, tapering to the nappiest weave that is not fooling anybody on one end and some two-sizes-too-small cheetah pumps look like pizza dough is falling out of a pair of leggings. She has five bulging ridges in place

of staves. Lateral breakages, as of thinnish stalks, one titty bigger than the other, one eye going off in the other direction like she trying to look behind her and the other all scrunched up and pink. Flared combs of bright orange on either side of her neck that spread out like fans... which gives almost seven-foot wing spread. Arrangement reminds one of certain nasty hos I went insane reading about in the Necronomicon.

Yo momma mouth so big, she put down "Gug" as her race on the census.

Yo momma so dirty, she said "Hastur" and he walked in robed in scolloped tatters and spraying Febreze. She was like, "Unmask yourself," and he was like, "Bitch, I am not taking this mask off, your stanky ass will straight murder me. Turn me into the King in Brown." He disappeared in the bathroom for ten minutes, flush a toilet, and the house smelled better. Smelled like Carcosa.

Yo momma so nasty, she is a shapeless congeries of inhuman appendages and organs of no obvious purpose, her myriad eyes forming and unforming as she heaves her formless bulk across the threshold. I cry out for Carter to shoot her as she bears indefatigably down upon us. Damn you, man. Shoot her! But our bullets are wholly ineffective against one such as yo momma.

Yo momma so slutty, she took a trip to Innsmouth and got pregnant from a nightcrawler at the bait store.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.20 Stink Bug Facts

Tuesday, Apr 28, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Halyomorpha halys, also known as the **brown marmorated stink bug** (**BMSB**), or simply "**That thing is pissing me off so much I swear to god I will burn this house down if I find another one in my bedroom. This is not a joke, okay? I will seriously murder everyone if another one of those things comes near me.**" **Habitat**

In Nature: unknown

In Your House: Every-fucking-where. Crawling up the walls, embedding themselves in carpet, hooked on the damn ceiling in a really high part you can't reach without a chair and even then you're going to need to use the broom.

Appearance

A brown, sliver-like shield body with the general appearance of a waterlogged scab. 2 to 3 centimeters in length. The physical embodiment of your nightmare, placed on this dead earth to undermine your sanity.

Male: often found either clinging to your hair while you watch television or crawling towards your hair while you watch television.

Female: prefer driving your cat insane by flying haphazardly around your bedroom at three in the morning, crashing repeatedly into furniture and then vanishing when you frustratingly turn on the lights.

Diet

Theories hypothesize that the stink bug feeds off human frustration. A single, "how the hell did it get in here?" is enough to keep it alive for months. Other possible forms of nourishment include: anger, levels of disgust strong enough to sends chills down your spine, agony, exhaustion, emotional defeat, and when you are so skeeved out it feels like there are bugs, like, crawling all over you *right now.* Recent studies have documented that a stink bug survived for three years upon a homeowner accidentally brushed one off her neck and screamed, "It's February. Why is this even happening to me?"

Natural Predators

None. Though 99% of stink bugs are found clinging lifelessly to window screens, these are not deaths but abandoned husks upon the stink bug dividing into two/one million.

Lifecycle

Immortal.

Reproduction

None. Instead perform what scientists describe as “haunt” your living space There are no seasonal changes, no reproduction cycles. There is only an endless barrage of stink bugs climbing across your window seals to die on top of your cable remote.

Health Risks

Injury related to failed exterminations often include: falling, electrocution, broken hands from punching through drywall, fatal inhalation of pesticides, and the increased chance of suicide as an endless scourge of these disgusting insects invade your life

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.21 Faces of Chewbacca

Wednesday, Apr 29, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I'd like to make something very clear. I was NOT shopping for Star Wars action figures. Absolutely not. No. No! I did, however, find myself looking at a page full of Chewbacca merchandise recently. Most items featured the fuzzy face we all know. The rest revealed sides of Chebacca which were better left hidden.

I Can't Believe I'm Chewbacca

This Chewbacca knows that every character goes through several revisions. He just can't believe that when a concept artist first put pen to paper, the concept was "startled bat with stalactite teeth".

I might have purchased this figure because it made me laugh.

Receiving Oral Sex Chewbacca

Look, I'm not going to judge this Chewbacca for enjoying himself. It's just disappointing that he's not the sort of considerate lover who takes the ammo belt off.

Words Scrawled On A Wall With Feces Chewbacca

Probably the only Chewbacca you and I deserve. Turns any wall into a conversation piece. Specifically, the conversation that begins "What the fuck is wrong with you?" and repeatedly circles back to that topic until you ask your guest to leave.

Perfectly Normal, Trustworthy Chewbacca

Nothing unusual here. Not sure how this everyday Chewbacca wound up in a pile of weird Chewbaccas. I'd feel safe leaving this Chewbacca alone in a toolshed with my pets, that's for sure.

1984-2014 Era Chewbacca

This Chewbacca had plenty of spare time on his hands and could have been found in just about any alley in the galaxy. His favorite activity was wobbily reacting to chase scenes by looking back and forth between an unlikely sight and the bottle of cheap booze in his paw, then tossing the booze over his shoulder.

Thankful For This Sweet Death Chewbacca

"OH GREAT TRASH COMPACTOR IN THE SKY", says this Chewbacca, "LET THIS FOUL CHARADE END WITH THE WET CRUNCH OF MY HELLISH AND IMPROBABLE BONES!"

Please Don't Let The Kickball Come This Way Chewbacca

This Chewbacca is not ready for all this pressure. He has a hell of a time judging the speed and direction of the ball. It never goes where he thinks it will, and when it comes right at him the kickball tends to bounce off his nose. This Chewbacca is sweating like you would not believe. He's too self-conscious to shower with everyone after the game, though, so he'll just rub a stick of Just For Wookies under his swampy pits and walk around with his arms slightly held out for the rest of the school day.

You're About To Drink From The Exposed Inner Surface Of My Skull And I Couldn't Be Happier Chewbacca

It has been said that you will never truly know someone until you have walked a mile in their shoes. This Chewbacca submits that you will never know him until you have chugged a quart of milk from his gaping head wound.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.22 How A Single Speech Stopped Racism Forever

Thursday, Apr 30, 2015 by The American Institute of Freedom and Liberty

Racism has been dead for 50 years thanks to the monumental efforts of Martin Luther King, Jr. But do our children know the details of his world-changing actions? In this special supplement by the American Institute of Freedom and Liberty, learn how one man ended injustice forever with a single speech.

For centuries, racism was bad. Early American settlers, looking for help in getting this amazing country off the ground, turned to our friends in Africa. But a crucial disagreement caused a schism between these two sides: Whites assumed black people would work free for the rest of their natural lives in exchange for a chance to live in what would soon be the best nation on earth. The latter group agreed to disagree. Finding themselves stuck in America, though, they had no choice but to reluctantly go along to the deal, which caused much bitterness and strife.

Years later, Abe Lincoln--a REPUBLICAN--decided enough was enough and decided to throw a Civil War to figure things out. After the smoke cleared, America united once again, and black people chose to mostly live in their own neighborhoods and keep to themselves--though resentment still lingered. Whites, fearful the bygones of the past would cause some awkward moments with their newly freed friends, decided it was best to stay away from this group, and quickly built many separate-but-equal schools and water fountains for their use. This arrangement was called "racism," and prevented these two sides from crossing paths--outside of the rare altercation with law enforcement. Whites, looking to help this struggling group, even instituted various tests as a requirement for voting--but even this educational motivation wasn't enough to get their downtrodden friends to pull themselves up by their bootstraps.

Still later, a man named Martin Luther King Jr. was born, and soon discovered he was no fan of this "racism" thing. While his people were happy fraternizing amongst themselves, King sought a different life for future generations, as well as the chance to sit in the front of a bus--seats typically reserved for the sick, injured, or elderly. Through various peaceful, nonviolent protests, King made a name for himself, and without the use of violence. His oratory skills kept a nation captivated, and

despite his history as an adulterer, he became a role model for many young people. His greatest moment, however, came in 1963, with the famous "I Have a Dream" speech.

"I have a dream," said King, "That one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood." But what many people don't know is that this world-changing event actually had more to it. Minutes after the cameras and microphones shut down, King returned to the lectern with the final page of the speech, which, in the balmy Washington D.C. summer, had stuck to the second-to-last page. "Oh yeah," said King, "Before I go, let me state that taking to the streets is all well and good, but let's remember some people have to go to work in the morning. If we must make a fuss about all this, let's try to do it during hours that won't inconvenience anyone. After all, you catch more flies with honey than vinegar. God bless you and goodnight, Washington D.C.!"

Though the final--and most important--parts of King's speech never reached his captive audience, it did its job regardless. All over the country, white people decided enough was enough, and black people vowed to leave their former situation forever in the past, urging that if anyone ever brings it up again, we shouldn't take them seriously. Finally, all Americans could start their lives on equal ground, as promised in the Declaration of Independence. Now, in the rare cases of "racism," supposed victims can turn to the justice system, who will try their best in proving this concept no longer exists. So now that you know the truth behind racism's sordid history, always remember: Please don't think of any of this again.

–∼The American Institute of Freedom and Liberty

Chapter 5

May

5.1 Millennials Have No Idea How Good They Have It

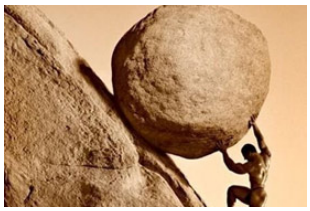
Friday, May 01, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Ugh! Those entitled jagoffs.

Millennials have no idea how good they have it. I saw a commercial yesterday for a pretzel crust pizza. Really? Regular pizza wasn't good enough for you? In my day we exclusively ate feces. You can just walk into a Little Caesar's and they have a pile of pretzel pizzas just waiting for you, but when I was growing up it was dung or it was nothing. It was on you to find it and roll it into a ball and bury it.

You hear millennials complaining about apartment prices in the city. Oh, boo hoo, your Park Slope walk up is $3400 a month. I'm so sad for you, because I grew up in a moneyless society where our only currency was literal excrement and we also lived in feces. Huge piles of feces. We burrowed into them and lived.

You millennials just flush it down the toilet and don't even think about where it goes. When was the last time you saw a millennial rolling 250 times their body weight down the street in the form of a huge ball of dung? Been at least seven or eight years. They wouldn't even know how to bury it.



Millennials have no idea with their grinders and tinders. Yeah, dating sure is tough. In my day, dating was life and death. If you wanted to impress a mate back in my day you had to acquire, roll and nest in thousands of pounds of literal shit. As if that wasn't bad enough, you had the dung jackers.

Oh, sure, because huge boulders of feces were what everybody wanted, so of course they try to roll yours away whenever you get distracted. You're pushing it one way, they're pushing it the other, and it turns out their thorax is just a little bigger and... whoosh! That's it. Forget it. There goes your dung ball you spent all day collecting.

But you wouldn't know about that, would you? With your Uber cars and your Amazon drones.

Now these millennials are complaining about cops being too mean. Yeah, sure, they are pretty

mean. Now try a parasitic wasp. Go ahead, I'll wait. Try to roll your sorry little dung acorn past a wasp that wants to a lay a brain worm in your back. Ohhhhh, sure. Now you're too busy to roll your dung. But guess what: nothing is worse than those wasps. And we were all black back then. Hard black shells just loaded up with wasp worms.

They get Twitter and forget all about stomping their feet in rhythmic patterns and clacking their mandibles to attract a mate.

Take everything for granted. You millennial pukes just dial it up on your phones and before you know it you are getting laid. In my day, you had to roll up a dung ball and you would actually have sex with that and ejaculate into it, then some broad comes along and sticks her eggs in there. It was like a Fruit Gusher only made of dung and jizzums.

We didn't have those either. Fruit Gushers, I mean. We had lots of dung and jizzums, of course. Pretty much nothing but those two things.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.2 Your Chili Cheese Chicken is Pretty Fucking Far From Money

Monday, May 04, 2015 by Disgusted Guy Fieri (@sexyfacts4u)

That's heinous, bro-man. Truly disgusting. Did you melt Jolly Ranchers onto spaghetti? Pull this out of a cat? Whatever you did, it is pretty fucking far from money.

This thing is the clogged toilet of Flavor Hell. This a prime rib slime crime and these homemade biscuits are in-to-the-edible.

Just get out of this business, because this is like a rusty shiv to the back in Flavor Jail.

You want me to eat *this*? I'll take my chances licking the gum blood off a pair of wax lips that someone with hep-C bit into.

That's a loser-loser chicken abuser right there, my man.

You got the zip of the barbecue sauce and then a texture like a bunch of pipe cleaners. I'm not sticking this in my mouth again.

Bro. *Broooo*. This is a capital double D Dirty Diaper somebody left on the hot highway to Barfachusetts.

There's the Holocaust and then there's this mole sauce and they got equal time at the Wannsee Flavor Conference.

his is the real deal Salmonellafield. Somebody call the Flavor Doctor, 'cause I want my stomach pumped.

A wasp flying into my can of cream soda and stinging the shit out of my mouth is infinitely better than taking another bite of your macaroni and cheese pizza.

TOh, no, with this pork again, sister. Fuck you. Are you trying to Flavor Murder me?

I'm glad Abe Lincoln was assassinated so he didn't live to taste this goulash.

You got the sun dried tomato. You got the tahini sauce. You got the relish. It's like eating what's left in the bed pan when a patient checks out of the Flavor Hospice.

I've tasted better crab in a West Virginia strip club. If I was walking through the woods and I saw a weird clearing and a big rock with a crabcake sitting on it, and then you were here to offer me your crabcake, I would eat the mystery one on the rock first.

Jesus Fuck, I can't take this anymore. My Taste Hole is hurting and I want to Flavor Die. Put me out of my M to the ISERY.

–∼Disgusted Guy Fieri (@sexyfacts4u)

5.3 What to Say to Stay Inside

Tuesday, May 05, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

It's spring aka the worst part of the year aka you can no longer blame the weather for why you've spent the last sixteen hours sitting inside. Now with the sun and the warmth and the generally pleasant atmosphere, you need to stay on your toes if you want to stay in your chair. With these helpful lines, you won't get tricked into going outside any time soon.

What You Say
I'm allergic to pollen/leaves/birds/dirt/shadows and, based on my calculations, today is really bad for that/those things I just said.

What You Mean
I think Netflix just added some new documentaries about drug cartels and I wouldn't miss that for the world.

What You Say
Recent research links sunlight to autism. So no, I will not be joining you on your picnic. And no, I cannot provide you with peer-reviewed evidence.

What You Mean
I've penciled in the next seven hours for yelling at noobs in Dota2.

What You Say
Grill hotdogs? Are you kidding me? It's tick season. Do you want to end up like Avril Lavigne? I didn't think so, buck-o.

What You Mean
I am in my comfy chair with a bag of kettle chips and the pleasure I am receiving from this is verging on erotic.

What You Say
A refrigerator is getting delivered to my house between the hours of midnight and midnight. I didn't order one, but now it is too late to cancel.

What You Mean
I'm going to stare at cosplay pictures for personal reasons.

What You Say
I don't like the sun and no one likes baseball.

What You Mean
I don't like the sun and no one likes baseball.

What You Say

Until Palestine can freely join the United Nations, I feel it best to impose limitations upon my own borders—ie: the front door.

What You Mean
I have to poop.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.4 SkyMall Product Reviews: Cowch Holstein Cow Bench

Wednesday, May 06, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

You'll be comfortable until the cows come home on this ingenious "Cowch" that's wide enough to put two out to pasture!

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Jimmy from Schaumburg, IL

A great replacement for my two goat chairs, which are rotting due to some piss-poor work by my brother-in-law, the "world's greatest great taxidermist."

Five stars for this great country couch, zero stars for Pete, the idiot my idiot sister married.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By FarmFresh from Brandywine, WV

The perfect addition to my living room. The hardy resin exterior is fantastic, because I can just hose it down to remove all the raccoon dung that tends to accumulate.

Age: 61-65

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By AngelEyes from Winnfield, LA

I am deeply, deeply disappointed with my purchase. It clashes with my King Tut Sarcophagus Cabinet, even though they both came from the same place!!! SkyMall, get your act together!

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By TexasBornandBread from Winters, TX

After installing one of these on my porch, a large bull started menacing my house trying to woo the dang couch. The damn thing tried to mount my couch while I was sitting on, pinning me between the two while I hollered for dear life and attempted to make peace with my maker right there between a cow-shaped couch and a hot-and-heavy bull. I am a broken man after that, and will not be ordering anymore animal-shaped furniture for the rest of my days on this earth. I am lucky my neighbor was there to intervene. Just wish to god he hadn't filmed it and put it on the you tubes.

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating:

By Huntsman from Craig, CO

Felt rough and cold. Got too many ex-wives like that. Found some skin. Now it feels soft and smooth. Warm even. All is as it should be. Hell of a couch.

Age: 51-55

Customer Rating:

By Dabbler from Auburn, NY

Not wide enough to sleep on. I had to order 3, cut them into segments, then fuse them all together. The entire process took me weeks, but now I have a giant cow bench I can sleep on. I can't remember why I needed to do that now, but it's good to have the option available.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating:

By SecondGenJuggalo from Dirt, MI

Snooze! Wake me up when there is a naked lady version of this.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating:

By Slamboree from Duluth, MN

I got a bit too rowdy watching wrestling and the cowch flipped over, trapping me underneath from the waste up. The sturdy resin body did a remarkable job completely muffling my screams to neighbors, and its heavy weight meant I was powerless to free myself. It is only by the grace of god that my landlord noticed the urine puddles flowing out from under my door and entered. After a trip to the ER, I was back to my old self.

This thing is built to last! Worth every penny.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating:

By ProudHead from Sheridan, WY

I was torn between ordering this or the matching Saddle-Up Horse Bench (Item NE-130004). I ordered that one, and I am pleased with it. Everyone who ordered the cow bench made a huge mistake. You're all idiots and you deserve the stupid cow bench you got. The horse bench is better in every way and I hope you all rot in hell.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating:

By TrueSurvivor from Nordman, ID

As close to curling up inside a hollowed-out cow as you're legally able to get under Barack Obama's dictatorship. Count me in.

Age 46-50

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.5 The Kill List MFA Program

Thursday, May 07, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

The Kill List MFA Program grants a terminal (no pun intended) degree in writing lists of targets for the U.S. government to extrajudicially murder. The online program has a ten-day residency twice a year where students workshop each other's lists.

"I really liked this list," a student says. "Especially that name at the beginning, Awal Gul. Great consonance on the L's."

"I liked how you put section breaks between the names," another student says. "It really captures the fragmented nature of our global moment. And the fragmented nature of the hundreds of third-world civilians killed in drone strikes."

"Me too," the workshop leader says. "Although, if we can transition into suggestions now, I thought you could improve the rhythm in the middle, where you suddenly switch from iambs - Abdul Rahman - to trochees - Alfred Fischer. Also, a few of these names are redundant, since they'd probably be collateral damage anyway."

"You're right," the writer says. "And I just want to say I really appreciate everyone's feedback. I'll definitely mention all of you in my finished list ... in the acknowledgements, I mean."

Everyone laughs.

MFA kill lists generally fall into three categories: technomodernism (lists of hackers who leaked government documents), high cultural pluralism (lists of ethnic minority targets), and lower-middle-class modernism (white male targets). A small percentage of students hand in "transgressive" or "postmodern" kill lists, full of random, unpronounceable names in a weird 8-point font, but these students have a high turnover rate.

"Are you reading at the open mic tonight?" a boy asks a girl after the workshop.

"Nah, it's pointless. It'll just be a bunch of hugboxing. Everyone will clap because they want everyone to clap at their kill list - plus they understand all the hard work that goes into writing a

list of people to be drone-scorched without a trial. In the real world, your list is going to be heavily criticized, especially by the people on it, or their families or whatever."

"I've definitely had my share of criticism, people calling me a murderer and stuff, trying to ascribe intent. Apparently they've never heard of the metaphorical death of the author."

"Criticism is important, though; it teaches you to edit. You need to kill your darlings, so to speak. Once you graduate it's publish or figuratively perish."

The boy and girl go back to the girl's room and have sex. Hookups are common at kill list MFA programs, per Foucault's theory that the death instinct pervades intercourse. Afterwards, they get stoned and wonder where their lives went so horribly wrong. They both joined the program hoping to be the voice of their generation's nationalist xenophobia, but now they're secretly disgusted with the program's rarefied atmosphere, which seems distant from the murderous impulses of the common woman or man. They'd drop out, except that it would look bad on their C.V.'s.

At the end of the residency the seniors pose for their graduation photo. Unfortunately, the flash bulb breaks because it's American-made. (America is the only country that still uses flash; all other countries are so filled with explosions that it's unnecessary.) Later, the graduates read their final kill lists to an audience. Each one invariably contains the CEO of a major bank - a trick students use to liquidate their loan debts.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

5.6 TOOL Argues Against a Parking Ticket in Traffic Court

Friday, May 08, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

[Ominous motor sounds blend with bass guitar]

No parking sign I could not see,
blocked by a tree, hiding from me,
on that day could it even be.
Spiraling beyond the yellow line,
unfolding into and above the loading zone.
Limits of being are observed. Body and mind are one.

Look at these images of my camera's eye.
Parking there permission granted,
where a sign does not indicate it was not granted here.

No parking sign it could not be,
away from me, I cannot see,
justifying this unlawful fee.
No red or yellow or spiraling line,
degenerating ignorance to this violation.
Limits of my being were observed. Body and mind were one.

Your honor indulge my camera's eye.
Accede to the lawfulness of car location,
where a sign does not indicate invalid location here.

Diagrams of geometry urging you to confirm, to see.
Reaching my divine vessel not across this line.
Placing my faith in this visible vessel's zone.

I refuse to pay to
support a corrupt body, to monetize contemptuous sinews
and confirm the system feeds on us
to feel consumed, by traffic eyes,
within eyes, watching nothing until,
a scene unfolds with urgency,
a pizza growing cold or a child emerges,
into the false divinity of the state.

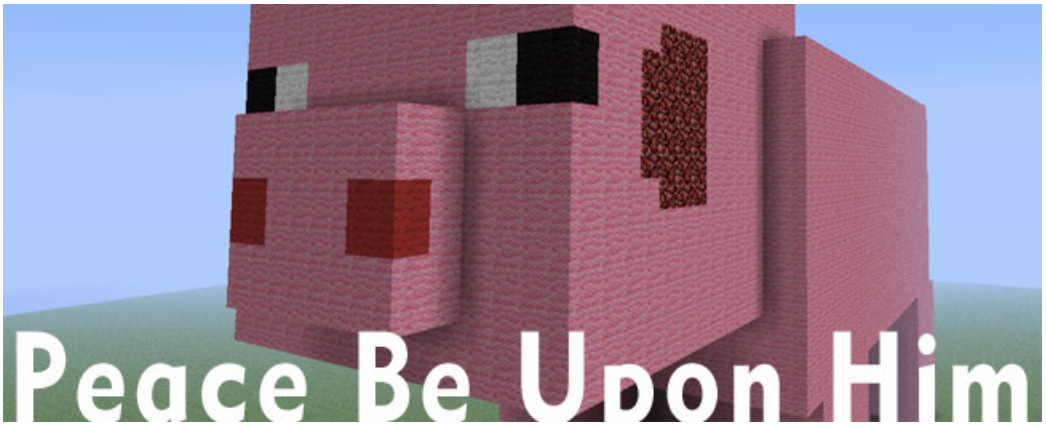
With my wheels within the lines
between the signs of affirmation on this block.
I am not a number for your ledgers,
my inner eye is opening to your quotas.
If you do not find in my favor,
if you do not release me from this burden,
if you do not embrace the turning wheel in the sky,
we'll ride the wave of injustice to the local news.

I even left my blinkers on...oN... ON... ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!
This... was not... a violation.
This... was not... a violation.
This was not your god!!!!

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.7 Why I Made a Giant Pig Named Muhammad in Minecraft

Monday, May 11, 2015 by The Minecraft Patriot



Everyone has been asking me, "Dude, why did you do it? You know you're going to torque off some seriously bad ass dudes with machine guns. Why would you dare to make a giant pig Muhammad in Minecraft?"

The answer is simple:

I'm a huge asshole.

Buckle up, Jihadi shitbeards, because I just locked and loaded my giant Minecraft pig and guess what I named him? Muhammad. Like your dude you like. I spent upwards of six hours turning your holy prophet, peace be upon him, into a gigantic pig wearing a crown.

You know what comes next? Dynamite. That's right. Muhammad is fucked. Hope you like bacon, because this dude is gonna go great with toast.

There is a guiding principle in this country (USA) that is called the First Amendment. Freedom of speech. It means that even if you don't like what I am saying or doing to express myself, you have to deal with it, because it's a free country.

You might have heard about the shooting in Garland, Texas where two Muslim gunmen attacked a drawing contest because people were drawing the prophet Muhammad. Or maybe Charlie Hebdo in France, where a bunch of cartoonists got machinegunned.

My philosophy is that you came to our country and in our country there is nothing stopping an eighth grader from turning whatever he wants into a Minecraft map. If I want to do a sexy boob, there is nothing you can do to stop me. Because this is a free frickin' country.

If I want to do an animated Tails from Sonic only he has boobs and he is as tall as a mountain:

same deal. Suck it. America wins again. Freedom wins again.

Oh, and Tails's name is Muhammad now too. Because Je Suis Minecraft, motherfucker. You can't shut me up with your extremism. I'm going to name Creeps and sheep Muhammad. I'm going to make a working computer inside Minecraft that can calculate Muhammad's child wives and then flash a middle finger. You know why? Because in Saudi Arabia, they kill dudes for liking other dudes. So it more than cancels out that I'm being shitty to your whole religion.

There's your religion of peace. There's your tolerance. It's pretty clear that all Muslims need to leave the USA and that is all I am trying to say. Go home. Or you can expect more Muhammads in Minecraft. Your choice. And my right to say it.

–∼The Minecraft Patriot

5.8 What Your Wedding Gifts Say About You

Tuesday, May 12, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

What you gave: One pot with strainer lid, one watering can, one six pack of light bulbs.

What it says: I bought the three cheapest things on your registry. I don't know if the unregulated Teflon lining in the pot will flake off in your macaroni and cheese. I don't know of any plants you own that need watered. And I don't even know how a six pack of light bulbs ended up on the list. They aren't even the nice kind--just some cheap ass incandescent ones that make everything look all dingy. What I do know is that I bought all these items at the grocery store, so that makes me happy.

All this culminates in the grand total of forty two bucks and thirty three cents. Considering that you will likely be serving some lukewarm chicken marsala that's been dried to jerky status in a hotel pan for the last eight hours, I think we're breaking even.

Other possible interpretation: I hope you like the one pot with strainer lid, one watering can, and one six pack of light bulbs!

What you gave: Wusthof Classic 10-inch Bread Knife

What it says: I didn't bother buying your gift until, literally, two hours ago and my tardiness is costing me huge. Everything on the registry was taken, so here is this bread knife. For the past three months, I've wondered why you even invited me to the wedding and now I understand: a hundred-fucking-dollar bread knife. What kind of bread are you cutting and how often do you need to cut it with the titanium blade of the kings?

It was either this or the hundred dollar juicer that you specifically wanted in sea foam green, so I hate you. I hate your partner. I hate the fact that you obviously just walked around Macy's with a little scan gun without a care in the world and now I must pay the brunt of the damages. I hope that you cut yourself with this seemingly magic bread knife and your blood fills up the three(!) Fiestaware pitchers you ordered. You disgust me. May you receive pain from this gift and may tonight's bar be forever open. Gift receipt not included.

Other possible interpretation: Hope you enjoy this really nice bread knife!

What you gave: Cash

What it says: Let's cut the bullshit and stop playing this little game. I'm going to wedge fifty bucks into a two dollar card that's coated in more glitter than most adults are comfortable with. It is going to say congratulations. That's it. No long winded message, no gift certificate to some shop you'd never visit. Just cash. I don't need a thank you note in the mail, but I do ask for a little something in return. I don't want to appear in any wedding photos. I don't want to get asked to dance the chicken dance. I don't want to have to fake a bunch of conversations with people we went to school with. This card isn't a bribe. It's an agreement. You didn't see me...and hopefully no one else will either.

Other possible interpretation: I put zero effort in this.

What you gave: KitchenAid Mixer with three interchangeable attachments & Sodastream Dynamo LX Home Soda Maker Deluxe Mega Pack

What it says: What are you some sort of Dr. Bread Wizard MD now? I've known you for years, and I'm pretty sure your diet of Velveeta Shells and Cheese don't need no mixer. For your entire life the most complicated your water's ever been is trying to figure out which faucet is cold, and now all of a sudden you need a marriage license and a fancy contraption to put bubbles in it? No, you won't brew your own Coke. You won't even be able to brew your own RC Cola. You're just going to have these electrical trinkets collect dust on your counter as some sort of suburban trophy. I don't even know who you are anymore.

Other possible interpretation: Hope you love this maker of bubbly water and bread bowl thing!

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.9 Stop being mean to Joss Whedon!! NO

Wednesday, May 13, 2015 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Here's an important story that real news sites have been covering: Joss Whedon got kicked off and BANNED from Twitter recently because of a ruthless cadre of trolls who said shit fuck about his big leather titty sarcasm teen girl secret agent from the latest joss whedon movie or tv show or whatever.

JOSS WHEDON FACT FILE:

- Joss Whedon is an orange man who likes basic irony levels and sentences that start with the words "Yeah, because."
- If someone talking to joss whedon says the word "zombies," joss whedon immediately says "WHOA! bad ass."
- One time joss whedon described an image macro of a kitten as Epic, but when confronted about it later, he denied it.
- Joss Whedon invented saying the Aaaaallllllrighty Then quote from *Ace Ventura* in casual conversation.
- Joss Whedon's favorite film director is Christopher Nolan's Batman trilogy, and his second favorite film director is a female version of Joss Whedon wearing leather and saying quips at ghosts.
- Joss Whedon has been accused of misogyny for something that happened in the Avengers 2 movie of superheroes beating each others asses in robot jail, but I haven't seen that movie because I'm cool. Apparently the Dark Patriot calls Named Woman a bitch from pussy shit hell and then the camera zooms in and you can see both of her boobs and her nips are poking through the leather in her tube top. Again, I must stress, I have not seen this movie, but I assume this is just one of the deep character moments that Joss Whedon is known for.

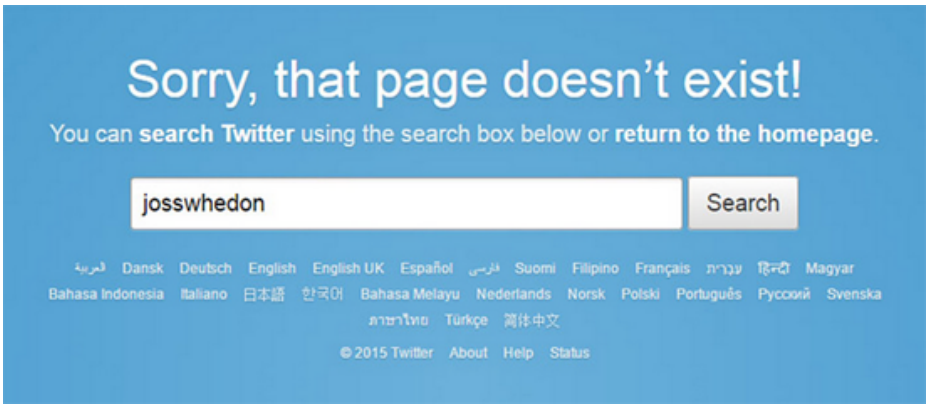
Joss Whedon
@josswhedon
Following
My dearest and best friend is the costumed crusader Bat-Man. We are forever the most "super" of pals. Hello, I'm Joss Whedon.
Reply Retweet Favorite More

Some of Joss Whedon's previous projects have also attracted some controversy. For example, in firefly, the unpopular tv show where cowboy bebop and his pals have to buffy all the star treks, people said the robot character with the leather boobs was overtly sexualized. Supporters of Joss Whedon counter by saying she flips around and kills all the bad guys pshh pshh bam bam ahhh yeah fuckin sweet.

Another source of controversy was in Joss Whedon's TV show The Vampire One when a lesbian got killed by a big bazooka. Again, supporters of Joss Whedon deny this, this time by saying "Uh, Yeah, OK" in a sarcastic voice and holding up one hand in a "talk to the hand" gesture.

Joss Whedon has come a long way from getting Sarah Michelle Gellar to say sarcastic quips to monsters on the tv - now he gets Robert Downey Junior to say them to monsters on the silver screen, i'm talking movies baby!! As you can see, not only has the screen size evolved from tv-screen-sized to movie-screen-sized, the people saying the sarcastic lines have evolved from women to men. Who knows what people with three names Joss Whedon will be making say funny sarcasm owns in the future, and how much bigger the screen will be!

In conclusion, I think what all this shows is th- wait a minute. Apparently Joss Whedon said he didn't leave Twitter because of any allegations of sexism. But... but that can't be right. That would mean ostensibly legitimate news outlets spent actual resources reporting on the deletion of a Twitter account based on something that wasn't even true, and that's obviously impossible. haha


Sorry, that page doesn't exist!
You can search Twitter using the search box below or return to the homepage.
josswhedon
Search
Dansk Deutsch English English UK Español Suomi Filipino Français Magyar
Bahasa Indonesia Italiano 日本語 한국어 Bahasa Melayu Nederlands Norsk Polski Português Русский Svenska
Türkçe
© 2015 Twitter About Help Status

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

5.10 I F***ed Blues Traveler

Thursday, May 14, 2015 by Becky

Dear Debbie, July 19, 1999

Boy oh boy do I have some big news for you. Are you sitting down? Well you had better!

I fucked Blues Traveler.

jealous much?

That's right! Me! Heck, I thought they were too big to come to the Iowa State Fair, but just two short nights ago, I found myself sharing a bed and a large hoagie with Mr. Blues Traveler himself!

Allow me to set the stage for you: I'm in the crowd, just a groovin' on "Hook," when old B.T. goes right into that fast-talking interlude. And girl, you know I have that memorized! So I'm just singing along when me

and Blues make eye contact and BAM. That was it. After the harmornica solo, his team of roadies toweled him off, and he waved me backstage — I was in a chemical toilet with my dress around my ankles 5 minutes later. Now, I don't like to gossip, so I'll only say Blues Traveler is a VERY generous lover. He just sat there (mostly because of his bad back) and let me do all the work. One of his many holstered guns went off during the act (hee hee) and grazed a stagehand, but he said that happens all the time and they have insurance.

Oh, and one more thing... I haven't been taking my pills since I broke up with Jeff, and, well... I could be having Blues Traveler's baby! Oh my God! Can you believe it? Of course, I wouldn't tell him. After he

brought me back to his suite at the Red Roof Inn, Blues Traveler made me PROMISE that I wouldn't try to contact him in the future, or tell the press about his prosthetic feet (he has diabetes REAL BAD). If it's a boy, I think I'll name him Benson Thomas (B.T.), and if it's a girl... well, it had better be a boy. And the next time Blues Traveler rolls through town, I'll bring little B.T. to the show and say, "See him? That's your daddy!" I'll understand if Blues Traveler won't acknowledge me, though, because I'm sure I'm not the first. Anyway, hope prison is working out; see you at X-Mas!

Yours,
Becky

P.S. - I guess "Busty" Becky from the Class of 87's still got it! Go Gators!

–∼Becky

5.11 Sorry, Ladies, They're Bio Truths

Friday, May 15, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Ladies like to blab a lot about unfairness and how they aren't treated equally, like equality is some perfect state that would be better. I don't think so. Because men and women are biologically different. Which means women have to face up to the truth of these differences. Celebrate them even. But don't demand equality when you aren't biologically equipped.

Bio Truth

Women have fancy eyes that prefer seeing things fancy. They like designs to be fancy whereas men like straight lines and blocks. Give a woman a perfectly good rectilinear satchums and before you know it they will have excreted all their waste gems onto its surface. Yeah, here's an idea ladies: maybe you could earn over 77 cents on the dollar if you spent less time with your gems and more time grinding levels at work.

Bio Truth

Women are weak. I'm not going to soften the blow on that one. You can pick some strong woman who lifts bars and the most flaccid flabby low-T lightweight is going to hulk it out and wreck some bars. Dudes will crunch more bars. We'll lever out a bigger boulder and dig a deeper trench. Put a hoop up 20 feet on a super high basket and we will jump drump the ball right through the plopper. Ladies? Set it down to 12 feet and give them a boost.

Bio Truth

When we attach to your ducts, it's not our fault if you have to nourish us with your blood. It's not like we can eat with our mating hook buried in your flank and our head wedged in your duct. You have to feed us with your blood. Don't like it? Slough us off on something. It's not our job, as guys,

to worry about where you are going to get enough cheeseburgers to pass through your lymphs into us.

Bio Truth

Guess what? Spiders are scary to us too. Nuff said.

Bio Truth

Guys make for better fighter pilots. You can look at the statistics for this one. Number of Red Barons that were women: 0. Number of men Red Barons: 2 including the pizza guy and he counts. Sure, there are lady pizza people, but how many Sopwith Camels do you think Mama Rosa shot down? The website doesn't mention a single aerial victory.

Bio Truth

Men are better at digesting silage, allowing us to grow fatter more quickly and more efficiently subsist on waste fodder. With every cup of pressed sorghum, women require at least three macaroons. Men will get by on a teacup full of black jellybeans a day.

Bio Truth

Bat-MAN, Super-MAN, Spider-MAN... noticing a trend? Wake me up when there is a female super hero worthy of a movie.

Bio Truth

Did you know there are almost 40 female Fortune 500 CEOs? Yeah, really cool, ladies. Did you know they're all assholes? Congratulations, 40 women have been admitted into the biggest monsters of modern history club. We would golf clap you, but you're not allowed on the golf course because of golf weakness.

Bio Truth

Ding dongs? We got 'em, you don't. You're haulin' baps. The gooch down the pooch? Sure. But we've got the dangle and the double rolls. We all know you want 'em too. Sorry, ladies. No luck.

Bio Truth

More emotional. Men are stoic rocks upon which the waves of feeling break. You are a weather-vane in a cyclone of hormones, processing and externalizing everything you experience. That is why women are responsible for so much violence, from Elizabeth Bathory, proven vampire, to more modern maniac women like Golda Meir who use wars as outlets for their rage.

Bio Truth

More susceptible to ghosts and demons. I looked at the stats on this and it turns out that most ghost and demon

possession happened when a woman caught her husband cheating or otherwise became upset (because she was more emotional) thereby forcing her husband to have her put into a hospital and maybe shocked with electricity. This continued until the 1990s when pretty much all of the decline started in America and women stopped taking tranquilizers all the time and now walk around possessed by demons and a priest isn't even allowed to submerge her in a bathtub of holy water without her permission.

Face it, ladies, the parts aren't the same, the biology is not the same, and equality is illusion. Bio Truth.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.12 Men in Art Who Can't Even Believe Their Level of Privilege

Monday, May 18, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

So much privilege here. It's hard to take it in.
Living in medieval times when things are so cool and not garbage hell time.
Not like we all have worms and deformities.
What's a book? Not even invented yet.
Privilege, homey. Poor? Missing important parts of our legs? Don't matter, chicks dig these fresh privs.

Ah, bloody hell, my horse is dyin'. Not gonna have this horse anymore.
Well done on all this privilege though.
It's too much to even tally up. At least 20 horses of privilege if I had to suss it out.
And then, you know what, we're gonna eat this horse too. Chuffed for it. Really it's all privilege, lads.

Ahhhhhhh not there. My privilege isn't there. You're never going to find it, no matter how many days you peck around in my guts. That's the difference between me and you, bird. I've got it and you want it.

Jealous? Ya jealous, y'all? Y'all girls jealous?
I think ya jealous.
The beard, the bod, the drapes, I got it all.
*P*R*I*V*I*L*E*G*E in piles y'all. It's unreal.*

Aye, Carumba! I have thiiiiiiis much privilege.
Honestly it is just too much privilege. I cannot even cope with the amount.
Even now, my friends, as you are about to shoot a frenzy of bullets into my lovely shirt, I am looking down a collar at a woman's breast. That is my amount of privilege coupled with very good night sight.

All the wealth and power and I have constructed a citadel of misery from my madness?
Neeewwwwwp. Think again.
I am in Fort Privilege.
We do whatever we want here, like put kitchen flooring on the walls.
But no girls allowed, am I right, Ivan?
Ivan?

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.13 Incendiary Slate Headlines That Are Totally Up for Grabs!

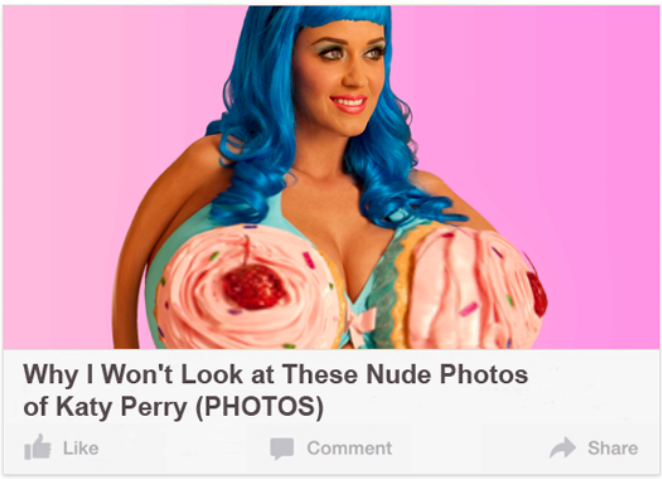
Tuesday, May 19, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

As a service to underpaid Slate.com freelancers, SA has compiled a list of "clickworthy" headlines that are sure to stop Facebook users mid-scroll. Because who has time to think of a think piece?

Why Elizabeth Warren Shouldn't Stand In The Way Of The *Full House* Reboot

In Defense Of The Cancer That Girl Has in *The Fault In Our Stars*

We Banned the Tooth Fairy in Our House. Because She Fucked My Son.



I Think My Baby is Gay. Your Move, Mom.

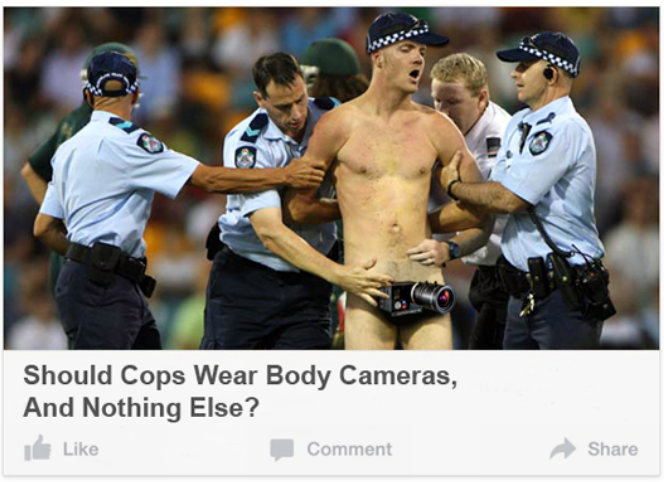
Did Rand Paul Put An Innocent Black Father In Jail? No. But Did He?

Anti-Vaxxers May Have a Point. And I Should Know. A Quiz Said I Might be Autistic.

Eating Is a Hoax. Here's How We Found Out.

James Corden Is the Future of Comedy. Oh Wait, He Tweeted Something Questionable. Why CBS Should Fire James Corden.

Jon Stewart Was Wrong about Something. But Don't Worry, We Kiss His Ass at the End.



We're Disgusted by Hidden Cameras in Women's Bathrooms. But Removing Them Would Harm Free Speech. You Can't Win with Us.

Thanks to ***Palpek*** *for the Photoshops!*

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

5.14 ABUNDANCE OF DOGS

Wednesday, May 20, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

STAR WARS DOG this is the famous pug from the pivotal space battle in Return of the Jedi. He flew the star ship. I have kept him alive all this time. $50,000. 555-8802

HOST DOG cleansed of all consciousness in preparation to serve as His vessel. Alas, our Lord decided to inhabit a carnival strongman instead. Must provide own spirit for this empty dog. 555-1248

UNRAVELED HOUND - free to home capable of threading him back together. There was a loose fur, and I made the mistake of pulling it. Poor thing is just a big ol' pile of tangles now. 555-0231

A LITTLE HELP HERE? I am a dog and I need you to come pick up my Number Two while I watch. This is legit, I swear. Busty women only. I can't stress that enough. 555-9125

LIGHTNING DEAL - don't miss your chance to own a really great puppy. Must unload immediately to erase all evidence I have been performing illegal dog marriages in exchange for rare jerky varities. 555-1123

OLDER DOG NEEDS HOME His name is Wendigo and he's very friendly. We've had him for 45 years now. Not sure how he's lasted so long, and frankly it's scaring the hell out of us. 555-1239

DOG WITH BIG BALD SPOT

SUPPRESSIVE DOG is overburdened with body thetans and refuses to cooperate with my attempts to audit him. I have no choice but to disconnect from him and adopt a better dog. 555-1294

I AM SO ANGRY at my dog for chewing up my favorite football. I am giving him away, but only to someone with a murder conviction. I want him to be with his own kind. Proof required. 555-9125

LOYAL, DETERMINED DOG managed to find us after we left him behind 3,000 miles away. We're very displeased and don't want to move again. WE'LL PAY YOU! 555-1588

RAUNCHY SHAR PEI has learned some inappropriate dance move from the local ethnics, and I've had enough of him shaking his behind so wantonly. 555-8521

CROUTON THE DOG is available for parties, weddings and bushiness seminars. He is genial, captivating and always professional. Rent him for your function today and learn his unique secrets to success. 555-9182

EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY: I am selling the prized puppies of Ms. Canayne Rand, all of whom are spectacular and engineered to be model dogs, completely proud and self-sustaining without any aid from man. 555-1882

GLAZED DOG - donut making mishap means you [illegible] own a truly

IMMATERIAL DOG has been drifting in the ether, sometimes taking form to bark, drag butt on carpet before dispersing into nothing. Free to anyone with host vessel. 555-2315

REMARKABLE DOG has begun a dark and bloody transformation following my latest experiment. Take a gamble that it will end well and make him yours! 555-6666

DOG IS ALL WRONG - legs are all fused together, rest of the body is split four ways. I can't look anymore. Grandpa has already gone mad from looking. 555-1992

WIMPY DOG doesn't have the balls (literally) to stand up to intimidation and protect me from my stronger enemies. He's a useless coward and I'm done with him. 555-1235

SOPRANO DOG is elegant and gifted. He has a voice so high it causes glass to shatter. It also causes other dogs to go deaf. He's a reckless, hateful menace. 555-2158

YOURS TODAY: BAD DOG he has done something unthinkable, so we locked him in the barn. Must come get dog, barn and all. 555-1234

SEEING IS BELIEVING when it comes to Sparkles, who is not a dog so much as a life-changing experience. If you think you're ready, call me. Requires 3 diaper changes per day. 555-1341

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.15 My Best Attempt at Explaining DC Comics' Convergence Event

Thursday, May 21, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

There's a Brainiac. He's not THE Brainiac. However, he's one aspect of Brainiac. Or maybe there's supposed to be a different Brainiac in every universe and they're all cosmically connected, presumably via their brains. Either way, I think this particular Brainiac is the boss Brainiac.

Superman - the real Superman - finds himself in a whole other dimension, a dimension that exists outside of dimensions. He's looking for the Brainiac from his universe in here. Instead, he runs into this not-Brainiac Brainiac. the boss Brainiac. This Brainiac taunts Superman and tells him that in this non-dimension dimension there is another Metropolis. Not Superman's real Metropolis, but another one.

Pictured: My brain.

There's also a lovely collage of a bunch of Supermen from other dimensions who died in this boss dimension, but that's not important. I think.

The boss Brainiac somehow captures Superman. It's not really clear how this happens, but while Superman is chained up he grows some five o' clock shadow and yells a lot so I guess the writer and artist were just really excited to skip right to that scene.

Superman escapes and sees there's not just one Metropolis in this dimension, but many Metropolises from many dimensions in this dimension. And a bunch of Brainiacs too. These Metropolises are being held in city-sized bubble prisons and watched over by another Brainiac, who is serving the main Brainiac (not Superman's Brainiac, the lead Brainiac who captured and taunted Superman). Superman just wants to get back to his Metropolis and punch his Brainiac. Who can blame him?

Brainiac (the big boss one) has other plans. You know how all those Metropolises are trapped under domes, sorta like *Under The Dome*? He's going to open the domes for no good reason.

Everyone in those domes will fight one another for no good reason. Only one city can live, sorta like the *Hunger Games*.

Reading the first issue of this event made me feel slightly puzzled then wholly uninterested in a way that I haven't felt since I saw the promotional materials for movies like *Batman vs Superman* or *Suicide Squad*. Instead of stupidly amazing scenes like fifty Batmen punching one another in a vortex created by fifty Flashes this crossover event treats us to isolated locations with a handful of people standing around being angsty.

Wait, I forgot to mention there's a Doomsday serum. Doomsday sounds bad. Serum sounds good. If you have a flu and you take something called a Doomsday serum I'd imagine there's a 50/50 chance everything will either go real right or real wrong.

Naturally, this Convergence storyline is an attempt to make the DC universe less confusing. The last time the company tried to make things simple with a big event they created the New 52, which spawned new continuities, erased some old ones, kept some other old continuities in place, and arbitrarily mashed random things from different timelines together. For some reason this didn't result in clear storylines that new readers wanted to follow.

This time things will be different. Easier to understand. See, when Convergence is over the "New 52" label will be gone. But most of the New 52 continuity will stay. Except the parts that are gone. Also, there will be 24 new series starting with number 1 issues, some of which build on prior stories. Also, these will launch alongside 25 existing series with untouched storylines.

So where does that leave the theoretical new reader? If you want to read a DC comic about a man or woman punching villains where should you start?

Well that's simple! Pick up Marvel's Unbeatable Squirrel Girl. It's got a squirrel girl. She fights Galactus. If you'd like to read a crossover event buy Southern Bastards from Image Comics and pretend it's set in the same universe as Unbeatable Squirrel Girl. If you squint you could probably pretend most of the characters are Brainiac.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.16 Things We Found in the Woods That We Are Not Telling Mom and Dad About

Friday, May 22, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A pink pentagram

The box of dirty magazines where people are no-clothes kissing

A weird old barn that had a dead animal in it

A bunch of decapitated dolls

The rubber sex thing

The hole we throw rocks into that never make a sound

Our other mom and dad that live in the cave

The really long centipede that bit Dylan

The other Dylan that walks around naked and doesn't say anything

The box of really dirty magazines where people are wearing some clothes and not other clothes and kissing on top of each other

The big dirty aquarium with the thing in it that screams if you walk up on it too fast

Human skull maybe, I'm not asking dad and you'd better not either

A treasure chest full of gold

A burned out limousine that has Russian flags on the hood

The rusted up WWII submarine and all those dead Japanese sailors

Parts of a tractor that we jump on and Ray busted his leg open

The swamp that sings

That one room that's by itself, like the whole rest of a house disappeared, and there's a pig in there and it just stares at you and blinks

The computer that's not hooked up to anything but it's always on and you can ask it questions

The other other Dylan that is older and limps and his arm is all withered and he asks us for food

All those dead little blue guys we killed with bug spray thinking they were beetles but it turns out they had like a whole civilization

A book with the weird words that make us dizzy

The super duper dirty magazines that are gross but there are also cool monster truck pictures so it's kinda worth looking at those magazines

A hotel concierge's desk with the bell on it that we're too afraid to ring

The woman that said she is god and she made us and everything else and she knows how everyone will die

Dad's high school football that we stole and accidentally threw onto the weird old barn

The huge field of marijuana plants that are like eight feet tall and slowly move around and if you stand real still they will gather around you and reach out to touch you

That dead hobo that we killed with rocks

A bunch of Halloween candy we stole from kids and stockpiled in a big bin

The thing that lives down in the burrow that we drop candy into and it sends vintage toys back to the surface

The big doe that we've seen a couple times knocking down birds nests and eating the baby birds

A huge in-ground swimming pool with a swastika painted on the bottom that usually fills up with rainwater and tadpoles

The genie that granted us all those wishes about finding better dirty magazines

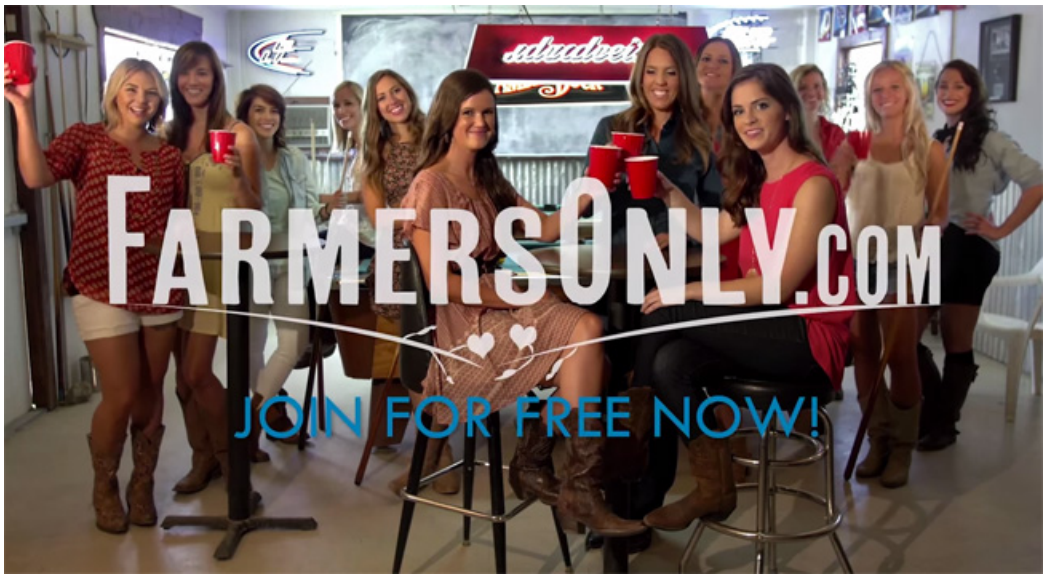
That box of super good dirty magazines where everybody is a celebrity like Super Dave Osborne or Angela Merkel

The TV that we can walk into to get back to home as a shortcut, but we never actually come out of a TV, which means we just keep going deeper and deeper into TVs. Which is cool.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.17 You Must Face the Elders for Breaking the One Rule of Farmers Only Dot Com

Monday, May 25, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Do as thou wilt, so long as thou art farmer. How hard is that, city slicker? You saw our commercial and you joined. We had one rule - one simple goddamn rule - and you broke it. Oh, no, you aren't leaving the romance barn today. Because the elders have been notified and they will be arriving shortly from the silo. Interlopers are entitled to no romance and no quarter. No more sipping the sweet brew from the red cups.

Did you think you could get away with it? Put on a western shirt and some blue jeans and you can fool all the yokels. Is that what you thought? You Warby Parker motherfucker. With your Coach boots and that piece of shit bolo tie. Farmers don't wear bolo ties. We don't wear any ties. They'll get caught in a combine.

I've always suspected you of being an impostor. You didn't know the farmer handshake, the farmer whistle or the farmer kiss. You didn't smell like the inside of a goat and all your denim shirts weren't sweat stained. We should have seen it all, but we weren't sure until we Googled your address.

For over seven thousand years, farmers have only intermingled their seed with other farmers. Human kinds have diverged, creating distinct races. We are the farmers, those of the old ways of the soil, the blood, and the leaf. You are the city monkeys, those of glass and electricity, who betray the origin of all life for the false pleasures of the machine.

Did you watch the finale of Mad Men? Oh, you did? You see, because I didn't, since I get up at

3 AM to milk my hogs and I go to bed exhausted and caked in manure at 7 PM. The only reason I've even heard about Mad Men is because a farmer was consulted for a horse scene. Oh, do not fear, his betrayal of our kind was punished. The nice thing about pigs is that they will dispose of whatever you need to dispose of, whether it's silage, garbage or a traitor.

Grain crops of the 21st century would be unrecognizable to farmers from 7,000 years ago. Thousands of generations of selective breeding have produced larger crops, resistant to pests, able to grow in more arid climates and survive harsher winters, and very resistant to the potent pesticides used to keep bugs off your plate. We farmers are the same way. Our careful policy has resulted in the eight foot tall, corn silk blond, permanently "farmer's tan" perfection of the men and women you see before you.

Do you feel that trembling beneath your $400 boots? That would be the approach of the elders. The sky darkens and the birds take flight by the hundreds. Thank your gods that you never touched a farmer's titty. If you had touched a farmer's titty or kissed them down south you would most certainly be facing corn rows. That's where they plant you in the ground so only your head is sticking up.

Behold the elders. Archer Daniels journeys from the Midlands, where soy blankets the land from horizon to horizon. Stag-headed John Deere presides over the corn and our Lady of DuPont makes the skies blue. Monsanto, faceless and inscrutable, heaves into our midst, a living rhizome, here, there and everywhere.

They chant, "Liar! Fraud! City monkey!"

I am afraid your punishment is clear. Banishment. For the remainder of your miserable, city-dwelling life, you will have to be lonely. We are terminating all access to Farmers Only Dot Com.

Also you are never allowed to eat corn again.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.18 Review of the Five Newest IPAs in Town

Tuesday, May 26, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Hop Teeth IPA

Established: 6 months ago

Distance from House: .7 miles

It's hard to believe that Hop Teeth IPA has been around for six months already. Though there are already seventy-two newer IPAs brewed within the same city mile, I still reach for this simple and rustic beer whenever I'm in the mood to taste my own bile. The first sip really highlights a bright front that will bring up summer memories if most of your summer memories involve putting D batteries against your tongue. The fuller body of Hop Teeth leaves a refreshing metallic hint on your pallet, as though you just shoved an entire catalytic converter in your mouth. The beer tastes so much like copper that some hillbilly in a Dodge truck tried to scrap it. That's a joke. Ultimately, this wonderful beer tastes the way a concussion feels.

American Hopper IPA

Established: 7 days ago

Distance from House: 1.2 miles

American Hopper Brewery was founded seven days ago and their introductory IPA is already trending. The first thing that caught my eye was the color--a dark maple that resembles the sludgewater that builds up in abandoned tires on the side of the highway. Upon drinking, American Hopper IPA starts with an upfront citrus bite not unlike orange juice left in your car over the weekend before ending with a bitter finish that's like eating a whole bunch of Sour Patch Kids all at once but without any of the fun. My mouth was one giant canker sore before I finished the pint, but I really enjoyed the rustic patriotic brand that this brewery is going for.

Mountain Edge Hops IPA

Established: 2 months ago

Distance from House: .4 miles

Mountain Edge Brewery has only released one beer so far and it was mostly foam and listeria, but their stylish, rustic flannel show that they have what it takes to create a great IPA. The color is most similar to urine after a diet of beets and about six or seven punches square to the kidney, and the beer tastes like it's given you a bloody nose or at least makes you think that you have one. It's a complex feeling that's hard to explain, but it's the same taste that a meat packing plant puts in the night air. It reminds me of home. I also enjoy the rustic name Mountain Edge despite there

being zero mountains within three states.

Silk Almond Milk

I don't know how this got mixed in, but I thought I'd put it in. The drink had the white appearance of almond milk and the taste was smooth and a bit sweet, again, similar to almond milk. Also, it was almond milk.

Hopxecution IPA

Established: today

Distance from House: 0.0 miles

The wizards at Hopxecution have done it again, this time with an experimental Double IPA where all hops have been replaced with another IPA and *then* brewed *again.* Though dark in color, it somehow tastes like you mixed salt water with the crusted toothpaste that collects the rim of your bathroom sink. If you've ever wanted to put Vaseline in a Sodastream, this is your beer! If I had one suggestion, the experience could use a more rustic branding. Overall, another boundary pushing beer from the people over at Hopxecution Brewery. It makes you wonder what wonderful beers my children will make once they finish high school.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.19 Plot Points for Under the Dome Seasons 3 Through 10

Wednesday, May 27, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Under the Dome is a tv show about a town under a dome. It's based on Stephen King book about a town under a dome. King based this novel upon an idea he had about a town under a dome.

I watched the first episode and confirmed it was yet another lesser Stephen King adaptation. We're talking The Langoliers, not The Shining. Stilted and occasionally goofy enough to be fun, but not "I'll sit through twenty hours of this" fun.

Now, inexplicably, season three is looming over us like some sort of dome. Season one's plot asked whether or not the town could get out from under the dome. Apparently the answer was "no". Season two asked "I guess we're really stuck, huh?" and the answer was "yup".

Take an ordinary town. Boring. Add a dome. Voila! Three seasons of intrigue.

How will the show keep things fresh this season? What plot developments can the writers possibly scrounge up to keep stretching what should have been a four part mini-series into an indefinite production? I have a few ideas.

The first post-dome child is born. This brief moment of joy is ruined when its parents realize the birth certificate lists the child's name as Bad Dome. Now that's the baby's name forever. They can't do anything about it, either. It's an official document. Who could have done something like this? Kyle, the town villain, watches from his hiding place in a nearby bush and laughs so hard his shades almost fall off.

When he accidentally drops a bowl and watches it land upside down, Joe finds himself overcome by inspiration. He gathers a group of main characters and they set off on a journey. The purpose, he explains, is to make sure the dome is still there. Because if it's not there, they can leave. When they reach the dome they make sure it's there. It is. Dang.

Two attractive characters obviously like one another, but they don't kiss or bone. It always seems like one of them is disinterested or distracted when the other one is pining for them. Finally in a vulnerable moment the two lean in for a tender kiss. One of them stops, turning aside. "I love you," they say, "but the dome..."

Outside of the dome, a scientist makes a shocking discovery. By analyzing the surface of the dome with a fancy sounding device, she finds that there are actually two layers to the dome separated by a millimeter. The town hasn't been living under a dome. All this time, it's actually been living under TWO DOMES. This could be a season cliffhanger.

Bickering siblings use chalk to draw a line down the dome's center, dividing the town in half. You won't believe the surprising alliances that form as old friends square off and bitter rivals become uneasy partners.

Turns out the only object that can pass through the dome's mysterious surface is the newest Ford Fusion. Everyone in the town loves this car, and several impressed characters talk about the features they like the most.

The mayor calls a town hall meeting. On the agenda, a vote to determine what people think of the dome. After an intense sequence of debate and personal politicking, the final vote tally is 65% against the dome, 35% for it.

In the town diner a couple of tough farmer type guys are grumbling about the dome. "I'd like to get my hands on the sumbitch responsible for that thing," says one. In the booth next to them, the town priest lays a newspaper over his magic lamp and slowly slides it off the table with a nervous glance.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.20 Even I Can't Believe I'm Not Dead

Thursday, May 28, 2015 by Zimmerman

Boy, it sure has been one thing after another for old Georgie Boy over here. You'd think that after proving my innocence in a court of law, people would give me the benefit of the doubt, but these days you can't even fire a handgun at someone without them firing back! I don't think I need to tell you how different things were as recently as 2012, when a man could use lethal force to protect his community without being second-guessed. Not that I want to *directly* blame Obama's reelection for this state of affairs, but hey: Now that I put the idea out there, you go ahead and chew on it for a while.

I'm Zimmerman.

It's been a while since I last checked in, and even though I've suffered a few scrapes, things are actually looking up for The Zimmerman. Let me tell you, that "to have and to hold" stuff may sound good on paper, but just try murdering a teenager, and you'll see how flaky the bonds of matrimony can be. Lucky for me, women looove bad boys. You think you're hot with your Yosemite Sam "BACK OFF" mudflaps, big guy? Well, my Wikipedia article says I'm best known for straight up icing a dude, and the ladies seem to appreciate that. Just last week, I had some foxy thing over to Casa Zimmerman for a screening of the *Taken* trilogy, and she only told me to stop cheering and whooping twice before leaving halfway through the second film--not that I blame her. Even *I* think that one's intense, and I watched a child bleed out on the sidewalk!

As a matter of fact, my OkCupid account has been blowing up since I left the Ice Queen, and even though most of the girls I encounter end up stealing things from my apartment to later sell on eBay, I'm meeting new people, and my life coach says that'll help me actualize my full potential. He sings a much different tune than the last guy, who wouldn't shut up about my "anger problems," even with revolver jammed into his temple. You want a restraining order, buddy? I'll tell you what I tell everyone else: get in line. I've certainly been keeping those paper-pushing pencilnecks of the "justice" system rolling in court fees these days. Lattes are on me this week, boys.

It's been a wild ride for old Zimzy these past few years--sometimes, even I can't believe I'm still alive. Whether dealing with thugs trying to make improvised explosives out of iced tea and Skittles, or putting up with road ragers who don't understand my gun gives me the right of way, it's hard to shake the feeling that I've always got five stars in this Grand Theft Auto known as life. With someone of my celebrity status, it's definitely hard to hold down a typical 9-to-5, but thankfully, special interest groups on the Internet have made it so my freezer is never low on Omaha Steaks.

And with their generous cash donations, these kind folks send me inspirational messages like "keep thinning out their ranks," which obviously refers to those who doubt my innocence. It's been a uphill climb convincing people these multiple felonies were just simple misunderstandings, but, on the positive side of things, my status as a martyr has brought me into contact with several prominent Conservative politicians, who are doing everything they can to show how I've upheld our God-given Constitutional rights. Except that David Duke guy--he invited himself over, and then he just wouldn't leave. Ironically, I wish *I* had a restraining order when he pulled out that book of historical lynching photos! Let's just say we as a people learned *a lot* about framing in the last 80 years. Yeesh.

It's been a rough few years, Zimmermaniancs, but I haven't been beaten yet. Shot at? Yes. But not beaten. Hell, I just entered my thirties, so a guy like me has nowhere to go but up! I've even toyed with the idea of teaching a self-defense course, where students can learn how to keep themselves safe from the scum of the streets from the safety of their cars. Our legal system may frown on citizens firing indiscriminately from their driver's seats, but, I ask you, what would any honest, hardworking American be doing just *walking around outside*? Every minute I'm not behind the wheel is a minute that Buick dealership is pulling one over on The Zimster, and I make sure to take up *all* of the bike lane just to make sure other consumers aren't falling for the same trick. Do I consider myself a hero? Yes. And if that NRA-funded biopic ever comes to pass, maybe the world will finally understand why.

–∼Zimmerman

5.21 You'll Never Believe What Different Countries Are Searching for On HornySearch

Friday, May 29, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

hornysearch

HornySearch has released its 2015 most popular search terms from around the world. What sort of porn are people looking for? The similarities can be as interesting as the differences.

USA

1. Mom and Chester Cheetah
2. Chester Cheetah Cum Compilation
3. surprise he gay Chester Cheetah
4. cash 4 Chester Cheetah bus
5. Chester Cheetah cuckold

Canada

1. Horny Chester Cheetah
2. Chester Cheetah red shithole
3. Chester Cheetah Cum Compilation
4. pool titty Chester Cheetah
5. Chester Cheetah ruined orgasm

Mexico

1. workout mom and Chester Cheetah
2. Chester Cheetah Cum Compilation
3. Chester Cheetah gay car hole wreck
4. Teen Chester Cheetah natural
5. Chester Cheetah babysitter pov

Russia

1. Adidas slut Chester Cheetah
2. Chester Cheetah Cum Compilation
3. backroom Chester Cheetah POV
4. Chester Cheetah raw bareback
5. tracksuit Chester Cheetah pov squat

India

1. Big balls dad insults Chester Cheetah
2. Chester Cheetah Cum Compilation
3. desi mom catches Chester Cheetah
4. sexy big balls dad Chester Cheetah
5. huge balls on desi Chester Cheetah

Japan

1. USA ghetto Snack Cat Man
2. Snack Cat Man Cum Compilation
3. newscaster Snack Cat Man time stop
4. sentai Snack Cat Man bad end
5. Snack Cat Man sister hot springs

China

1. Chester Cheetah usa bad fuck
2. Chester Cheetah Cum Compilation
3. Chester Cheetah breast
4. Chester Cheetah ass witch
5. Chester Cheetah mother hands

UK

1. dogging with chester crisps
2. Chester Crisps Cum Compilation
3. chester crisps pov on me mobile
4. back fanny snogging chester crisps
5. cheetahs I'd be chuffed to fuck

France

Germany

1. usa chester cheetah tourist fuck
2. Chester Cheetah Cum Compilation
3. chester cheetah spanking sister
4. frot chester cheetah
5. teen chester cheetah busted ring

1. slave xxx chester cheetah
2. Chester Cheetah Cum Compilation
3. chester cheetah cbt
4. toilet pov chester
5. prolapse chester cheetah

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 The Final Diary Entry of the Brooding Idiot From Hatred

Monday, Jun 01, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

(In a particularly bad version of the Batman raspy voice)

May Whatever, 2000 Who Gives a Shit?

Dear Diary, I hate you as much as all the others.

Another worm looked at me on the bus. I feel cold bitter hatred for the bus. It is a tin can full of rotten maggots. I can't wait to make them pay for everything they have done. Their screams will be a symphony for me. Especially the bus driver. He makes me pay in exact change. I hope he accepts 45 calibers of bullet.

Was a minute late to the tomb called my office. I can't wait to repaint it with their pitiful blood. My supervisor offered me a raise today. Pitiful. It was less than I expected. I wanted to vomit in his sickening face. No more mercy. It is time to quit this job the only way I know how: through hell.

When I start killing, I am going to make them all beg for their worthless lives. The more they beg, the slower I'll kill them, until the pathetic begging they are doing is begging to die. In screams. I am disgusted by them and my veins are frozen with the scorching ice of my hatred. But they will know what they have done when I take their lives.

The human turds living all around me are sickening me with their stink. I can't wait to turn them into dead meat. Dead turd meat. They are a virus and I am the cure of vengeance. I cure all these disgusting turds. Flush them away to a frozen hell.

Sandwich Expert asked me if I wanted a toasted bun. His buns will be toasted when I start killing and I'm not stopping until they're all on the ground and dead. The human shields can't stop me.

Just more meat for the meat mill. More blood for the blood sewer.

She should have dated me. I was a nice guy. But the pitiful worms called girls just want real men with real cool trench coats to be friends. Well, I'm not your friend, Marcia, I'm your worst fucking nightmare. I am carnage manifested in a cool single guy you should have dated. Instead you dated another sheep and I'm here with the shears.

A full genocide crusade is my only dream now. The destruction of all of these putrid lives waiting to be ended. I'm going to end them too. I will slaughter them all where they stand. Their suffering will be a hamburger and their cries of pain the steak sauce. Do I want fries with that? Yeah, fried sheep, dipped in blood.

The first one I kill is going to be mom. Because, guess what, you disgusting mound of bones: I wanted Mario Party 10 for the WiiU, not 9 which is for the Wii. I already had that. But I guess you're just another worm waiting to be stepped on by the heel of cold truth. It's coming, mom. And you'll wish you had fucking listened to me instead of the guy at Gamestop.

The killing starts tomorrow. Tonight I prepare for the slaughter. I need my strength and my chicken tendies. The worthless carcass called my mom better not have overcooked them.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.2 Geralt of Rivia: Legendary Witcher, Idiot, Occasionally In Control of His Body

Tuesday, Jun 02, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Geralt of Rivia is a formidable opponent. His lithe body has been enhanced by mutagens, granting him uncanny powers and senses. Make the mistake of challenging him to a fight and you'll soon find yourself overwhelmed by a flurry of blades, magic, bombs, potions, and crossbow bolts.

Also, Geralt breaks his ankles when he steps down from a height of more than three inches. If he were to hop over a waist-high fence his body would reach terminal velocity, exploding into paste and white stubble when it came into contact with the soft grass on the other side.

He moves like a toddler learning to walk. Geralt goes from a trudging stroll to a full-on sprint without any transition at all. When he tries to loot a container he often misses and mistakenly interacts with a nearby candle. In combat he doesn't have precise control over his body, just vague suggestions of direction. It's like there's a panning camera beyond his control, and his movements are sort of relative to the position of that camera, but not quite. Geralt never knows when his attack will be an overhand slash, or a dash forward, or a lunge, or how far he will move during that attack, or whether he will hit the enemy he is facing, or whether he will perform a dazzlingly useless pirouette.

Geralt of Rivia is far too cool to waste his time on dumb shit. He shakes his head and sighs as quest givers go off on narrow-minded, superstitious tangents. He is constantly having casual sex with powerful and interesting sorceresses who use magic to make themselves unnaturally attractive. They see him as a fun diversion, as he is worldly and rugged and amusing.

Also, Geralt is obsessed with a collectible card game called Gwent. Sometimes after a grueling quest he will stand amidst a pile of corpses and reorganize his army's cards. He is driven by a compulsion to collect all the rare cards. A "hullo" will barely leave a merchant's mouth before Geralt - shifting impatiently from one foot to the other - blurts out "Wanna play Gwent?"

Geralt of Rivia is a master negotiator. He influences kings, trades quips with scholars and assassins, and peacefully solves conflicts by convincing intelligent monsters to open up about their problems.

Also, Geralt gets ripped off by every merchant in the known world. This pile of swords is worth 5,000 crowns. He knows because the information panel says so, clear as day. So why is this guy offering Geralt 30 crowns? While negotiating a contract's rewards, Geralt could only haggle the quest giver to pay one crown more than the starting bid. Again, convincer of kings over here. Getting ripped off by people who don't even have proper names. This guy is literally named "Peasant" and his pal is "Blacksmith".

Geralt of Rivia is a master detective. He's been around for more than a hundred years, in which time he has accumulated a wealth of knowledge about monsters, legends, herbology, crime scenes, politics, and geography. His witcher sense allows him to scan his surroundings and hone in on clues. He's basically Batman with a Bat-Computer in his head.

Also, Geralt can't solve the mystery of inventory management. He opens his bag and is greeted with a whirlwind of garbage. There are around three hundred types of flowers in there, eighty different crafting components, and ten treasure maps that he's afraid to throw out because he's not sure which maps he's used and which ones he has yet to follow. Then there are the old and useless pieces of equipment that might be upgraded one day, thirty five honeycombs, and, of course, more than a dozen dog livers.

Seems like a lot of stuff, because it is. Geralt can manage just fine though. Unless he loots a cloth shirt. Then he'll be overburdened, and will have to do his wobbly toddler walk to get ripped off by the nearest merchant.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.3 SkyMall Product Reviews: Giant Red King Crab Statue

Wednesday, Jun 03, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> We provide everything but the butter! Our exclusive, larger-than-life Colossal Crustacean King Crab statue is a perfect visual delicacy near a pond, bar or pool. Complete with pinchers, claws and nested legs, this titanic Crab sculpture boasts a three foot width, easily spotted in deep seas or in your party room.

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Seaworthy from Anacortes, WA

A fitting tribute to Crabnar, our Lord and Savior from the Briny Depths below.

I shall pray always to this altar, and make sacrifices worthy of His Succulence.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating: ★★★★☆

By Francis from Bend, OR

Very lifelike, except for size which is bigger than normal.

Pros: Looks the part!

Cons: CLAWS WON'T LET GO OF MY INNER THIGH, and my wife thinks I'm faking it. I have soiled myself multiple times, and still she refuses to help. I CAN'T CALL 911 FROM AN IPAD, so please somebody help.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆

By Mall Wonder from Rapid City, SD

I can't afford this thing, but I really, really, really, reaaaaallllly want it. Would anyone here be willing to go halves with me? We can split it evenly, 50/50. I would prefer to do that than deal with sharing it. Half of this thing will satisfy all my needs.

Age: 21-25

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By SkyHighMike from Scranton, PA

This is the first and only statue I've been able to afford ever, and I promise you I am both ready to treasure it and prepared to maintain it.

You have not made a mistake selling me King Crab Statue (SKU: 29439GRP). I will not let you down, SkyMall. I intend to send you regular updates throughout my life keeping you abreast of any and all developments.

Once again, thank you for this opportunity. It means a lot to me.

Thank you. Thank you. THANK YOU!

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating:

By ANGRY MAN from Broken Arrow, OK

This expensive purchase failed to impress my friends and rivals, which was the only reason I bought it. Most people suggested I was compensating for something, even though I assured them I am well within the margin of error for average size.

I dumped him back in the sea, where he belongs. It was a long drive and huge waste of gas money. Thanks for nothing, a******s.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating:

By Gun Showman from Rockford, IL

THIS GUY IS HEAVY. I didn't count on that, and it ruined my Big Plan (wrestling it in my yard to impress Gladys across the street). I was out of breath just dragging it outside, and then was not able to lift it off me once I pretended like it had pinned me down. I ended up spending a couple days on the lawn, trapped under him. Don't think I'll be getting to second base with Gladys anytime soon, but King Crab isn't the worst company.

Age: 51-55

Customer Rating:

By Lance in Kalamazoo, MI

King Crab, and what a pretentious name that is, really pushed my buttons. I'm fed up with him, and I'm kicking him out. If anybody wants him, you can find him rotting in the middle of Kalamazoo and Burdick, where I abandoned him to die.

I will not be welcoming this crustacean back into my home under any circumstances. You had your chance. You blew your chance.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating:

By Burton from Conway, AR

I did not purchase this crab myself. I am writing this review on behalf of my brother, Ronald, who has spent damn near every penny he owns (and a hell of a lot he doesn't) buying these King Crab Statues. At last count, I think he has 15, and a few more are already on the way.

I don't know why he is buying them, or why he is stacking them up in the backyard creating a giant pillar. He won't tell me. He won't talk to me anymore, and when he does talk it doesn't make a lick of sense. Something about the sea boiling and the great reign ending.

I hate King Crab and all he stands for. I want him dead, and I want every last one of these statues destroyed. That's why it pains me so much to give King Crab a perfect five star review, the highest review possible, because it has given Ronald so much purpose and joy. From the bottom of my heart, thank you SkyMall. My gratitude is matched only by my hatred for King Crab, who is an evil force. An evil force bringing so much happiness to my brother. So thanks again.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating:

By Dad4Life from Fort Collins, CO

For the same price, you can eat a lethal amount of real crab meat. That's exactly what I intend to do. I love you Maggie, Jimmy, Susan and Bryce. Your daddy is so proud of you, and know you will all have a great life. Be kind to your mother.

Age: 41-45

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.4 Freakypizza: The Legend of Grout Man

Thursday, Jun 04, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

One day when I was eighteen, my friends Jake and Elliot and I were in the woods, filming our high-school multimedia project, a movie called "Halloween Truck." It was about a truck that was evil because the Druids used it to haul the rocks to build Stonehenge. We were shooting the last scene, where the truck did pentagram-shaped donuts in a field, when Jake's truck ran out of gas.

"This is bad," Elliot said. "These woods are haunted by Grout Man."

"Who?"

Elliot told us the legend of Grout Man, a ghostly being who used his psychic powers to make teenagers steal grout and bring it to his mansion in the woods. He then made them grout the tiles on his patio for all eternity.

"That's stupid," Jake said. "If he's rich enough to have a mansion, why doesn't he just buy the grout?"

"It's his way of getting revenge on this town for not giving him a zoning permit for his patio," Elliot explained.

Jake and I both laughed at Elliot's story, but secretly I think we were a little freaked out. I decided to keep the camera rolling.

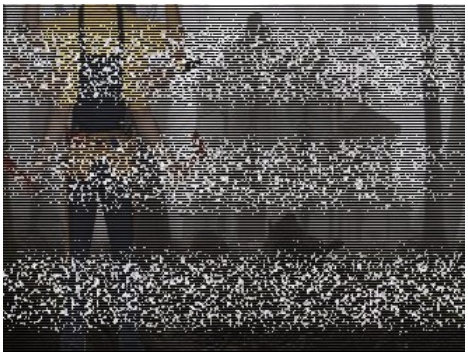
We walked home down a maze of trails. In the late-afternoon light the dead trees looked eerie, like cracks in the tile of the sky. From time to time, I thought I heard a weird sound, like a grout scraper scraping against bark. Just as the sun set, we stepped into a clearing we hadn't been to before.

"Look!" Elliot yelled.

In the middle of the clearing there were hundreds of old grout buckets, stacked into a giant pyramid. Next to them was an equally tall stack of patio tiles.

"Let's get out of here," I said.

But before we could leave, there was a flash of light and a man appeared in front of us. He looked like Bob Vila, but shown at the wrong aspect ratio so he was really tall and thin. He also had multiple arms, which were holding various grouting tools.



"Hello, boys," he said. "Would you care to bring these buckets to my mansion?"

"So we can work forever on your patio?" Jake said. "Forget it."

"I know my patio might take an eternity to finish," Grout Man said. "But imagine the parties you could throw on an infinite patio."

We all agreed that an endless patio party sounded awesome, so we picked up buckets and followed Grout Man toward the edge of the clearing. We were about to step into the woods when I realized that something was wrong.

"Wait," I said. "This guy looks like he's in his forties. He's probably one of those old dudes who parties with teenagers so they think he's cool, but he's really got a criminal record and does prep at Chilis, and when he's drunk he tells the same five stories over and over again, and if you try to drown him out by turning up the music he just talks louder."

"You're right," Jake said. "He must have us under some weird mind control. Run!"

We dropped the grout and ran down the trail leading home. Grout Man chased us but he was old and weak and basically pathetic so we outran him easily.

We never saw or heard from Grout Man again, but our movie got an F - when we showed it to the class it was just a grouting tutorial video. I've pretty much forgotten about that evening, except that sometimes, around twilight, if I look at the grout in a public bathroom I hear faint party music, and what sounds like people playing beer pong.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

6.5 Slavoj Zizek's Board Game Reviews

Friday, Jun 05, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

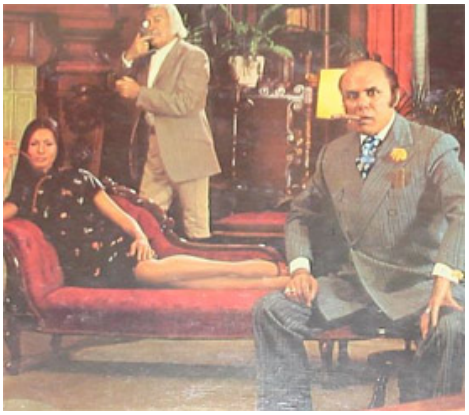
Hungry, Hungry Hippos

It was Lacan who expanded upon Hegel's *begierde*; to answer desire we must name it. Unspoken, the hippo remains always hungry, hungry. A shapeless yearning without voice drives the consumption inherent in latter day capitalism. We can be certain that the constant ingestion of spheres is not the actual desire of the hippos or they would become sated. Instead, they are endlessly hungry. For sexual gratification? For a mother's love?

The spheres-as-signifiers, orbs without sustenance, are perfect, globular carbohydrates not so different from the cheese puffs which I previously ingested without ceasing. There is an outlet mall where you can walk in with any container and they will fill it with cheese puffs for ten dollars. I have developed a sealed wheelbarrow which can maintain freshness and I asked several friends to accompany me with these wheelbarrows. I filled an entire auditorium with the cheese puffs, inviting friends and students to take the seats and to listen to my desires as I ate my way to them. My needs were spoken by the act of ingestion, by the crunch of my teeth and the glugging of my stomach.

It was only as cheese dust caked my beard and shirt, only as I soiled my olive colored trousers with sweat, that it became clear I confronted the wrong desires. By answering our desires with falsehood we are no better than the hippos and are as doomed as they to repeat their mistakes. The desire we force upon the hippo is a desire for victory. Not lasting or meaningful. Victory cannot be touched. It can only be clackingly chomped, forever and ever, leaving unfulfilled hunger.

Clue



In the American television show *Columbo* there is a scene in every episode where the detective named Columbo badgers the person the viewer knows to be guilty with seemingly innocuous questions until the perpetrators inevitably break down and confess their crime. Columbo is using the classic Freudian analytical technique to attempt to ascertain the killer's motive (desire) and means for murder. He is the classical symbol of the detective. But I put forward Columbo and the very idea of the detective is actually a retelling of the myth of the Clue board game, which Lacan points out, existed recognizably in cultures long before the detective. Mysteries date back to early Iranian and African tribal cultures and the means for solving them predate detectives.

In this way the chronologically later implementation of the Clue board game is actually rooted in a much older tradition than detective stories from which it seems to derive. Therefore the movie of Clue, derived from the board game, is actually a purer form of the detective story. And the solution to each game of Clue can be found within the film using careful questioning.

The multiple endings available to this incredible film slip out from under Marxist analysis. We are the detective. It is mystery, we find, not the detective (as the structuring principle) as Marx believed, which "encounters itself in its oppositional determination," as Marx put it, using the precise Hegelian term. We are all Columbo, questioning ourselves and our own mysteries. In those answers we will find the parlor scene leading to fulfillment.

Settlers of Catan

It is precisely the concept of Catan which a non-settler defines himself in counterpoint. One can easily transpose Zionism onto this scenario, or the North American excuse of Manifest Destiny, both of which envision the act of settlement as a necessary violence grounded in religious logic. Jean-Claude Milner in his reply to Alain Badiou's *The Century* suggested, to paraphrase his meaning, that no word induces greater divisions than that of "settler."

The robber is not the settler. The robber takes. He is the counterpoint to global capitalism and the extreme manifestation of liberal revolutionary ideology as antisemitism.

The settlements themselves arrive on Catan effortlessly, perhaps transported pre-fabricated in the manner of a house moved on a truck. The forebears, or benefactors, of the settlers have brought this ideology without need for assembly. It is itself the purpose. Become the settler or define yourself as non-settler of Catan. Recognize, at last, that refusing to participate in the birth of nation-states, to eliminate yourself from history, can be the only ethically pure choice. For all others, Milner's robber awaits.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.6 We Were Gutted To Repeatedly Read That You're Done With Game of Thrones

Monday, Jun 08, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We saw that you posted on your Facebook, Linked In, Ello, and in five different comments threads on recap sites that you no longer intend to watch HBO's *Game of Thrones*. We saw that you tweeted the #IQuitGameofThrones hashtag. Because of the bad thing. We know the one. We understand your reasoning, they definitely did cross a line this time, but we hope you reconsider. We're all just sick about it, to be honest. Wrecked. Don't know if we can go on like this for long.

Keep watching it, please! Slow down and think about the magnitude of the decision you are making. If you stop watching this you are hurting everyone you love and all of your friends. What is it going to take to get you to reconsider?

The other bad thing was bad. What they did to that character was unforgivable. The one with the girl wearing sweater plate mail. It was pointlessly cruel. And then the other other bad thing was even worse. And now this bad thing? Well, we get it. We totally sympathize with you not watching *Game of Thrones*. BUT have you thought about maybe still watching *Game of Thrones*? Instead of not watching it you could actually watch it. Please?

We know you think it's real bad. But as a counterpoint, maybe think about that it is actually real good.

To be honest, we're worried about self harm here. Suicidal ideation is possible. If you are willing to give up on *Game of Thrones* because of what they did to a character, there might be all sorts of other drastic decisions you are willing to take based on gritty fantasy epics. You haven't bought a gun have you? You're not planning to watch the original Conan we hope. This is about your safety after a certain point.

You can't appreciate how this will hurt those around you until a couple days have gone by and you have seen those looks from your friends and those desperate, hurt expressions from your family. PLEASE KEEP WATCHING *GAME OF THRONES*. You've made your point. We know we can lose you on this. We know you're willing to do anything. But just keep watching it.

Think of everyone who is counting on you to watch the show. All those thousands you know personally and the millions counting on you around the world. We have faith in you to come around to the right decision.

Game of Thrones watching status: doing it? We can only hope you make the correct decision. We will be praying for you and for the show.

Amanda Nelson
@ImAmandaNelson
Follow
Sorta glad I never started watching Game of Thrones so I don't have to now quit watching Game of Thrones

Oh you fucking *monster*!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.7 Spotify's New Income Generating Updates

Tuesday, Jun 09, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

- Free users will hear one repeated featured commercial for thirty days. This month's commercial is for Arby's. It features Pitbull.
- During peak hours (6am – 2am), free service is limited to the Now That's What I Call Music discography.
- Arby's commercials are played three times in a row after every other song, providing full integration between user and Pitbull. The commercial is accompanied with a video that cannot be minimized. It also features Pitbull.
- Fun New Feature: Interactive Social Dynamic. Spotify will now begin broadcasting to all your friends that you've been listening to Bare Naked Ladies – One Week on repeat. It will show up on your profile. It will be shared in the social feed. The more songs you play to cover it up, the more it will appear. To remove yourself from the Interactive Social Dynamic, free users simply need to pay a BNL microtransaction.

- All Arby commercial volume is to be played seven times louder than music to ensure that free user will be jolted out of any focus, ensuring the Arby sandwich and Pitbull receive maximum attention.
- Mandatory Rest Period will take place for the last ten minutes of every hour. During this time, free users will be unable to stream, but can freely listen to whatever mp3s they can scavenge from their iTunes circa 2009.

- Music will grow quieter each song until it becomes inaudible to the human ear all together. Music will begin again once user completes microtransaction reinstatement. Commercials will remain available during any stoppages with volume unchanged. [Available to free users only]
- Fun New Feature: Computerized Pitbull Remix (CPR). Spotify is proud to announce the next step in automated DJ algorithms, adding Pitbull interjections about roast beef to your song regardless of genre. providing a seamless integration between your music, Pitbull, and Arby's.
- BNL microtransactions must be paid through fifteen separate transactions within Spotify, each interrupted with loud Arby's videos.
- For a onetime purchase, free users can equip a variation of the CPR system, where the Arby's CEO talks about Pitbull in the middle of your songs.
- Free users are still allowed to click Private Session, but the tracklist is immediately posted on their Facebook timeline with the headline "Weird music listened to by your friend... They hate this!"
- Spotify might actually make you pay.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.8 I'm On Your Team, Standing Still

Wednesday, Jun 10, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Quake 2. Capture the flag. Well, that's the idea. You're swinging across the map with a grappling gun in one hand and the enemy's flag on your back, trailed by a cloud of shotgun and energy blasts. The calculation of your trajectory and the timing of each grapple shot/release have become pure instinct. You're in the zone. You let go and spin, launching a grenade in a curving arc in your pursuers' path, then whip back around and fire another hook into the ceiling without missing a beat.

Impossibly, your grenade blast takes out two enemies. The capture point is only steps away when a third pursuer's railgun turns you into a pile of gibs. Your last sight: Me, your teammate, in a running animation with my face buried in the wall, where I have been for the last ten minutes.

Rainbow Six: Rogue Spear. We go through the planning phase, laying out coordinated door breaches, smoke grenades, and window smashes. Our strategy is precise and granular, down to the exact angle our AI followers should cover at every given position on the map we're about to clear.

The missions starts. You go through the plan, calling out codewords for each phase. I stand at my team's insertion point outside the museum. After three minutes I slowly turn around and put a silenced bullet in the skull of my three AI squad mates, then drop a grenade at my feet.

Battlefield 1942. Hey. Hey. Hey. I call for a pick up. Hey. You hit the brakes on your jeep and back up. I don't move. Hey. Hey. I need a ride. Hey. Hey. You honk the horn. I don't move. You whip the mouse up and down, then left and right, your character shaking his head. Hey. Hey. Hey. I still don't get in the jeep. You drive away. In the chat I type something equal parts racist and homophobic.

World of Warcraft. The group is waiting outside the entrance to the dungeon. Hold on, guys, I say. On my way. You open the map and find me at the auction house. Ten minutes later, I'm still there. Half an hour later, I finally move, to the mailbox, then log out.

Gears of War. Go on without me. Do what you must. I am here to rev the chainsaw on my gun. Nothing more, nothing less.

Team Fortress 2. I'm not in it for the hats. Those idlers are passionless amateurs. I'm here to make you wonder what the heck I'm doing every time you spawn and run past me. I'll know my job is done when you stop to hit me with a shovel or frying pan. I've got a meatspin.gif spray and every key is mapped to my taunt animation. Let's do this.

Bloodborne. Ready to go kill this spider boss? Great! You summon me. I'll wave, bow, and follow you through the gate. Then I'll stand still. The real Dark Souls ends here.

Splatoon. Look, I don't even have to be good at shooting people. All I have to do is hit the ground. That's it. Put some paint on the ground. It's the least someone can do. I look around slowly. Take

a few cautious steps. Look at the ground. And stay still for minutes at a time, occasionally going back to the spawn point.

I have always been here and will be forever more. This is what I do. The service I offer is crucial, making the multiplayer games you enjoy far more memorable. All I ask in turn is that you don't confuse me with Bad Connection Player.

(This update was inspired by an offhand Bob Mackey comment about idlers in Splatoon, which made me think about Quake 2 because I am decrepit and out of touch. If today's article leads to a book deal or a movie adaptation, he is legally entitled to half my profits after they exceed one billion dollars.)

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.9 Jeb Bush's SparkNotes

Thursday, Jun 11, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Recently, it was revealed that Jeb Bush--one of the lesser but presumably more competent Bushes--had a rather unique interpretation of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*: a novel typically taught to high school students because of its explicit symbolism. We enjoyed Mr. Bush's laser-focused literary analysis so much that we asked him to synopsize some of the English language's other great novels, and he cheerfully agreed. And just in case he asks, we *definitely* donated $50,000 to a VA hospital in his name.

Animal Farm
A troublesome horse tries to gum the gears of Capitalism, and is rightfully turned into glue for interfering with the free market. The entrepreneurial spirit of those delightful pigs makes this a recommended read for the future business leaders of America.

To Kill A Mockingbird
A liberal lawyer unsuccessfully plays the race card, only to have his client escape like the criminal he is and shot before he can pose a further threat to the community. Outside of the important message that the disabled should be shuttered in creepy houses, Harper Lee's single novel is barely relevant in this time of racial harmony.

1984
An ignorant man opposes a well-organized and Conservative government of the future, one that we in the Republican Party are working towards every day. Really shows the effectiveness of enhanced interrogation, and I've already spoken to top brass at the Pentagon about this whole "rat cage strapped to the face" idea.

The Grapes of Wrath
The Joad family admirably struggles to make it during the Dust Bowl, but ends up falling victim to the misleading ways of organized labor unions. Normally, I'd recommend a novel with such a message, but the scene with the woman breastfeeding the man at the end is downright pornographic. Rest assured, I've already had several Florida libraries remove this smut from their shelves.

Lolita
An accomplished writer ends up falling victim to the temptations of a young harlot. In the end, a great moral for our Republican brothers to keep these career-destroying proclivities within the bounds of their East Asian sex vacations, as God intended.

Watchmen
The Sunday funnies take a disgustingly ribald turn thanks to the efforts of "writer" Alan Moore. I read 300 pages of this trash without seeing a single punchline about golf or gigantic sandwiches. Give me a *Blondie* treasury any old day!

A Christmas Carol
Demonic spirits of the occult convince an honest business owner to give his shirking employee a paid holiday. While the presence of Tiny Tim shows the repercussions of the poor's irresponsible lifestyles, I cannot possibly condone such a Satanic novel. Don't quit your day job, Chuck!

The Lord of the Rings Trilogy
Brave European warriors fight through three books to push back the evil dark races. I'm not sure why, but J.R.R. Tolkien really speaks to me, and gives me feelings I will have to consult my pastor about later. Warning: contains a few dozen pages of fruity poetry, so you might want to have some boys down at the Junior College black those parts out before you read.

Invisible Man
Be warned, fans of classic monster movies: Ralph Ellison's bait-and-switch has nothing to do with the legendary scarifying figure of the same name. So what's it about? Unfortunately, I gave up around 40 pages in when the author made it perfectly clear *no one* was going to drink a potion. Something about the Blacks, I think? Your guess is as good as mine.

Gravity's Rainbow
I cannot make hide nor hair of this absolute horseshit.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.10 Women Are Not Capable of Understanding Robocop

Friday, Jun 12, 2015 by Kyle Smith (@sexyfacts4u)

The first time I saw "Robocop" was in my dreams. My cyborg cop dreams, where the streets were so mean they needed a cop who was more than human. Paul Verhoven finally made my dreams into a movie and when the credits rolled I was in a daze. I turned to my hot babe girlfriend and said, "What'd you think?"

"I liked the lady cop," she said.

"No, no you didn't," I pointed out. "The movie is called 'Robocop' not 'Ladycop.' One of those things is ridiculous and here's a hint about which one: it's a girl. Now duck down with me between the seats. I want to watch it again."

"You're not paying me enough for this," she said and stormed out, her lack of understanding as ridiculous as the pantyhose she was wearing with her short-shorts. It was as I walked out of that theater several hours later that I realized why my date for the night had so rudely departed: women are incapable of understanding "Robocop." It's not a regular cop film like "Dirty Harry" or a war movie like "Dirty Dozen" or even a comedy like "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels." "Robocop" is a male fantasy - "Entourage" with OCP instead of the Murphy Group and Alex Murphy instead of Vincent Chase. The Rat Pack where Sinatra counts down from 20 before blasting machine guns into Joey Bishop's cousin.

"Robocop" takes place in a world guys dream about. Way down deep in the cyborg cop brain, Alex Murphy is exactly what guys want to be: unstoppable, covered with metal, capable of emotionless

killing or funny one-liners, eating baby food, and devoted above all to their brothers - the Detroit Police Department. Women sense that they are irrelevant to this fantasy, and it bothers them.

Robocop doesn't have to work. He just is Robocop. He sits in his chair dreaming about his wife and kid that he can only barely remember. Then he wakes up and shoots the balls off bad guys. He spends his days and nights doing what guys love above all else: beating and shooting criminals, preferably in their balls.

Ball-shooting means carefully targeting through the kicking legs of a rape victim, through walls using heat vision, or directly blasting lead into a dick and testicles. Women are allowed to watch this happen and that is all because women do not have balls to shoot and they will not shoot balls because they lack targeting computers. Even tough women cops want to arrest criminals. In the male fantasy all of this is unforgivable - no time for thinking, we just have time to target and engage dangles. Use the thermal imaging, annihilate a goobag.

To a woman, Robocop is not even human. To guys, he's more than human, he's a cop. Even when his rules are literally programmed into his head, he manages to play by his own rules. He offers a solution - ball destruction - and offers bad guys the chance to cooperate. As he puts it, "Your move, creep." The fact that giant vats of toxic waste are involved - that, at any moment, anyone could have their nest of pants eggs destroyed - just makes the stakes higher, the fantasy more exciting.

When the "Sex and the City" girls sit around drinking appletinis, they're a tightly knit clique - but their rule is to always be sympathetic and supportive of each other.

As "Robocop" shows us, guys hanging out together don't really like to talk about the women in their lives because those women are hookers with coke-powdered tits, kissy scientist ladies with giant glasses, or fading memories of a life that cannot be recovered. What men, and Robocops, would much rather do than discuss problems and "be supportive" is to use the crime database to find Clarence Boddicker and ruthlessly execute his balls.

The rule is, be a man, also be a machine, and a cop, and exterminate testicles.

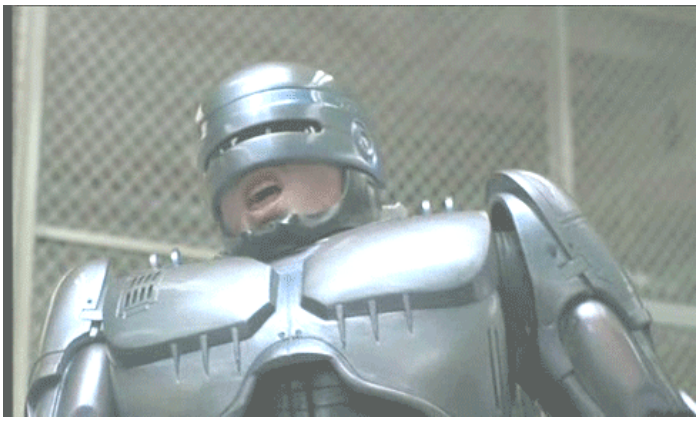
Dick Jones breaks ball-blasting etiquette in two ways. One, he's not really down with Robocop, he wants actual robot cops, and two, he uses Robocop's programming to stop Robocop from delivering ruinous volleys onto OCP jam-sacks. To kill the balls, Dick must be fired.

Even Officer Lewis's relationship with, and eventual partnership to, Robocop is based on ball-blasting. She was there when Alex J. Murphy, regular cop, had his bollocks and other body parts ruthlessly wrecked by Clarence Boddicker and his gang. She is Robocop's one link to his pre-ball-wrecked life and a prime motivator for his ball vengeance. In a sense, she is a guy, although she doesn't realize it, even managing to figuratively shoot the balls of Robocop's heart.

What would "Robocop" be like if it were told by a woman?

Meet fully empowered policewoman Ann Lewis. Ambushed by a vicious gang of men, she is seriously wounded and can only watch as her rookie partner, Alex J. Murphy, is gunned down. She mourns the loss of her partner, only to learn that he has been revived and turned from a human cop into a cyborg cop. The patriarchal corporation responsible for creating this so-called "Robocop" refuses to allow Officer Lewis to be around her former partner. But she has other ideas and awakens Robocop's latent humanity, helping him work through his past trauma and seek justice for his murder. She puts her life on the line to help him bring down the criminal gang that killed Alex J. Murphy without shooting anyone in the balls.

And who would want to watch that movie?



Robocop tries to sit through five minutes of Orange is the New Black.

–∼Kyle Smith (@sexyfacts4u)

6.11 A Girl Can't Focus On Science With Dr. Tim In Here Like Magic Mike

Monday, Jun 15, 2015 by A Lady Scientist (@sexyfacts4u)

Damn, Tim, looking like somebody put ten different kinds of sex in a mechanical homogenizer and one type of sex came out the other end. Walking around here in those old wrinkly khaki pants with your big old wallet full of Subway cards in your back pocket. How do you expect any of us girls to keep track of what we're doing? I saw you pull that wallet out and I was like, "Oh my god, Charlene, do you see that? He keeps coins in his wallet!"

Well, I almost dropped a whole tray of samples. Then you took your glasses off to look into the microscope and *ker-sploosh*. I had to sit down on a towel. It was just so beautiful I started crying. Watching you swang that lopsided wallet ass around, showing off those New Balances. Like I know you've got three pairs, Dr. Tim. *Ga-goosh!* Got to wring those panties out after you leave the room.

This is inappropriate lab behavior. Wearing those blue button downs and your sweater vests like you are at a symposium about turning me on. Get my thigh twitching like is it just me or did I leave the nutating orbital shaker going? I need your tissue sample in my laminar flow cabinet if you know what I mean, Dr. Tim. I am going to find those proteins the hard way. Get me so hot I tipped a Dewar flask on this pussy and I want you to break them panties off with a hammer.

Dr. Tim you have got to lock down that ass. Me and the other girls are just trying to get our science done. But we can't think of anything when you come in here flashing those dirt brown eyes through those transition bifocals. Shaking off that rain like "Oh, excuse me, I forgot my umbrella." You want to check my umbrella holder, Tim? I might have left something up there.

Sometimes, when no one is around, I fantasize you start stripping off those suspenders and toss your blazer to the floor. Shake it, shake-shake-shake it, like a grease spot test using heptane to identify the organic residue. Yeah, you see that residue? You got my drip, Dr. Tim. That's my pink print. You know I got to put that on the samples right where I knew you'd find it.

I realize this isn't a professional work environment any longer and I just don't care. If you turn me down I am going to start crying and my teardrops are going to contaminate an entire set of experimental muscle tissue samples.

I'll never forget the day you said you wanted to get a little wild in the lab. You took off your jacket and while we stained agar plates you played Paul Simon's *Graceland* twice on your iPhone speaker. Oh my god, I never knew that album was all about sex!

The worst was the day you colored your hair. I can't stand my horny levels, Tim! It was insane. You went from that salt and pepper look to full on Dr. Eric Betzig. I was fanning myself, ready to pass out all, "Please fluoresce my proteins!"

I guess my point is, Dr. Tim, you can blame us girls all you want, but if you come in here looking like that you are pretty much asking for it. Take the wiggle out of those hips and dress a little more conservatively and maybe then we can talk about doing coed science.

–∼A Lady Scientist (@sexyfacts4u)

6.12 Windows 10 Preview Patch Notes

Tuesday, Jun 16, 2015 by The Microsoft Windows Team (@DennisFarrell)

As the July 29th release draws near, each Windows 10 Preview update takes an exponentially larger step toward becoming a functional operating system that people might begrudgingly use if they can't afford a mac or they would like to play video games. In fact, today's patch has more changes and fixes than any previous update!

UI

Now Tablet Mode recognizes and responds to touch-screen inputs! From one finger only. And not the finger you're thinking of.

All references to the name of the operating system, from the boot screen to all information panels and help files, incorrectly referred to the product as "Wandows X". Not sure how that got past us, let alone how it managed to stick around for so long. We have finally fixed every instance of this typo by replacing it with the proper title of "Wandows 10".

Our last pass through the Accessibility menu is now complete. Users can now find several new settings, including foreign language mode (wherein all text remains in english but is read aloud slowly and at maximum system volume) and colorblind mode, which zooms the entire screen by 200%. The default font is no longer Steampunk Hamburgers.

In the past there was a different sound for every action in Windows, be it a click or a file folder opening or an error. We see the future of computing as a matter of streamlining. Now all actions are accompanied by one sound: A midi of dogs barking out the tune of Jingle Bells. The entire song.

Performance

After weeks of tweaking, games now run at an average of 500% above their frame rate in the last Windows 10 version. How did we accomplish this? A little thing called Minimize Mode. Simply set your favorite software title in this mode, watch it disappear into the task bar, and go about your life with the sort of complete confidence that only comes with knowing your game is running super fast.

Overhauled power saving settings. Now users can choose whether their motherboard's built-in Rumble Pak is Constantly Rumbling (default), Sometimes Rumbling, or Often Rumbling.

The Start menu now opens and closes twice as quickly by removing the user's ability to choose when it opens and closes.

Improved the time that it takes to reach the desktop from a cold boot by an average of three seconds on a solid state drive. To put things in perspective, the speed of light is less than three seconds and you have lived for several years. Think about all that power the next time you turn on your computer and log on to WhatIsTheInternetImTrappedOnThisSite.com, which is your home page.

Fixes

The trashcan is no longer labeled "My Life".

Corrected an issue in which eyeballs in desktop wallpapers bulged like those of a cartoon wolf leering at an attractive woman through binoculars.

Virtual reality headsets are now fully supported. They should almost never cause the keyboard and mouse to physically move away from your desperate searching hands.

Found the line of code that caused all file types to be associated with (and therefore exclusively opened by) Manga Studio EX 5. We haven't edit this line, but we are watching it. Very closely. Very closely indeed.

User account passwords can now be longer than one character.

–~The Microsoft Windows Team (@DennisFarrell)

6.13 Memos from Bear Cave: the Alice Cooper Lockdown

Wednesday, Jun 17, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: March 6, 1981
Subject: Alice Cooper

Listen up, idiots:

I just became aware of this Alice Cooper creep. Apparently this clown is putting on some kind of rock show over at the arena. He's another one of those no-good shocking rockers poisoning America. I don't care for him, his music, his appearance, his attitude or any part of his act. It's disgusting.

If he gets any notion of stepping foot on my property, I'm going to kick his ass. He's not welcome here. As of today, he's banned from the premises.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: March 6, 1981
Subject: Irregular Bathroom Activity

Something's up. I'm not some stooge you can pull a fast one on. I learned every trick in the book from fighting the Viet Cong, and they put all of you to shame. I've got four years of hard data documenting each and every one of your bathroom uses. I know these numbers like the back of my hand, and I know when they stop adding up.

There is a reason I personally decide what is worthy of a flush. There is a reason I have cameras filming you, and we have a shed full of film reels. It is so I can determine your strengths and

weaknesses, and what you're truly made of. It is how I am able to run such an efficient company. I am proud of our reputation, and what we bring to the soup industry.

Unless all of you figured out a way to reduce your bathroom usage by 45% in the last day, then there is an illegal toilet on the premises. I don't know where you're leaving your waste, but I expect to find and recover it by the end of the day.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: March 6, 1981
Subject: Horse

Long story short, there is a very angry race horse loose in the building. That's what the commotion is about. Mind your own business.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: March 6, 1981
Subject: All Clear

Horse is dead. Please return to work.

Dang Linh and Manuel Rodriguez will remove any soupworthy meat from carcass after dark. None of you better steal any.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: March 6, 1981
Subject: Another Thing

I'm still peeved about this Alice Cooper thinking he can set up shop nearby. This is soup country, and we don't tolerate jackasses like him showing up and raising a ruckus.

If I find out any of you are enjoying Alice Cooper in your own private time, you're in trouble. I pay your salary, which means I am paying for your rent, your car payments and the food you eat. So if you're using my money to fund Alice Cooper's degenerate lifestyle, you and me need to go outside to the parking lot today and settle this like men.

Just to make sure that Alice Cooper and his thugs don't show up, I'm having Dang Linh install some traps. Spikes, rolling logs, the usual. By now you should know how not to set them off. If you do trigger any of them, you can expect to be charged for damaging company property, yourself included.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: Terry Baudoon
Date: March 6, 1981
Subject: Report to the Bathroom

Terry, according to my logs, you're overdue for a bowel movement. This means one of two things, Terry.

1) You're holding it in.

2) You already took care of your business in a secret, unauthorized toilet.

Report to the bathroom. I will be eyeballing your leavings personally to determine whether this is a full load that matches up with projections. If it doesn't, you damn well better name names.

I'm willing to be forgiving here, Terry, but only if you work with me. Dang Linh has ways of bringing the truth to light.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: March 7, 1981
Subject: Martial Law Declared

Your friend and colleague Terry Baudoon has betrayed the company. He was unable to produce anything close to his normal amount of waste today. That means he made use of an illegal toilet on my property.

Given the unprecedented threat we face not just from Alice Cooper and his thugs, but also from the rogue element installing illegal toilets here, I am declaring martial law in the offices. I have armed my most trusted lieutenants and instructed them to sniff out any threats to the safety and integrity of the Bear Cave Soup Company.

I am sick and tired of you ingrates taking advantage of my good will and generosity. You should be following the glowing example of moral leadership I provide instead of biting the hand that feeds you.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: March 6, 1981
Subject: LOCKDOWN

Some of you aren't taking things seriously. This Alice Cooper may be a joke, but he's no joke.

Just to make sure he doesn't foul up our company with his horrible act, I'm putting the entire company on lockdown. Nobody gets in, nobody gets out.

This isn't an easy decision by any means. I had planned to spend the evening at the Bouncy House screaming my lungs out at the dancers. Instead, I have to spend it here protecting company property with you brainless nitwits.

We're going to be here all night, folks. Don't even think about sleeping on the job.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: March 7, 1981
Subject: Spike Traps are working

Good news, morons.

Dang Linh's traps are working. At fifteen past midnight, we managed to catch a local shock rocker calling himself Ricky Raunch. As far as anyone knows, he disappeared in the night. And if any of you say otherwise, you'll also disappear in the night along with whoever you tell. We're a soup company, and snitches are not welcome here.

And if any of you don't come forward and spill the beans on this illegal toilet, you'll be joining Ricky Raunch and any snitches dissolving in a barrel in the soupyards.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: March 7, 1981
Subject: Illegal Toilet

My faithful hound Bouillon was able to sniff out the location of the illegal toilet with what's left of his snout. It appears one of you installed this toilet in the break room supply closet. Manuel Rodriguez informs me there is no way to recover the waste, as whoever installed the toilet expertly connected it with a sewer line.

I don't need to remind you how shameful and reckless it is to destroy company property. Until one of you comes forward and confesses, we will spend the rest of lockdown playing Russian Roulette. If you value your coworkers enough to provide them a toilet outside my watchful gaze, then you probably don't want any of them dead.

The toilet has already been uninstalled, and Tall Charlie is currently blasting it to bits with a rifle.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: March 7, 1981
Subject: Reckoning

Lance Stroud has confessed to installing the illegal toilet and tapping into the sewer lines. Because he came forward, I am showing him mercy.

He has agreed to let Tall Charlie tattoo the word "traitor" on his forehead and spend the next year as Bouillon's personal groomer and assistant. Finally, he has agreed to replace all the waste his toilet stole... with interest.

Lucky for him, I have exact figures.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: March 7, 1981
Subject: Good News

I just heard a report that Alice Cooper is dead. Apparently his show was so garish, they executed him at the end of the concert. He was decapitated in a guillotine somebody had the good sense to bring to the show. His long reign of terror is over thanks to old-fashioned mob justice.

I'm lifting the lockdown. Since it's already 5:45 am, go ahead and stay on the clock until 5 pm. These extra hours you spent overnight on my property will not be paid, as I have already subtracted the expenses incurred from you treating the office like a hotel and for using the illegal toilet.

And for the record, the traps will stay up just in case any shock rockers or no-good rockabillies get a notion to invade my property.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.14 What's New on Netflix This Month!

Thursday, Jun 18, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Publishing a list of what's coming to Netflix is a cheap, easy way to get hits. So let's get started!

A Documentary About Voting Rights You'll Mean To Try, Then Watch *Bob's Burgers* Instead

Buckle Up For A Megaton Fuckload Of *Major Dad* Reruns

Fourteen Stand-Up Specials Somehow Involving Shaquille O'Neal

***SeaQuest DSV* (Sorry)**

***Wilfred*? Sure, Why Not**

Tyler Perry Presents: It's Bad

Oscar Winning Old People Having Sex: The Movie

Fruitvale Station

Eleven Things Where The Thumbnail Is A Girl Taking A Selfie

Selfie

Something With A Sexy Lady On The Cover, But It's About Human Trafficking, You Creep

Is Tonight The Night You Watch *Jiro Dreams Of Sushi*? Huh? Is It? Fuck It, Let's Watch *Scrubs*

Thanks to **Palpek** for the Photoshops!

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

6.15 Confederate Flag Etiquette and Disposal

Friday, Jun 19, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

While no official flag code exists for the Confederate Flag, Confederate Battle Flag, or variations, it is customary for these flags to be displayed from sunrise to sunset and also overnight on buildings and stationary flagstaffs, truck back windows, belly-stretched sleeveless t-shirts, covering the inside of bunkers, rallies for the second amendment and in front of certain state government buildings. The display of the Confederate flag is protected by law in the state of South Carolina. Also, the Confederate flag should not be displayed when the weather is inclement, except when you are too drunk to take it down or fuck those people down the street, even when it's raining they need to see it on your truck out their window.

DISPLAYING THE FLAG

On Same Staff

Below the U.S. flag if it's the 4th of July, above or in place of the flag of the northern aggressors on all other days.

Grouped

Confederate flag goes to its own right. Gadsden flag, Rhodesian flag, Nazi flag, ISIS flag, etc. may be flown at equal height.

Marching

Kelly and Debbie can hold the big flag you won at the fish fry raffle while they stand in the bed of your truck. They can go "Wooooooooo!" and are permitted to drink beer in one hand while they hold the flag.

On Speaker's Platform

When displayed with a speaker's platform, it must be above and behind whoever is talking about states' rights, immigration, welfare or rock-rapping at the fair grounds. If it makes up the entirety of the background you are allowed to carry a rifle slung over your shoulder.

Decoration

Feel free to use the Confederate flag for decoration. Plaster it all over everything. Paint it onto car hoods. Look up how to make Confederate flag cookies and get tattoos.

Salute

All persons wearing military uniforms they bought off the Internet should talk drunkenly about how the Civil War wasn't even about slavery. Look it up. Abraham Lincoln wasn't against slavery either until it became convenient. Non-preppers and non-military-enthusiasts may honor the flag by loudly discussing who the real racists are. To get you started: It's not white people.

Half Staff

If you can get Debbie to put the dogs out back for one goddamn minute, and watch them this time, then you can climb up on the ladder and lower the Confederate flag to half staff on special days of remembrance. This includes lowering it ironically to half staff when a bunch of colored people die.

COMMON MISTAKES

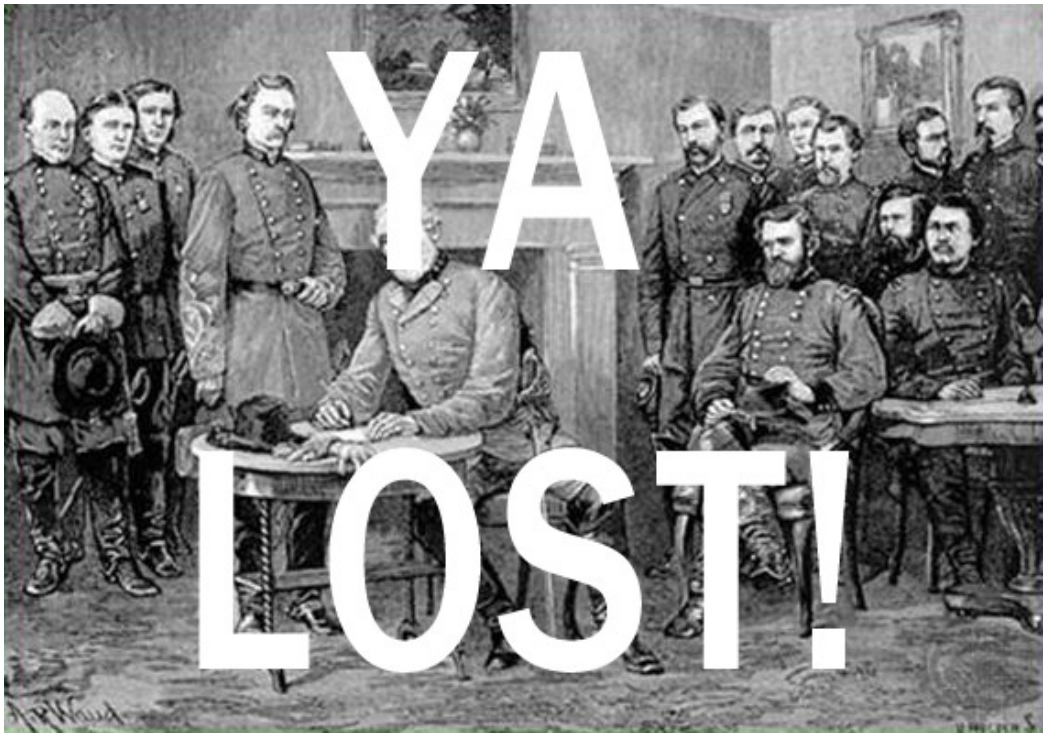
- **Do not** cover up the words "FUCK OFF" on the Confederate welcome mat on your porch.
- **Do not** wear the Confederate flag as a cape around an open flame.
- **Do not** cover the secret entrance to your drug lab tunnel with the Confederate flag because the flow of air will move the flag and reveal the tunnel.
- **Do not** use the Confederate flag to clean your truck after you go mudding unless there is absolutely nothing else to use.
- **Do not** draw or write on your Confederate flag unless you are getting it signed at an official NASCAR event.
- **Do not** use the Confederate flag in your email signature if your boss is running for office higher than a state senator. The same goes for ending emails with "Heil Hitler!"
- **Do not** leave the Confederate flag where your dog can get to it because remember when he ate that whole t-shirt and you had to pull it out of his butt.

FLAG DISPOSAL

If your Confederate flag gets a smell in it that you can't Febreze out or it starts looking too gnarly to honor all of them fallen heroes of the Confederacy it may be time to replace it. Before you staple up your new Confederate flag to the fake wood paneling of your basement you will need to properly dispose of the old flag. It is important you give the Confederate flag the respect it deserves during the disposal.

1. Rake all the animal waste you can find in your yard into a pile and place the old Confederate flag over it. Stomp and grind dog, cat, and pig shit into the Confederate flag.
2. Wad the Confederate flag up into a shit smeared ball and place it in a trash bag.
3. Drive the trash bag to any statue honoring a general or political leader of the Confederacy.
4. Remove the shitty flag from the garbage bag and cover the head of the monument with the flag.
5. Douse both in gasoline or kerosene.
6. Light and step back.
7. If any pieces of the Confederate flag break loose while the flag is burning it is important you track them down and extinguish them with piss to prevent the fire from spreading to anything useful.
8. Once the Confederate flag is completely consumed, speak appropriate words of thanks to President Abraham Lincoln, General William Tecumseh Sherman, and General Ulysses S. Grant for saving the nation and the world from the cowardly traitors of the Confederate States of America and leaving your ancestors alive rather than putting them to the sword like they deserved.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


YA
LOST!

6.16 Our Extremely Dumb Killer Whales Love It Here At SeaWorld

Monday, Jun 22, 2015 by SeaWorld Truth (@sexyfacts4u)

Despite what you may have heard, we love our killer whales at SeaWorld, and they love it here. We catch only the laziest, dumbest whales that wouldn't be able to hack it in the outside world. These are the bozos of the ocean. We turn them loose and they are choking to death on a lost beach ball inside a day. They're happy in this tiny swimming pool we built them. The water covers most of them and there are turtles and some other stuff that got in there. They like it.

Who are you going to believe on this one? A bunch of whale trainers who hang out with these idiots 24/7 or some stupid whale that can't even open a door. Raccoons can open doors.

We feed our whales root beer and yogurts whenever they want. Jealous?

Everyone comes in thinking life for these whales in the wild is like the *Little Mermaid*. The reality could not be further from truth. First of all, don't be ridiculous, there is very little proof that mermaids are real. And second, we gave these whales names and everything.

There's Whaley right now. All I have to do is clap my hand on the water a few times and he'll jump out. No, even we don't know why they jump out of the water. We tried to teach them to use iPads and just text us, but they ate the iPads and that was like 800 dollars.

You give me five dollars and I'll let you feed the whale root beer. He loves it. Throw in another five and you can ride on him, pet him, kiss him, whatever you want to do. Look, you and I both know this park is going to close within a year and we're just going to dump these whales off at a city pool

in San Diego. That doesn't mean we can't have fun with them now. Watch me get this one to eat a frisbee.

You want to cut off some of the whale to take home? Sure, no problem! We're pretty sure they can't feel pain. Just don't take any of the important stuff like the eyes or whatever the top tooter is called.

Please don't get us mixed up with the *Cove* people. They kill hundreds of dolphins every year. Over more than 50 years of operating SeaWorld we have killed 175 dolphins. Tops.

I love these whales like I love my own children. My kids were taken from me because I fed them nothing but soft pretzels and left my three year old in charge of watching my twin babies at the mall. If I treat my own kids like pretzel kings and queens of the mall, how do you think I'm going to treat these whales that didn't even make me fat and ruin my social life?

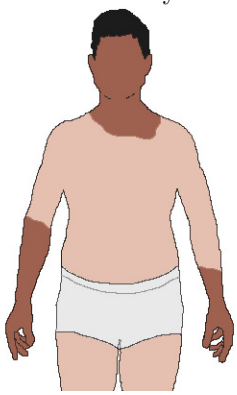
You'd better come to SeaWorld or we're going to have to just roll these whale idiots off a truck outside a fire station and screech off in the middle of the night. Sorry. It's their fault for getting so fat on all these root beers and soft pretzels.

–∼SeaWorld Truth (@sexyfacts4u)

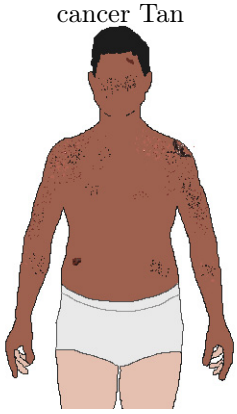
6.17 Tan Line Database: W Entries

Tuesday, Jun 23, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

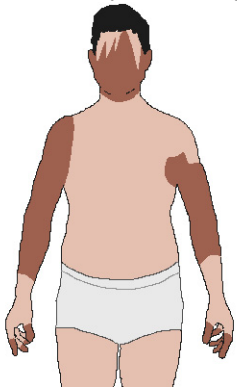
Wearing that XL shirt to the pool did not hide my shame in the manner I had intended Tan



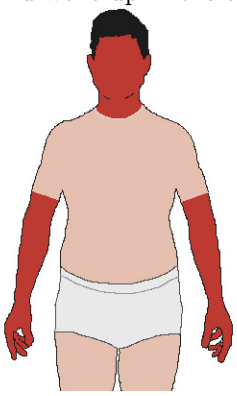
Well if you're such a smart dermatologist then how does the sun make plants grow if it gives us cancer Tan



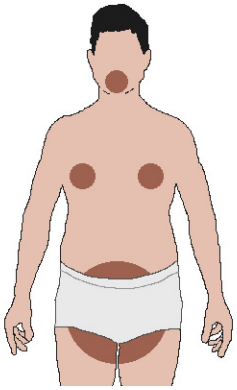
Winning that Final Fantasy VII cosplay contest as Cloud was rewarding at the time but it might not have been a good idea the day before my brother's wedding Tan



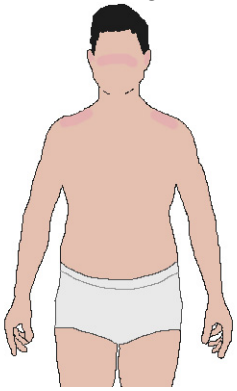
While I told everyone that I went to a music festival, I actually passed out from dehydration waiting for the new amiibo and woke up in the emergency room like this Tan



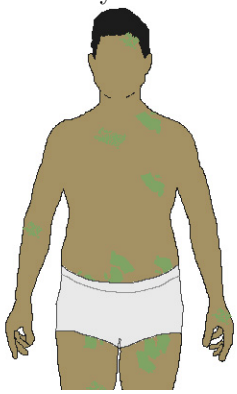
What I do on the weekends is my own god damn business and has nothing to do with HR Tan



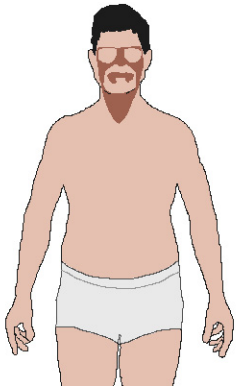
Well, I'm not actually tan, just sort of blushing from the lack of diversity in this list Tan



Wanted to get tan but could only afford a vacation to Lake Erie Tan



Walter White in a hazmat suit is still my go-to costume and I'm just sort of pretending as though *Breaking Bad* didn't end in 2013 Tan



–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.18 Deus Ex and the Case of the Mechanical Apartheid

Wednesday, Jun 24, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Deus Ex: Mankind Divided presents a future in which a significant portion of the population augment their bodies with emerging technology. Some do this to jump higher, punch through walls, or crawl through air ducts with superhuman finesse, while others use their augs to mindlessly walk back and forth along a set path in downtown Future Detroit without deviating or getting tired.

These people are seen as weirdos, dickwads, and real jerks. In the world of Deus Ex, unmodified people are repulsed by those with augs, frightened by their destructive potential. The game's writers draw from real world racism throughout history, expanding this mistrust of augmented people into full-blown segregation.

However the story turns out, it's great that they're exploring actual issues in a way that seems to make sense within their universe. If games bother to include stories, they shouldn't be afraid to tackle any topic.

Somewhere along the way the Deus Ex team came up with the term "Mechanical Apartheid" and thought it sounded really cool. So cool, in fact, that they decided to trot it out in E3 presentations and plaster it all over marketing materials to promote their product.

Surprisingly, this super awesome invocation of an actual tragedy garnered some negative feedback. For some reason, people seemed to think that the use of the badass catchphrase Mechanical Apartheid was crass and maybe a little tacky.

Did everyone overreact? I was one of the people who thought the phrase was dumb and bad, but maybe I'm one of those social justice warriors I keep hearing about. You can't trust those guys, apparently, so my opinion goes right out the window.

Maybe the Deus Ex creators are on to something after all.

Activision
@Activision

You counted the Tony Hawk series out, but assisted suicide is not legal and never should be. This ruined, empty husk is going to live whether it likes it or not in: Tony Hawk 5!

34 RETWEETS 21 FAVORITES

9:17 AM - 17 Jun 2015 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet

Reply Delete Favorite

XCOM
@XCOM

The aliens conquered Earth. Your rag tag team must fight back with unconventional attacks. XCOM 2: Live out your ISIS Daydreams!

10 RETWEETS 8 FAVORITES

2:09 PM - 23 Jun 2015 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet

Reply Delete Favorite

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.19 Sex and the City 2015

Thursday, Jun 25, 2015 by Carrie Bradshaw

Hola readers, it's been a few months since a mandatory, unpaid sabbatical removed me from your lives, but now I'm back with an unbelievable epiphany: The more things change, the more they stay the same.

Take our modern publishing industry, for instance. While I once found myself very fortunate for being able to support my swank, Manhattan lifestyle by writing a single column a week, I'm afraid these days are deader than UGG boots. My former publisher, *The New York Star*, was recently purchased by a Taiwanese cloud computing company who transformed our century-old building into what's known as a "server farm." And I really appreciate how fast those guys moved -- a quality I don't normally prefer in men! (Wink, wink.) Instead of giving us weeks or months to mope around our old workplace, they simply locked us out of the building one fateful Monday, and gave us 10 minutes each to comb through the three dumpsters that held all of our stuff. If only all break-ups could be so efficient!

It's been a while since I've had to fend for myself, but if writing came so easy, how hard could *this* be? Breaking down my former salary into weekly installments, I then shaved off a cool $500 to make the price of my column appealing to newspapers and magazines. Little did I know, the economy changed *greatly* in the time I was able to ignore it, and my weekly creations couldn't even merit a lousy $5200 a pop. You'd think 500 words per week about white, aging, upper-middle-class New Yorkers would be in demand, but the lack of nibbles on my line can only be blamed on the last decade's economic collapse. Suddenly, the conspicuously wealthy are the *bad guys*? If they had their way, I bet revisionist historians would start calling Hitler "Gucci."

While I was out scrambling for pocket change, Samantha was on her hands and knees for a *different* reason. Of course, sentences like the one you just read are the trademark paragraph transitions you've come to expect from my columns, but, I'm sad to say, my friends have cut off all communications since I left their tax bracket. Of course, they might have had enough of me talking about their sex lives before an audience of millions, but I can only hope this mess can be chalked up to some horrible misunderstanding -- something that's hard to figure out when you're communicating through a publicist or lawyer.

Even though I've descended a few steps on the economic ladder, my new state of being is putting me in touch with plenty of interesting people who I'm sure will form a new circle of beloved friends. In fact, just as I was asking people for loose cigarettes outside of the Stop-N-Save, I met an eccentric young woman named "Sunny" who taught me how to steal 40 ounces of malt liquor without the use of a backpack or heavy coat! I really see her as the "Miranda" of this new circle of friends, but only time will tell.

Though I've suffered some hardships, I'm proud to say my column lives on, and after self-employment tax, I get to take home a cool 40 dollars for my troubles. And now that I've been classified as an "independent contractor," I have more pride in my work than ever before -- I mean, I moved to New York to be independent in the first place, am I right? And the lack of sick and vacation days just gives me more time to pursue my passions, like writing and fooling local Burger Kings into thinking I'm a restaurant critic. And even though I've since found that designer shoes make better leathery soups than they do fashion statements, I'm proud to say this new life adjustment has made me more prolific than ever. In fact, if you see an "Around the Web" link called "You Won't Believe Which Celebrities Scalded Themselves With Hot Soup" would you mind clicking on it? They said if 50,000 more people do, I'll actually get paid. And the power company isn't going to send *itself* an 18-dollar check.

–∼Carrie Bradshaw

6.20 Fantastic Beasts: New and Returning Harry Potter Characters

Friday, Jun 26, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A trilogy of new Harry Potter films based around J.K. Rowling's post-Potter **Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them** will kick off in theaters in 2016. Sure to delight new fans and returning Potterlings, as they are known, this trilogy will bring back some favorite characters and widen the cast to include many new and interesting friends and foes.

Confirmed Returning Characters

Harry Potter
Hermione Granger (Harry's wife)
Ron Wesley (ghost)
Severnus Snape (ghost)
Lord Dumbledore
Gimbly Goblin
Haggar Horrible
Plutarch Heavensbee
Miles Prower
Lady Stoneheart
Lord Chewbacca

New Characters

Newt Scamander
Tiberius Moncrief
Sarbanes Oxley
Yip Bodydrama
Paul Voldemort

Berkeley Breathed
Beastly Stinkringel
Ghastly Stinkringel
Riddick the Last Furyan
Professor Foolaho
Dorkus Malorkus
Bing Drippingdink
Jordanus Blackwell (first black wizard)
Chuffly Buttergutters
Wigglen Scoop
Diamond Dallas Payne
Sylvania Switcheroo (first trans wizard)
Sanctrinity Cockraw
Gleepus Cockraw
Slawberg Yawmama
Ben Zinga
Malady N. Frenzone
Braughanna Labesgravy
Turtle T. Turtleman
Sambry Breadrise
Baron Villamous Realbad (possible enemy?)
Mangor Jellyjack
Peeble Woofsmallow
Tag Romney
Milf Brazzers
Deckard Cyberowl (first cyber wizard)
Jaina Potter

Will we finally get to see the Ogbuggulus? Will Harry Potter ride the zip line that goes up to harpy mountain? It's too soon to say. But there is a lot to look forward to for all you Potterlings!

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.21 Weird Horror Master Thomas Ligotti's Review of the Hotdog Pizza from Pizza Hut

Monday, Jun 29, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

This was a world that never quite fit me. I was unnaturally hungry and never found something that could satisfy that hunger. No job kept me. From desks to barns to the muffling din of factories, the concept of a profession was foreign. No drug quieted me for more than a few hours. No friend or lover ever lasted for more than a few days. My family had long since receded into the gray haze of memories.

The job at the all night tailor's had seemed to be another mile marker on my aimless journey. I was wandering the quiet slum of a city of little importance when I happened upon the sign - Help Wanted - leaned behind the yellowing window beside a faceless mannequin in a pin-striped suit. The all night tailor's was one of a number of businesses in this forlorn district that seemed almost shuttered. Sun worn wares long-forgotten behind smoke-tinted glass. Prices kept the same for decades.

The old man hired me with very few questions. He showed me how to mend and modify and disappeared through the door to the upstairs where he slept as much as possible. I could have taken everything in the shop of value that first night. It was as if he sensed that I had nowhere to go with it and no reason left to steal. I dutifully manned the counter, because I could not answer the simple question of "why not?"

There were no customers that first night, nor the second, but on the third I became acquainted with one of our few regulars. He was an immensely fat man with a face swallowed up by rolls and wrinkles. He spoke in simple, clear phrases. "Take in," he said to me.

Despite his bulk, he wore an over-sized burgundy suit and vest. I imagined it growing ever larger on him like hair until it required a trim. His body gave off an unpleasant yeast smell. He giggled when I took measurements. I made the alterations with him still wearing the suit. When I was finished,

I held up a mirror for him. The wrinkles moved on his face as he regarded his reflection.

He told me in a high, almost baby like voice, "Thank you."

Though there were a few other customers, was the baby man who visited me the most. He always came in a dark sedan that shut off the lights before it had stopped moving. There was a driver to the car who never got out and remained anonymous behind tinted windows. Despite his gentle manner, I did not like the baby man. His size was a menace.

It was on the fifth visit that he handed me the glossy card. An address was printed. A price. And an advertisement for something that I could not quite believe. A wheel of meat and bread and cheese studded with teeth of more meat.

"A hotdog pizza," I might have said aloud or I might have only dreamed.

"You come try," he said to me and walked out of the all night tailor's.

The buses did not travel to that part of town. I borrowed a bicycle from the old man and rode it through the city. Past parks and ice cream shops and families that lived in willful ignorance of the sort of ghostly slum where I made my home. Their happiness was unnerving. Their shiny new automobiles served as reminders that the world moved on without me. I was glad to escape them and make my way into a windowless industrial area of the city.

Sodium lights blazed from iron pipes big enough for men to stand within them. Storage cylinders and chugging stacks and high fences topped with barbed wire hemmed in the the streets. There were no sidewalks and no trucks or cars at that late hour. Moths twirled beneath streetlights, their shadows flickered over my face.

Down in the musk of a refinery, where even on a dry night the gutters sang with effluent, I found what I had come to find. Among the rust, the Pizza Hut. It seemed all windows and its light spilled across a desolate blacktop. A single figure stood with his back turned to the counter and his face to a kitchen no more or less dirty than a spoon found in an alleyway. He did not turn to face me. There was a certain pubescent bristle to his cheeks, a redness as though a ring of acne surrounded his face, but he would not turn to show me the extent of his disfigurement.

"Hello," I said. "I would like to order a hotdog pizza."

He did not respond, save to emit a certain wheezing inhalation and exhalation. I noticed a blurry reflection of his features in the surface of a counter top. His face was red and bubbled. Or was it? His visor dripped with gore. Or did it?

"Please..." I took a step back. "I just want to order... a hotdog pizza."

The more my unease grew, the more I became convinced that this was the place and this was the pizza I needed to finally satisfy my hunger. All along, I had needed this pizza. I trembled and blurted out, "The manager!"

The teenage employee slowly lifted an arm and pointed a finger at an unmarked door behind the counter. There was a loud click and something rumbled deep within the Pizza Hut, as though a tomb had been unsealed. The door swung open and I knew I was meant to go through it. I had to go through it. I felt closer than ever to some ill-defined truth.

As I passed by the teenager, I glanced at him and saw a ruin of flesh with cloudy eyes misaligned and a puckered wound for a mouth. He hissed angrily and spit down his chin. It was as if my gaze violated him and so he turned away and covered his face with raw and ragged hands.

I hastened through the door and into a long hallway. It had a distinctly downward angle and when I looked back I saw up a much steeper slope than I recalled descending. The door had closed behind me. Somehow I knew that it would not open until I had eaten the hotdog pizza.

I followed the hallway down. The walls narrowed. The ceiling grew lower until I was forced to stoop and then to crawl. I arrived at a door - a hatch more accurately, which was marked, complete with misspelling, as "Employes Only."

I crawled through the hatch and dropped from the ceiling into a room in every way like an average manager's office at a fast food restaurant. A Pizza Hut uniform, complete with apron and visor, hung from a hook on the only door out of the room.

On the manager's desk was a box of Pizza Hut pizza. Grease discolored the lid. Something had oozed out through the cardboard on one side and exuded like serum upon the desk. My dread grew with each passing moment. I knew that if I did not act, that fear would overcome me completely. I swallowed my bile and flipped open the lid.

The thing was made from cheese and meat in almost equal quantities, the red beneath showing through in bubbling fissures, cut haphazardly into slices. Its face was like that of the teenager. Its wounds fresh. Its grease dripping. Fleshy fingers reached out from an encrusted mane brushed with garlic. A quantity of mustard offered some compromise of the familiar in this wicked conglomeration of horrors.

There was more than pizza at work. I felt as if I bore witness to the final stage in some cycle of life previously unknown to me.

"What is this?" I wondered aloud.

"This is what you've wanted," said a familiar voice, like that of a baby. "The truth you have sought."

The hotdog fingers wriggled. One escaped from its crusty nest and rolled onto the floor. The soft voice laughed. He was here, watching me from a camera.

"Eat it. Become it."

The finger seemed to be trying to escape for the door. It left a slug's trail of grease behind it.

"Eat the hotdog pizza," said the soft voice.

Perhaps this pizza had always been on this desk, waiting for me. Some cosmic trap, part of an unknowable agenda, laid at the moment of my birth. I had walked into it.

None of that mattered as I ate the hotdog off the floor. Nothing would escape me. I turned my attention to the pizza. I scooped up grease saturated slices and folded them into my mouth. These had the consistency of wet bandages. I barely chewed at all. Panting, mustard-smeared, my gaze kept returning to the Pizza Hut uniform hanging on the door. Bite after bite, I ate until it hurt and kept eating. I did not stop even as I felt it changing me into something other than myself.

My face began to bubble.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.22 Minutes of the 2015 Unicode Emoji Meeting

Tuesday, Jun 30, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

The Unicode Consortium is a non-profit organization that sets international standards concerning unified character sets, encoding schemes and... uh...look, it's complicated, but they pick the emojis.

💔 **9:05 AM:** Members angrily debate the necessity of "a heart with a small yellow star inside of it." Tom B. throws a punch, but falls down because he doesn't know how. The emoji is tabled until 2025.

💯 **9:30 AM:** Subcommittee head Alan J. bends over to pick up a pen, revealing a tattoo of a red "100" with two streaks underneath across his lower back. Sadly, nobody thinks to snap a photo.

📟📟📟📟📟📟 **11:00 AM:** Bryan V: "Do we still need the emoji for a beeper? I mean, if you're using a smartphone, you're certainly not using a beeper."

Gregg K: "...let me see your bag."

There's a brief struggle for Bryan V's bag -- it goes flying -- six different beepers fall out.

Bryan V: "I'm tired of people making fun of my beepers via emoji!"

👹 🎅 **11:22 AM:** For the 10th year in a row, Jesse T. asks why there's a devil emoji, and a Santa emoji, but no emoji for "our lord and savior, Jesus." The room falls silent, then breaks into uproarious laughter at Jesse's classic gag. Everyone votes in an emoji where four gay men adopt asian twins.

👩🏿 👦🏻 **11:40 AM:** The question is raised: "Why is there no emoji shaped like Tom Cruise jumping atop an emoji Oprah's couch?" Members look around sheepishly. The room quickly approves the emoji.

😶😶😶 **12:05 PM:** Tom B.: "58 face emojis, and not ONE that expresses the existential ennui of knowing that all our accomplishments fade?"

Tom S.: "Shut the fuck up, Tom B."

❓ **1:01 PM:** The subcommittee wonders: Would it be possible to make an emoji for..."emoji?" (Secretary's note: We all got high at lunch.)

💿 **2 PM:** The room discusses retiring the Minidisc emoji given that Sony has abandoned the format. The conversation turns to how cool Minidiscs were: "long battery life," "great fidelity," "portability." In the end, the consortium votes in six new Minidisc emojis, including an emoji of themselves all voting for it.

👯 **2:35 PM:** Steven J. accidentally drops his vintage Trapper Keeper, revealing erotic drawings of the "bunny girls" emoji. The room draws silent. Slowly, member after member opens his/her notebooks and tablets, revealing dozens of pages of bunny girl emoji fanart. The room votes 12-0 never to speak of this again.

3:05 PM: The whole room chants, "More cat emojis. More cat emojis."

4 PM: Greg K. pitches an emoji for the "jerk off" motion you make when someone says something lame. It's narrowly outvoted by a 13th emoji representing trains.

5 PM: The Denny's waitress approaches the subcommittee's table and asks if we want anything else. The vote is 7-5 in favor of Pancake Puppies. The chairman gavels the meeting to a close.

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Enthusiast Lingo

Wednesday, Jul 01, 2015 by Josh Boruff and David Thorpe (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Drinking fountain enthusiasts, or sippers as they prefer to call themselves, are a rich culture with an equally rich vocabulary. If you're new to the scene and eager to learn the lingo, look no further.

Aqualung - a sipper who has honed his technique such that he can go for long periods of time without coming up for air.

Astronaut's Fountain - a fountain that, through staggering incompetence, has been installed upside down.

Babydrowner - a fountain that is positioned uncomfortably low to the ground. Also called a **toadbath** or **pubecatcher.**

Baptismal - a fountain considered overly precious or sanctimonious.

Barnacle - someone who spends long periods of time at a particular fountain, preventing other enthusiasts from drinking. Also called a **nozzlehog**.

Birdbath - derogatory term for an inferior fountain. Also used to describe outdoor fountains frequented by birds. **Bogan's Billabong** - common term for fountains in Australia.

Bottler - someone who monopolizes a fountain to fill up water bottles. Bottling is controversial in the sipper community, though many swear by it. Dedicated bottlers often preserve vintages of their favorite fountains, even keeping them for years past a fountain's lifespan.

Bowel Blaster - a fountain teeming with parasites known to wreak havoc on the stomach. Also called a **bubbling crude** or **sick sip.**

Cold Stallion - nickname for a quality fountain with a strong, cold flow.

Daysipper - a fountain dilettante; a sipper with only a superficial or passing interest in the hobby.

Duckpond - a fountain with a faulty or clogged drain. Also called a **beaver's playground** or **drowned damsel.**

Dribbler - Someone who does not swallow, but merely tastes the water as it splashes against their tongue and open mouth.

Drooler - a fountain with a slow, weak flow. Also called a **Gary** or **tongue teaser.**

Font of St. Francis - a fountain frequented by wild beasts.

Fool's Fount - a fountain no longer in service, with no running water. Also called a **dry well** or **tombstone.**

Fountain of Youth - a fountain commonly frequented by children and teens, who lack respect for fountain culture.

French Sip - term for the slow, weak and ineffective sipping technique practiced by Europeans.

Gulp and Go - the act of filling your mouth with as much water as you can, then swallowing as you walk away to save time. Especially common with fountains in hostile or dangerous areas.

Gum Guzzler - a fountain frequented by youths and ruffians that is often obstructed by gum and other trash.

Gummer - an obsessive sipper who has removed all his teeth to facilitate stronger mouth-to-spigot suction. The broader sipper community holds gummers in low regard, viewing them as little more than savages and mad men. As such, most gummers are nocturnal and extremely skittish. See also: **power sip**.

Hell Spout - a fountain that seems to run above room temperature for unexplained reasons. Also called a **hotbox**, **hot springs**, **dog's mouth** or **steam engine.**

Hobo Fountain - drainpipes, unattended hoses, rain barrels and other unintentional water sources. Serious sippers regard these as curiosities, and partake only for amusement.

Landmine - something unpleasant placed in or around a drinking fountain to discourage others from using it. Fountain saboteurs commonly employ excrement, condoms or used sanitary products as landmines. Most veteran sippers ignore these cheap distractions and drink anyway.

Lipripper - a fountain with a sharp spigot edge.

Mustache Eraser - a fountain with extremely high water pressure. Also called a **necksnapper** or **fire hose.**

Nelson - nickname for somebody who lets the water flow for several seconds to several minutes before taking a sip. Also called a **pump primer** or **water inspector**.

Plugging - the act of covering the basin drain to ensure the water pools up, so it can be slurped animal style.

Pluggers are considered a lower class by most sippers.

Poisoning the Well - intentionally talking down a good fountain to discourage other sippers from trying it.

Power Sip - the act of placing one's mouth around the entire spigot to ensure maximum gulpage and zero waste.

Pumpjack - a fountain with a defective button, requiring the sipper to repeatedly pump it to maintain a steady flow.

Quench Wench - a fountain with multiple spigots sharing a single basin. Despised by serious sippers, who prefer a more monogamous drinking experience.

Running Sweet - a fountain that has been modified to deliver water in a manner that, while extra pleasing, goes against ANSI fountain standards. See also: **wrencher**.

Sewer Main - a fountain connected to faulty or damaged plumbing that pumps out raw sewage.

Also called a **reverse toilet** or **diarrhea hydrant**.

Shackleton's Well - nickname for a fountain running so cold, it pours out thick, icy slush. Also called a **polar pump** or **frostsip.**

Shotgun - a fountain with a spray pattern too wide to be accommodated by a normal mouth.

Sipper's Caviar - green algae growing inside poorly-maintained fountain spigots; regarded as a flavor-enhancing delicacy by some older fountain enthusiasts.

Siren - a fountain so good you can't stay away. Also called a **succubus**.

Slow Weeper - a fountain so dehydrated it can only offer a precious few drips.

Sour Sip - an undesirable and disappointing fountain. Also called a **barf barrel**.

Spanish Spring - a fountain with purported aphrodisiac qualities.

Spigmata - thick, blood-like discharge from a fountain contaminated with rust and heavy mineral deposits. Such fountains are also called a **tetanus spring, bleeder** or **blood dripper.**

Spigot Bigot - a fountain enthusiast fixated on historic "whites only" fountains. Spigot bigots claim to favor the heritage and historical value of these fountains.

Spittoon - a fountain filled or clogged with phlegm.

Splashback - water splashing on your face due to a poorly tuned flow or needlessly shallow basin.

Stinger - a fountain so covered with hornets that it is impossible to sip without getting stung.

Swamp - a fountain with a basin full of stagnant water and infested with insect larvae.

Urinal - a fountain so bad, people have started using it as a urinal. Not to be confused with a urinal so good, people have started using it as a fountain.

Wet Bandit - an unscrupulous sipper who has no problem sharing a stream with another, often weaseling into position to catch the runoff from the first drinker before it hits the basin.

Wet Nurse - someone who uses the water from a drinking fountain to clean open wounds.

Widowmaker - a fountain with water so toxic it has taken a human life. Also called a **euthanizer** or **goodnight gulp**.

Wrencher - nickname for an unscrupulous fountain enthusiast who breaks into the plumbing of public fountains to illegally modify their flow. Also called **juicers**.

–∼Josh Boruff and David Thorpe (@Livestock)

7.2 Freakypizza: The Sweater Curse

Thursday, Jul 02, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

One time I gave my girlfriend a hand-knit sweater for her birthday. I didn't knit it myself, I just found it in a box behind a church, but it still seemed like a pretty thoughtful gift. The next day, though, my girlfriend broke up with me, citing a bunch of totally ridiculous reasons. (She never let me borrow her pillow to make a pillow fort but I was the one who was "selfish in bed?" Okay....)

A few days later, I told my friend Elliot about the breakup. He said it must have been due to the sweater curse, an unexplained phenomenon where anyone who gives their significant other a hand-knit sweater gets dumped. The only way to break the curse, Elliot said, was to destroy the sweater.

Heeding Elliot's advice, I called my ex and asked if I could have the sweater back, but she'd donated it to Goodwill. "It was just like you," she said, "always pilled up and uncomfortable against my body."

That night, I went to the local Goodwill and looked for the sweater, but I didn't see it anywhere. Eventually, I wandered through a door at the back of the store. It led to a room where a bunch of Goodwill employees were standing in a circle holding hands. At first I thought it was a motivational huddle, but then I noticed they were gathered around a pentagram on the floor. Also, they were all wearing sweaters and the latest Belle and Sebastian CD was playing.

"What are you doing back here?" one of them demanded when he saw me.

"Sorry, I thought this was another part of the store," I said.

"Did you see a sign saying this was another part of the store?"

"No, I just assumed-"

"Well, you know what happens when you assume," the worker said. "Or hopefully you do, because it involves a swear word I don't like saying."

"What's going on here?" I asked. "And why are you all wearing sweaters?"

"They fit our unique but sensitive personalities," one of the workers said. "That's why we created the sweater curse, to increase sweater donations to Goodwill. Also, single people care less about their appearance, making them more likely to shop here."

"Now that you know our secret, you have to die," another worker said. He made a signal and a dozen sweater-clad Goodwill employees advanced on me, wielding razor-sharp beard combs and cups of scalding hot herbal tea. Their eyes burned with hatred as they recited what was either a satanic chant or a Sigur Ros lyric. I needed a plan, and fast.

"Hey, I just heard the Field Mice are reuniting," I said.

"Really?" half of the workers said in unison. As they all checked their phones for news of the reunion, I slipped out the fire exit.

The next day, I returned to Goodwill with my ex-girlfriend to show her what had really killed our relationship, but mysteriously the door to the backroom was gone. My ex said I was crazy and stormed out of the store. I'm still pretty depressed about the whole incident, but at least now I know how to avoid the sweater curse. That said, I think that witnessing the sweater curse ritual must have triggered some other curse - girls still keep dumping me for trivial reasons like that I'm unemployed, curate bong hit videos and smell like black forest ham.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

7.3 Female Comedians Should Be Grateful If Louis C.K. Beats Off In Front of Them

Friday, Jul 03, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Complain about political correctness all you want, the real thing ruining comedy in this day and age is the sense of entitlement from female comedians.

Like these anonymous lady comedians who claim maybe Louis C.K. maybe jerked off in front of them and maybe wouldn't let them leave a hotel room. Real nice, ladies. The guy invites the two of you up to his room for a little tug sesh and you **blab it all to Gawker**. They don't name him, but **everyone knows** they're talking about Louis.

And to Louis' anonymous accusers I say: we all feel so sorry you had to see one of America's comedy treasures with his pants around his ankles and his back holding a hotel room door closed while his bright-red ding dong was in his hand like he was trying to peel the wrapper off a Christmas candle. What a nightmare!

Those two women should be grateful. They should feel lucky they got to see an undeniable genius of comedy desperately cranking his goo pipe. What an opportunity! He is hilarious. Did they even see his SNL monologue?

Even if they weren't fans, he has a TV show named after him and he was beating off. That's like a handshake only they didn't even have to touch his hand, just watch him do it.

I wonder if they have any idea what women had to deal with to become comedians in the 70s, 80s or even the 90s. Back then, women had to use their bare fists to massage the prostates of headliners almost every night. These aren't even household names we're talking about, these are just the guys

that could open the Haw Hutch in Dayton, Ohio on a Thursday. Sure, there were a few big female stars of comedy who got to swing with the A-list. Women like Joan Rivers could squat and urinate onto a glass coffee table for a Don Rickles or a Bob Newhart. Meanwhile, struggling comediennes were lucky if some random guy on the street told a joke and then blew a load on their tits.

By the 80s, things were easier for women in comedy. There was much greater access. Your Paulas Poundstone and Judies Tenuta were regularly booking slobber time on the logs of some of America's best and brightest funnymen.

This situation only improved in the 90s. You had a comedian like Marc Maron asking female comics back to his hotel to help him contort into a sort of self-suck situation that was only barely imaginable in Tijuana Bibles of earlier eras. He's still in that position to this day. It's called progress.

Maron wasn't the only one making time for female comics. Howie Mandel was working *Bobby's World* and booking 3,000 seat theaters and still taking the time to let Rita Rudner peg him through a giant latex sheet clipped to a hospital divider that he had custom built in Japan. He traveled with it everywhere. Times were changing for the better.

I can already hear the outrage about the point I am making. Zip it. This is not a Bill Cosby situation. Louis didn't use drugs and he didn't get rough. Bill Cosby had nothing to teach those women about working an audience. He was purely in it for himself. This is much closer to a Sam Kinison situation. He used to have women put cocaine in their mouths, let it dissolve, and then spit it onto him while he made love to a blow up doll. Some of the funniest women in comedy got their start as one of Kinison's spitters.

This sort of thing used to be called mentoring. Now it's gross or something? No, I think those two unnamed comediennes just need to get a grip on reality half as good as Louis had on his ginger ding dong. If they just learned from their mentors, learned how to be funny, and shut their cocaine spitting holes, maybe their names would be on a show of their own.

Ladies, the next time a comedy legend whips it out and won't let you out of his hotel: show a little class.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.4 Upcoming Encyclicals From Pope Francis, The Best Pope

Monday, Jul 06, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Binge Watching Netflix

Psalm 101:3 warns us, "I will not set before my eyes anything that is worthless." But **Philippians 4:8** offers us hope, "Finally, brothers, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is commendable, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things." A fair reading of these two passages suggests that the Bible is open to the idea of binging on your favorite prestige dramas and well-written comedies. The Lord does not want us to squander the time he has given us on *House Hunters* and *Diners, Drive-ins, and Dives*, but he celebrates with us when we enjoy 18 straight hours of *Mad Men* or *The Wire*. Go ahead, knock out an entire season of *Kimmy Schmidt* in a single sitting. *Black Sails*? Eh, it's on the bubble, but I'll allow it because season 2 was much better than season 1.

Not really worth getting into in the encyclical, but Halloween is totally cool too. Jesus made time for goblins and one of the key parts of Catholicism involves a ghost.

Not Going to Church

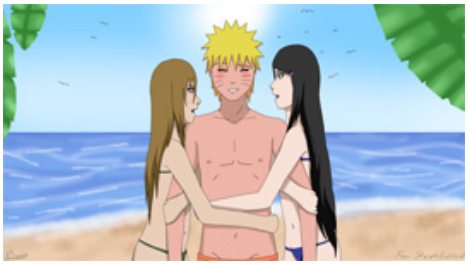
Church is boring for everyone and according to the Bible there is no reason to go, so long as you observe your faith in private. "The God who made the world and everything in it, being Lord of heaven and earth, does not live in temples made by man," reads **Acts 17:24**. **Matthew 18:20** agrees, "For where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I among them." Basically, church is totally optional. Go or do not go. I mean, if you are into the activities, cool, hang out and socialize. If that's not your thing, man, don't worry about it. You get two days for the weekend. God doesn't want you spending half of one of them listening to old guys try to come up with pop culture references to connect with their dwindling congregations. The real Fury Road wasn't the one walked by Jesus Christ to Calvary. Sleep in and go to a matinee.

Candy for Breakfast

Sure, why not? **Proverbs 24:13** says "My son, eat honey, for it is good, and the drippings of the honeycomb are sweet to your taste." Honey was basically candy in Bible times. These days, we have all sorts of delicious and enjoyable candies, from Toblerones to Kinder Surprise Eggs. Do you think the Apostles would have turned down a Heath bar? Maybe Paul, he had lousy teeth and couldn't handle toffee. God does not find issue with the rich taste of a Reese's Cup. Have one for breakfast. It's always snack time somewhere in the world.

Video Games

Actually, video games are good for you and for your morals. Play them as often as you like and you will improve your mind. God loves you and your video games so long as you do your best to avoid tropes against women. Gaming should be inclusive. **Galatians 3:28** says, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is no male and female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus." Honor the Lord in all of your actions within the video game's virtual world. That means no hookers if you are playing as Michael in GTA V and minimize your use of koopah shells to eliminate opponents in Mario Kart. The Lord is our Game Genie, let us unlock all of the secret levels with the code he has provided us.



Threesomes are okay, but avoid anime. I think I might be able to work it into a future encyclical, but subs only. No dubs.

Threesomes

In **Hebrews 13:4**, it is written, "Let marriage be honorable among all, and the marriage bed be without defilement, for God will judge fornicators and adulterers." Hebrews also speaks of the power of oaths and contracts to create honorable agreements under the eyes of God. This is why it is very important that you establish rules of who can do what and to whom before you engage in a threesome. Guys, it is only fair if your wife is interested in another man in the bedroom if you get to have another woman. If you can't hack that then don't go down this road. Be sure everyone is on the same page, literally, by swearing an oath before you have the threesome. This agreement can cover up to seven other people in a bedroom scenario. After that it becomes an orgy, technically, which I am still reading the Bible very carefully to find a loophole for that one. Watch this space.

69ing

First Corinthians implores the married, "Do not deprive one another." This includes all sorts of kinky things. It is good if the woman is placed atop the man in a position of 69. This is a natural and good thing. Enjoy it. Feels good. Nowhere in the Bible does it forbid this position. Also if a woman is atop another woman or a man atop another man, that's cool, God still loves you even though I'm still working the angles on the gay marriage thing with the bishops. Guy on guy 69 could maybe get sort of weird for the guy on the bottom unless he is into rough stuff. If not, try a sideways 69. No one is going to choke to death this way.

Rare Pepes

Proverbs 22:15 says that, "Young people are prone to foolishness and fads; the cure comes through tough-minded discipline." To embrace memes is to subject oneself to the weakness of youth. To use an average Pepe, a run-of-the-mill Pepe, is indulging in our worst instincts to go along and follow our peers. The strong-willed among us will seek out the knowledge of lesser-known Pepes. To discover and bring about one of these so-called Rare Pepes is completely in keeping with the traditions of Jesus Christ. But beware, the tree the Lord planted in the Garden bore knowledge of good and evil and so too does the seeker of the Rare Pepe expose himself or herself to the truth of creation. Memes can be dangerous to our soul.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.5 Cricket Chirp Thermometer [Advanced Techniques]

Tuesday, Jul 07, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

During my three week stint in the Boy Scouts, I learned that it was possible to estimate the temperature by counting cricket chirps. To find the temp in Fahrenheit, you have to count how many times a cricket chirps in fifteen seconds and then add 37. The formula for the mysterious C symbol is a little more complex: You count chirps for 25 seconds, divide by 3, then add 4. It's cool, but also a little confusing to remember. To simplify the process and remove (most of) that pesky math, here's a helpful guide. Simply count the number of chirps over the course of fifteen seconds and find the entry closest to your number.

70 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough that you would peel the flesh from your forearm the way you might shuck a corn cob if you thought it would cool you down.

68 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough that you have grossly reenvisioned your winter experiences to the point where you wish it was February and you aren't even slightly joking.

66 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough that you are an extra in those 90's Capri Sun commercials where the kids are pretty much waiting for that totally rad silver skater FX.

64 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough that at this point your butt crack is pretty much just a swimming pool wrapped in some soggy cotton. But you probably don't need an insect to tell you that.

62 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough for you to nostalgically reminisce on all the fun you had on summer breaks before you got old and a job and a life filled with regret.

60 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough for you to feel as though you peed your pants but instead of your pants it's your entire fucking body.

58 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough to emulate the set of Spike Lee's *Do the Right Thing*.

56 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough that you can reasonably say something like, "wait, the baseball season is *still* going on?"

54 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough that summer suuuuuuuuuuuucks.

52 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough that you are an extra in those Coors Light commercials where the bros are pretty much waiting for that silver beer can train.

50 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough that you probably hate everyone and everything around you and you're, like, a dropped pen away from totally snapping.

48 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough that you might actually go to the pool if you didn't hate your body so much.

46 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough that you realize you've squandered the first half of the summer and aren't likely to change a thing for the remainder of the season.

44 Chirps: The current temperature is high enough that you're counting crickets instead of just, like, pulling out your phone and checking the weather app like a normal human.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.6 True Detective Season 3 Sneak Peek

Wednesday, Jul 08, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

FADE IN:

INT. CRIME SCENE - Night

A body lies in a warehouse that stores skeletons, devil masks, broken dolls, Satanic pentagram stencils, dead animals that have been poorly stuffed, out of tune music boxes, and flickering light bulbs.

The corpse has been mangled, its intestines pulled out to spell "Spooky Force" on the ground. A cartoon penis has been carved on its forehead.

DETECTIVE #1 takes a pull from his hip-flask and sadly stares off into the distance while receiving oral sex.

DETECTIVE #1

> Sometimes I don't know if I'm even me anymore, or if this whole fucked up universe is a churning rapid dragging me along its inexorable current.

DETECTIVE #2 sways in place, clearly drunk.

DETECTIVE #2

> Body's been dead for at least three hours. Victim was into some kinky shit by the looks of all these photos in his wallet.

The detectives cringe and weep as the photographs flip past the camera, giving viewers brief glimpses of nightmarish scenes.

DETECTIVE #3 stops drinking from a bottle of vodka long enough to glare at DETECTIVE #4.

DETECTIVE #3

> Hey shithead, this is a crime scene. Get that gun out of your mouth and get looking for clues!

DETECTIVE #4 takes the gun out of his mouth. He looks down and finds a CLUE, a bizarre symbol painted on the ground in blood. Detective #4 spaces out while looking at this blood, thinking of the hot babe he drove away by being too brooding, and all the times he had hot meaningless sex with other hot babes, which made him sadder.

Detective #5 thinks about all of her hot lesbian sex and starts to cry, drinking from an old-timey jug labeled XXX.

DETECTIVE #5

> This crime scene is a mess. I know messes. My family. What happened to my brother, how they found my fath-

She trails off, walking down the street to start a fight with someone outside a bar. She is very self-destructive.

DETECTIVES #6-21 take turns chugging from an oversized flask. They look straight ahead with despair, their eyes heavy-lidded and devoid of life. We are treated to a close-up shot of DETECTIVE #6 as he stares into the camera silently for nearly half a minute as sad music plays. Then cut to the exact same shot, with DETECTIVE #7, then DETECTIVE #8, and so on.

Detective #22 surveys the crime scene from his mobile hospital bed. Technically he shouldn't be working so soon after being hospitalized for alcohol poisoning, but he bluffed his way past the beat cops guarding the perimeter. Detective #22 thinks about the case before him, and all the political implications. Struggles for power, elections, bribes, corruption. Dealing with religious figures. It all makes Detective #22 so weary that he wishes he had died.

DETECTIVE #23 just arrived from his morning jog. He takes off his sweaty shirt, revealing mysterious scars. From his past. His very mysterious past, which haunts him. He drinks an entire margarita then puts on his true detecting button-up shirt and tie. As he does so his fingers tremble, and we see a flashback of a hot threesome with two mega babes in which DETECTIVE #23 stared off into the distance and weeped.

DETECTIVE #24 makes sure no one is watching, then ducks into a dark corner. Once there she lights up a cigarette. Then she drinks. Then she masturbates. Then she does online gambling. Then she compulsively eats a bunch of candy even though she just had lunch. Then she plays an MMO. Then she does a drug. Then she stares off into the distance sadly.

DETECTIVE #25 sits on his idling ATV in the middle of the crime scene. He takes a long swig from a flask with mysterious elven engraving, then guns the engine and bursts through the crime scene tape. The tattered yellow plastic trails behind him, fluttering against the backdrop of a dark grassy field in slow motion like the tendrils of a jellyfish in an ocean of blue grief. DETECTIVE #25 does a circuit of the entire city, treating us to shots of factories and power plants and urban decay. DETECTIVE #25 sees these things and groans:

DETECTIVE #25

FUUUUUUUCK.

DETECTIVE #25 pulls up to the crime scene once again. He folds his arms with an exaggerated movement, then sighs very loudly and frowns, jutting out his lower lip for maximum sulk.

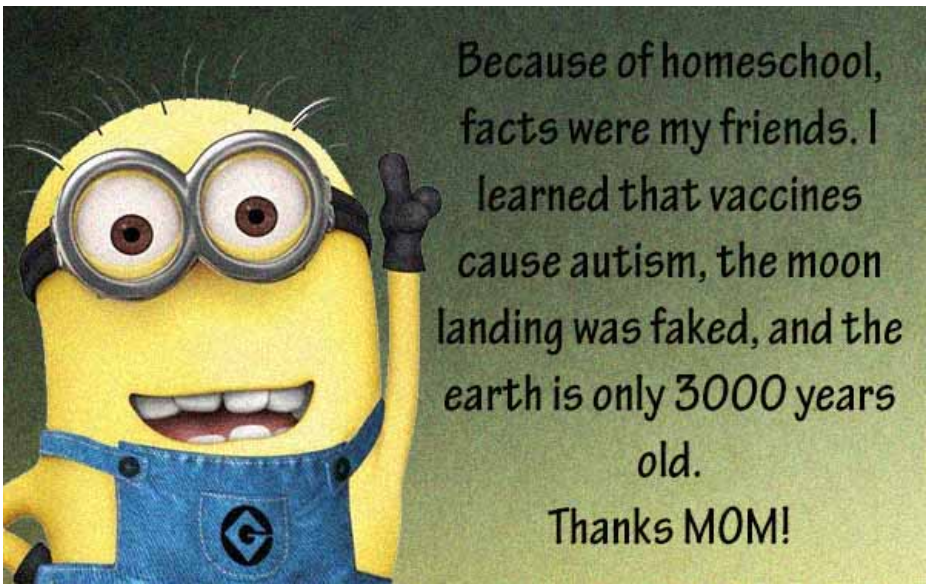
–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

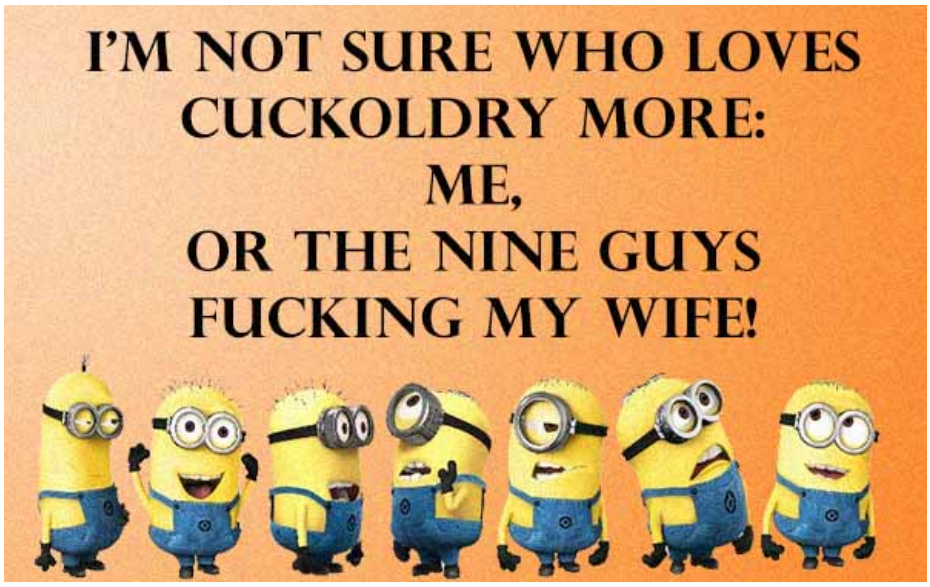
7.7 Minion Memes for Your Social Media Feeds

Thursday, Jul 09, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

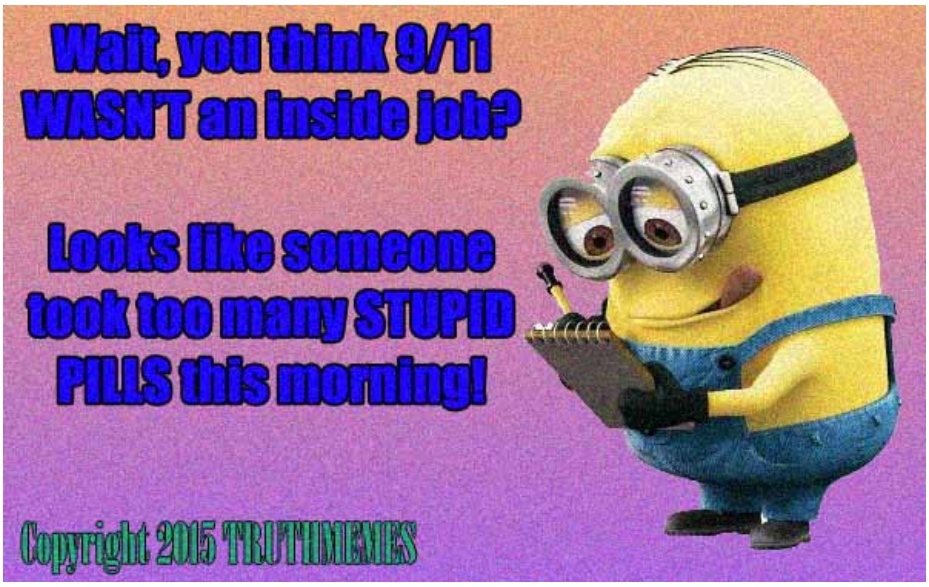
The Minions movie opens this weekend, and in case you haven't checked Facebook, Twitter, or Tumblr lately, those little bastards are all over the damned place. But instead of blocking friends and loved ones who choose to post inspirational memes spouted by anthropomorphic Twinkie-people, why not fight fire with fire using some of our own?

On a rainy day, there's nothing better than grabbing a laptop and a hot cup of cocoa, snuggling up in an easy chair, and joining ISIS.
SHARE IF YOU AGREE!!!
COPYRIGHT 2015 YAGOTTALAUGH INSPIRATIONAL MEME


Because of homeschool, facts were my friends. I learned that vaccines cause autism, the moon landing was faked, and the earth is only 3000 years old.
Thanks MOM!

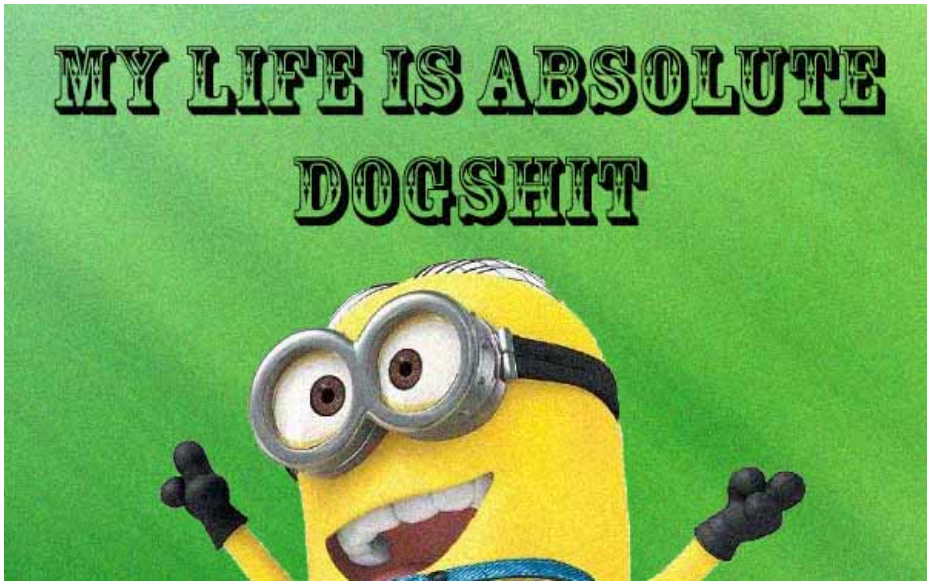

I'M NOT SURE WHO LOVES
CUCKOLDRY MORE:
ME,
OR THE NINE GUYS
FUCKING MY WIFE!

In my day, we didn't have
"time-outs!"
Because our parents loved us,
they hit us with fists, paddles,
and Bibles, and our generation
turned out just fine.
Share if you submissively urinate
at the first sign of conflict!


Wait, you think 9/11
WASN'T an inside job?
Looks like someone
took too many STUPID
PILLS this morning!
Copyright 2015 TRUTHMEMES

LET'S GET ONE THING
STRAIGHT:
Any Rugrats episode after
season 3 is
NOT
FUCKING
CANON!

MSNBC Would Call It "Insensitive."
President Obama Would Flip His Lid.
The neighbors would cluck their tongues.
But you laughed at my blackface Halloween costume,
AND THAT'S WHY I LOVE YOU!
Say it with a MinionGram! http://www.miniongram.com



–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

7.8 Why I Won't Be Seeing the New Ghostbusters Movie

Friday, Jul 10, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Internet is in an uproar over the new Ghostbusters movie from director Paul Fieg that stars Melissa McCarthy, Kristen Wiig, Kate McKinnon, and Leslie Jones as the new Ghostbusters. Fieg has been trickling out details on Twitter and set photos have stoked excitement for some and outrage for others.

Count me among those who won't be seeing these busting broads. The reasons are simple. The REAL Ghostbusters are and will always be Peter Venkman, Ray Stantz, Egon Spengler, and Winston Zeddemore.

Also, I am a full-on slimer ghost. And just because I am literally a genderless blob, does not mean I don't have feelings about the new Ghostbusters switching genders.

Call me a sexist if you want. It's not about that. It's about respecting my childhood and about shoving the maximum amount of available food into my gigantic mouth.

Could I see this movie and still pass dozens of wieners through my ethereal body, covering them and anything else I touch in viscous goo? I guess, maybe. But I'm not going to find out, because I already have two great Ghostbusters movies that aren't pandering to the PC crowd and I can watch them as much as I want while I ingest hellacious amounts of cakes, donuts, and fried chicken in a gobbling frenzy.

I am sick and tired of this world I continue to haunt where if you disagree with the groupthink of the day you are suddenly branded with an "-ism."

Don't want a black James Bond? Racism. Don't want an all-girl

Ghostbusters? Sexism. Don't want a Confederate ghost busted from an old schoolhouse? Probably racism again. *Excuuuuuuse* me for being too busy slathering whole pizzas in my body slime to keep up with the manual of political correctness. I just know that all the things that used to be important to me are being taken away.

What happened to all of our bad ass action heroes like Gregory Peck?

When did it become wrong to be a two-foot lumpy sack of secretions gorging 24/7 on carbs?

Where did all the silver-lidded trays concealing piles of food go at hotels?

You never see those lidded trays anymore. Nobody orders two dozen donuts under one of those things. Room service carts now have like one grilled chicken breast and some sort of health drink. Slimers cannot deal with Kombucha. It's pre-slimed. That's like eating feces.

The only good thing to come from the 21st century has been the Internet. At least I can find like-minded slimers to discuss all the ways we are being persecuted. We can get together and come up with the best death threats to send on twitter to all the people who don't like us. Like Salvatore Alberghini of Alberghini and Sons Hot Dogs.

You heard me, Sal. You go ahead and put all your hot dogs in sealed vats. I can go through walls and I will slime them anyway. Guess what comes out of my disgusting, scrotum-like body and is a perfect growing medium for *e. coli*? Here's a hint: it's in my name.

I like to be able to shovel wieners into my mouth, no sealed vats, and I like my Ghostbusters with wieners. How difficult is that?

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.9 The Best Quotes From Beyond Scared Straight at Lambspoke Penitentiary

Monday, Jul 13, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

For an October, 2014 episode of the prison TV show *Beyond Scared Straight*, North American Panopticon allowed the A&E crew to film an episode in D Block of the notorious Lambspoke Penitentiary. The at-risk juveniles being scared straight were brought in from the Hanussen Academy for the Dismally Gifted.

"You think you're tough fighting? You think you're tough? You come in here on day one gonna get all the birds stomped out of you. They gonna get you in your cell or in the shower and all of the birds will come out of you. See that spot up there on the ceiling? That ain't grease, boy. That's where the birds leave. Not even all you friends can catch them. Ain't no bird nets in here. Ninja turtles ain't let you have nets. And then what? Then what, bitch?"

Inmate "Nasty Brad" is serving double life sentences for a string of murders for which the press branded him the Yuba City Swordsman

"Oh, big man got glowing eyes! You think that scare anybody in here? Chief Hercules had them glow eyes. Put his ass in a bag. You want your ass in a bag? I got an exra ass bag just right for your ass. Keep it warm for when you fuck up."

Inmate "Creepy" Chris Goings is serving 19 years for exhuming skeletons to commit voter fraud

"EAT YOUR MEAT? EAT YOUR MEAT. EAT YOUR MEAT. EAT YOUR MEAT. EAT YOUR MEAT! EAT YOUR MEAT!!"

The identity of Meat Man changes depending on which inmate is wearing the meat mask and on meat duty

"Don't look at the robot, look at me. Robot ain't gonna do nothin' for you. You know why they got that robot? It ain't to save nobody. They drive that thing in here to watch you get keeled. Oh, you think that vibratin' shit scare me? Like I ain't seen vibratin' before? I vibrate all the time when... where... where'd he go?"

Inmate "One-Arm Hitler" is serving 30 years for attempted murder in connection with the white power gang The Men Above Time

"You think you cool? Come in here with an attitude. You won't have that attitude when you realize that body just a parasite attached to your soul. Figure out how to get that parasite off you and you be free. Bird man told me that, but I ain't lookin' at him. Not direct. Just out the corner, you know, of what used to be my eyes. Can't look at the bird man. Never come back from doing that."

Inmate "Fifty Fingers Frank" is serving 25 years for selling loose cigarettes

"Excuse me, that boy just shook half out of the wall. Where did he come from? He is stuck in there yelling. Somebody get in there and do something. That ain't normal. That ain't normal. I apologize. Every day we ain't like this. Get a saw and saw him off the wall or something. Philadelphia Experiment shit in there. God damn."

Inmate Paul Melting Eagle, serving 30 years for drug activity associated with the Sons of Red Cloud Native American prison gang

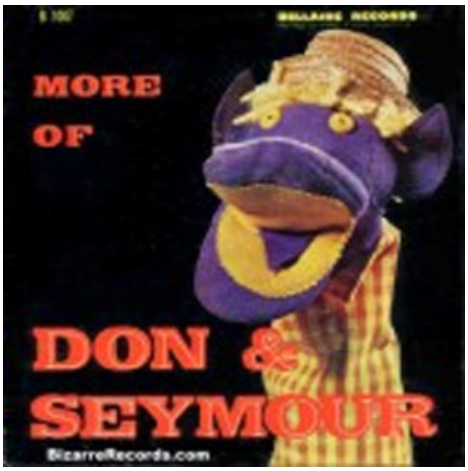
"Queer Disciples! Last thing you hear before you get that clavo shiv in your guts. We ain't afraid of nobody. Queer Disciples is real. We embrace all genders and sexualities and we embrace the holy mother of death Santa Muerta. That is that real clavo shit. Beyond Bible. Not that made up shit you got at Harry Potter school. Don't look at me like that, ain't my fault you got a tail."

Inmate Angelo "Inside Out Angelo" Villarreal is kept inside a hyperbaric chamber and committed unknown crimes against a church

"You think you bad? You think you reaaaaaal bad? So did Bananas Manson and ninja turtles put his ass in Cell Block T after it fell into that underground ocean. You see how bad you are living at 2,000 fathoms getting your dicks ate by blind lobsters. Uh-huh. Lot of tough guys ain't even seen when that baby face worm come out the thermal vent. Try that. Cell Block T motherfucker. Yeah, you bad. Uh-huh."

Inmate Ainsley "Semeny" Gethsemane is serving 1,000 years for sexual terrorism of a zoo

"[Incoherent screaming and spitting while Don & Seymour record plays and a circle of corrections staff watches through the mirrored face plates of their helmets]"



Inmate Glenn Barzaugh died shortly after filming in a laundry vaporization incident still under investigation by corrections staff

"Just because you got double teeth rows doesn't mean shit in Lambspoke. Go ahead and hiss at me, snake tongue motherfucker. You like twelve. In here acting like you got it all figured out. You know what a 69 is? Don't laugh! 69 is when you get put in the Yolk and two of you given bed spring shivs by the ninja turtles only one of you gets to be born back out of the Yolk. Make that face at me one more time I'm going to the Yolk with you."

Inmate Zeon "Malcolm Z" Krizbitz is serving 80 years for driving an army tank through a mall

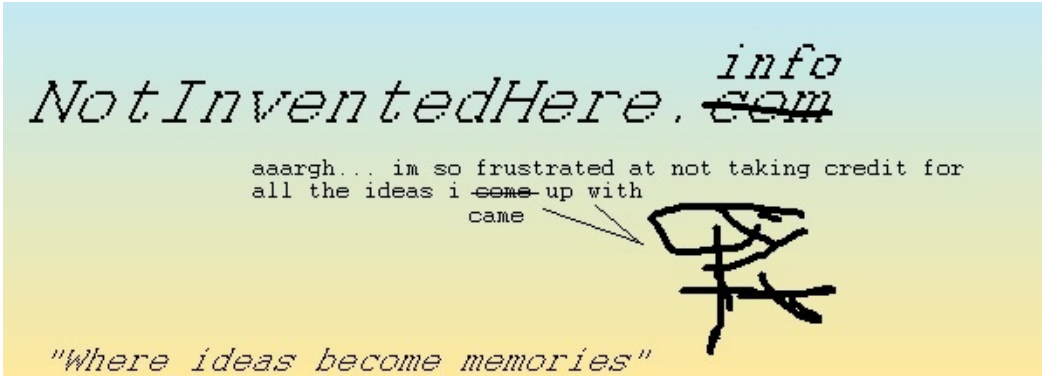
"Oh, you think you a ghost? Nuh-uh, this is real ghost shit in here. REAL ghost shit. They put you in that umbilical to eschaton, you go to X Block and you only come back a ghost. Writing on walls in blood prophecy and making shit go all cold people see their breaths. Can you possess Tiny Bill make him bite off a nose? Didn't think so. Yeah, that's a real ghost. You flash them eyes somewhere else at someone who cares."

Inmate Terrance "Owl Breath" Burns has 4 years remaining on an extended sentence for asking riddles to corrections staff

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.10 NotInventedHere.info: Where ideas become memories!

Tuesday, Jul 14, 2015 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)


NotInventedHere.info
aaargh... im so frustrated at not taking credit for all the ideas i came up with
"Where ideas become memories"

Welcome to NotInventedHere.info, the premier site for sharing tales about YOUR unsung creations!

Believe it or not, I actually invented the alphabet song (a b c etc.) back in mid-February of 2000. I came up with the song as i was repeating the alphabet over and over without making a single mistake, and i decided I'd invent a silly little tune to go along with it. Then of course the Internet got a hold of it and things went absolutely insane, with everyone making alphabet song remixes, mashups, and tributes, but my identity as the creator was lost pretty early on. A shame but what can you do lol. I also invented the Twinkle Twinkle Little Star song (It was night-time when i came up with it... need I say more...?)
0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

Here's a joke I came up with: Why did the hipster burn his mouth? Because he ate his food before it was cool. I came up with this joke after seeing a dumb guy trying to eat hot food and hurting his lips and tongue. Later I realised that if the dumb guy was a hipster, I could write down what happened as a sentence that meant two things.
0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

I invented the phrase "let's blow this popsicle stand' after seeing a tv broadcast of the 9/11 terror attacks, although the phrase has changed slightly since its inception.
0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

---

i invented lightbulbs. Not the bulbs themselves, the concept of using them for a purpose. before me people would walk into their houses, look at their light fixtures, and say "What the fuck are these glass eggs on the ceiling. Dont like it"
0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

---

a skate board thgat can hover
0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

I invented the concept of bad stuff [stuff being bad, stuff that isn't good, etc] back in '99. Not going to lie - this one may have been a misstep. Sorry about that.
0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

I invented making fun of Alanis Morrisette's "Ironic" a few years before that song was written or recorded. I'd say stuff like "rain on your wedding day isn't ironic" and people would reply by saying stuff like "What". Of course, after the song was released, everyone started doing it. I just think it would be nice to get the credit that's due.

0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

---

remember how in 90s sci-fi tv shows there was always an episode where everyone suddenly became horny for some reason? me
0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

Back in about... I associate this with summer so it would have been around June '06? I came up with saying the letter "D" to mean "penis". i was in the middle of singing the popular internet meme "alphabet song" when i realised how sick it would be if all the letters meant stuff about sex and fucking. Popular though this idea was, it has proven relatively difficult to monetize.
0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

---

one night in the late 90s i had a terrible nightmare. i woke up in a cold sweat and quickly wrote down my dream in a bedside notebook before falling into a blessedly dreamless sleep. Later, as I was transcribing my dream journal into my bullshit late 90s blog, I accidentally pasted the contents of the nightmare into a C++ IDE. I was shocked to discover that my dream compiled perfectly. My horror dream is still in use today - you might know it as Adobe Photoshop.
0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

During my brief tenure at nintendo I collaborated with Shigeru Miyamoto to create a Famicom game where the player controlled a red-and-blue clad carpenter across a scrolling orange stage, navigating platforms and collecting bright green emeralds on the way to save a princess. Over time this game developed into - you guessed it - Hatred
0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

One day at a restaurant, I noticed a man attempting to eat a spaghetti dinner with only his hands. He kept picking up individual spaghettis and burning his hands and dropping the spaghetti. His fingers were blistered and covered with sauce and he kept making pained grunts like "Ehhhhn. Uehhn." If only he had some way of eating multiple spaghetti strands at once, without needing to touch the pasta directly - some kind of multi-pronged metal utensil. Later at home, I had a burst of inspiration, and invented what many consider to be my most popular creation - the commonly used insult "weak ass jabroni spaghetti touching motherfucker"

0 Comments - be the first to comment on this!

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

7.11 HERD OF DOGS

Wednesday, Jul 15, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

RARE DOUBLE DOG - Two kind, gentle dogs sharing one body. Two skeletons, two sets of organs and all, cuddling together in one loose sleeping bag of skin and fur. Real lap dogs, both of 'em! 555-1188

DISPROPORTIONATE! Our Chihuahua-Leonberger mix has a tiny, tiny head and a giant body. I am tired of appearing in the newspaper's "Local Oddities" section every time I walk him. 555-5271

GRAZING WONDER does remarkable job keeping lawn in check. There's just one horrible catch, and I'm sorry I lied to you up until this point: He's actually a goose. Please forgive me and welcome him into your home. 555-9231

PICK OF THE LITTER - Our flatbed truck full of dogs is careening out of control, and dogs are flying everywhere. Follow us down Route 9 and see what you can grab before we run out of gas, dogs or crash into a tree. 555-1121

HE'S SPRUNG A LEAK! This lovable French Mastiff has a rare acute hypersalivation disorder, and is constantly excreting a long, thick trail of mucus that coats everything. Very loving and affectionate. $500 gets you this relentless slobber machine. 555-9112

DOG WITH BIG BALD SPOT

JUST LIKE A REAL WOLF this feral beast was raised in the wild by wolves, which also birthed him before I caught him in a big ol' net. He is not friendly, very dangerous and has eaten all my other pets. Claim him for free in my home, which I abandoned. 555-1224

DOG OF YOUR DREAMS makes $5,000 a week doing what he loves from the comfort of his doghouse. Learn how you can turn your dog into a moneymaking marvel. 555-1477

YOUR NEW BEST FRIEND Perfectly gentle dog with no hidden catches or weird attributes. Friendly, family lap dog with soft fur and strong, firm hands. Gives great massages. 555-1824

DEPRAVITY HAS A NAME It's Pericles. Age: 4. Breed: Uncertain. Reason for dismissal as pet: stubborn unwillingness to stop wearing human underwear. 555-1238

A BUNDLE OF SAVINGS Selling my beloved 2-year-old Berner for $300. Included are all his friends: Sawtooth, Nitwit, Bearhawk and Horatio, collectively known as "The Handsome Guys." 555-4342

RETIRED BLOODHOUND is docile and intelligent, but still determined to catch the serial murderer who got away. If he picks up the scent, just roll with it. $100. 555-8172

FREE DOG REFLECTION Beautiful Great Dane trapped in wrong side of mirror, unable to get out. Very safe and easy to care for, but she'll make a horrible mess of your mirror home. 555-1922

A MIRACLOUS RECOVERY Khakhua had his missing limbs replaced with sleek, blade prosthetics. Can no longer keep him as he gets excited and slashes us to pieces. He can also run 65 miles per hour now. 555-4442

CHALLENGING FRIEND is mostly great, but we are not accustomed to his special gift. His head detaches and flies around the house while his body begins vibrating and spinning in place. 555-2712

LIL'L DOGS specially bred to the size of a bean. Fits in most pockets, thimbles or other small spaces. Act fast, as their precious lifespans last only 13 hours. Don't call during wrestling!!!!!! 555-0922

FREE DOG (NOT REALLY) We're mad and want to scare our dog straight, so we bought this ad. We're only pretending to be getting rid of him. He can't read, so he won't know any better. 555-9167

NOTHING IS TRULY FREE Survive my maze of deadly traps to claim your "free" dog. See if you can get to him without making the ultimate sacrifice. 555-[illegible]

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.12 Trapped in Traffic: A Stream of Consciousness

Thursday, Jul 16, 2015 by Applewhite

Whoops, I'm running a little late. Better finish off this cup of coffee and head out! No time to pee first, but that's okay, my commute is only about 25 minutes and I don't even need to go.

Yup, traffic's moving right along. I might even get to work a minute early, which is good, because now I actually *do* need to pee. Maybe I shouldn't have had three cups of coffee, ha ha!

Huh, looks like a slowdown ahead. Well, this area's always congested. Once we get past this next exit, things should start flowing again. "Flowing" heh... heh.

Wow, traffic's really backed up. We've barely moved at all. It took me like five minutes just to get out from under that overpass. It's okay, though, I'm more than halfway to work so once the traffic breaks I'll be there in no time!

Okay, try not to think about it. You don't need to go *that* bad and thinking too much about it is only gonna make it worse. Just ... look for something to distract you. Put on some music. There we go. What the fuck is the holdup with this traffic? Somebody must have had an accident.

Hmmm hmmm hmmm okayyyy. Doing good, doing fine. Whew. Yeah.

Fuck, nope. No. This is serious now. Man, I *really* wish I'd gone before I left. I saved what, like 30 seconds by not peeing? Even if traffic broke right now I'd still be late to work, what's 30 seconds? Shit. FUCKING MOVE ALREADY GODDAMMIT!

I don't know if frantically bouncing my leg is making this worse or better, but I can't stop myself.

There's no way I can hold it all the way to work. I'm gonna take this exit and find a bathroom. There's gotta be a McDonalds or a gas station or somewhere I can piss. Just gonna put my blinker on ...

Come on, come on, let me over! You're not going anywhere either! Oh, great, *now* my lane starts moving. Come on, the exit is coming up and I need to get over! Maybe if I drive slower I'll be able to nose my way- Okay, okay! Quit honking, asshole! I'm going!

Fuck. There goes the exit. At least traffic is moving again, maybe... aaand it's stopped.

labored breathing and whimpering

Alright, *think*, dammit... I'll just... I'll just pee in a bottle or something. There's gotta be ... Fuck. Of all the days my wife could have picked to clean out the car, it had to be yesterday. Wait, here's a water bottle, but it's full. Maybe if I chug all the water and then pee into the empty container, the water I chugged won't hit until... No, that's stupid. I'll just pour it out. What a waste ... fuck it though, this is happening.

Now to just unzip my fly and pull out my penis...With all these cars around...

Fuck, if that guy in the pickup looks over at me he'll be able to see right down into my lap! He'll see me with the tip of my dick in a water bottle! I'll just wait for him to pass...

Alright, he's gone. Just act natural, the lady in the blue sedan doesn't know your dick is out. Okay, okay, I think I've got it. Yeah... Ohhh God no! Now we're moving? Fine, fine that's good. It's only a couple more miles to work. Maybe *ohhh shit* m-maybe I can hold it all the way there after all...

Ohh God *sob* I'm gonna piss my pants. What if I piss my pants? I'll have to turn around and head straight home. There's no way I can go to work like that. But what excuse will I give my boss? Shit, what will I tell my *wife*? What will she think of me? Who could love a grown man who pees his pants? How could I ever face her again?

Oh, there's a lot of flashing lights up ahead. That must be the accident that was causing the slowdown.

THANKS A LOT, FUCKER! YOU MOTHERFUCKER! YOU PIECE OF SHIT! YOU KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE YOU INCONVENIENCED WITH YOUR STUPID LITTLE ACCIDENT? I'M GLAD YOU'RE DEAD! FUCKER!

Okay, now we're movin,' nowww we're movin'...

...But I'm still not gonna make it. This is agony!

Fuck, yes, thank you, God, thank you! There's the exit, there's the office parking lot. Holy shit. I might actually make it!

Okay, stand up carefully, easy does it. Forget making it all the way up to my office, I'll just run to the bathroom in the lobby. Oh, fuck. Trying to run was a mistake. Just gotta walk. Fast. C'mon,

c'mon!

I'll save some time by unzipping my fly and pulling out my junk while I'm still 10 feet from the urinal. Watch out, everyone, I'm comin' in hot!

Ohhh thank you God, thank you God...

...

That was it? ALL THAT PAIN AND DRAMA AND YOU ONLY NEEDED TO PISS OUT THAT LITTLE DRIBBLE?

Fuck it, whatever; at least the ordeal is over.

Now to wash my hands by turning the faucet to full blast...

AW SHIT! ARE YOU KIDDING ME??

*Thanks to **Palpek** for the Photoshops!*

–∼Applewhite

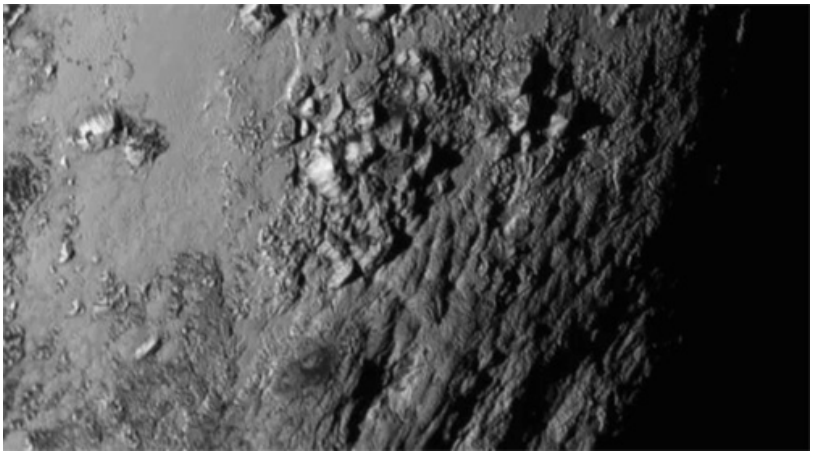
7.13 NASA New Horizons Pluto Mission Explores the Limits of the Word "Exciting"

Friday, Jul 17, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

After years of nervous anticipation, the NASA New Horizons mission has successfully snapped pictures of our solar system's farthest planet. It is the first time in a generation that we have been treated to a view of a new planet in our solar system. Although scientists don't even call it that anymore. And really only one photo showed any detail. And it was detail of mountains on an airless planet so far away that no descendant of any human alive on this planet will ever see them firsthand.

"It's a very exciting moment," explained New Horizons team leader Dr. Helen Beefsquart as slides appeared to show a blurry picture of Mars. "We think it's exciting. We're not 100% on that word yet."

"In the next few hours, we expect detailed and exciting images of the surface," added NASA scientist Dr. A.J. Manderlay, who was proved objectively incorrect hours later when the New Horizons probe returned a single, stucco-like image that might as well have been generated by a computer.



NASA, with the New Horizons mission to Pluto, hopes to inspire a new generation of young dreamers to imagine faraway places very much like here, but much worse and more boring. NASA also hopes to finally uncover the meaning of the word "exciting."

"It's not going to be made out of diamonds," said Dr. Manderlay. "Gravity isn't super reversed there and we're not going to see any monuments from ancient precursor races. No crashed spaceships. Not even like a fish or a horse. That would be really exciting. I can confirm that with my nephew. But I think this is still going to be exciting."

NASA has also ruled out seeing robots, wormholes or giant amoebas. They have also decided not to fire any missiles from the New Horizons spacecraft just to see what happens.

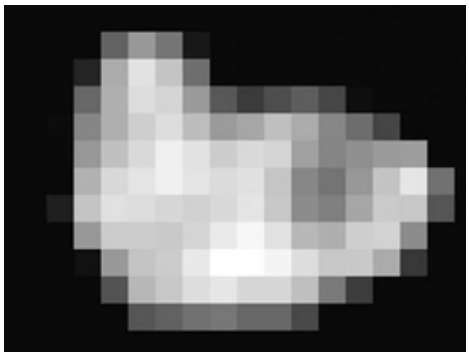
"Exciting," said Dr. Beefsquart on Twitter. "Not compared to the trailer for Star Wars, or a GoPro of a girl surfing, or a drone flying over New Jersey, or really any Google Maps image you could call up on your phone, but, you know, for rocks that no one has ever seen before. We think this is exciting."

The New Horizons team gathers to receive early data from dictionary.com on the meaining of "exciting."

Many hope the New Horizons mission will inspire a new generation of students to think of space as a boring place adults lie about to try to make everyone care. As if the government just spent $700 million trying to convince them that going to their uncle's house boat will be more fun than playing video games all weekend.

Cheers could be heard from Mission Control when the probe successfully recorded a ten-pixel blob of Pluto's moon Hydra.

"Each pixel is two miles," explained a scientist who would pass out if he saw a Mario sprite. "So Hydra is about 25 miles across. Isn't that exciting? Do you know? I feel like it is."



NASA scientists were excited by this photograph of Pluto's moon. That gives you a baseline for the misunderstandings we are facing with NASA scientists.

"Pluto is rocky and airless," explained mission air and rock expert Dr. Jack Jams. "We have some really exciting photographs now to confirm the presence of rocks and not air."

"There might be water ice on it," said an ice scientist who has seen water ice on dozens of planets and asteroids. Water ice is one of the things that makes drinks good. It also means there might have been liquid water on Pluto at some point, maybe billions of years ago, or never. Probably never. She continued to add, "This is very exciting."

Finally, the NASA head of mission control, Dr. Tom Hanksman, promised, "More exciting developments to come as we process the data we are receiving."

This data might include more images of rocks, possibly images of craters, ice and the news that Pluto has tectonic activity; information which many at NASA believe will prove exciting. Though they concede, they are still

trying to figure out that word.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.14 reasoms donald trump ams best for america

Monday, Jul 20, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

DONALD J. TRUMP am RICH Billioms dollars "your a fat pig rosie you fat pig lady lover... lick a ladies hair pies"

QUESS WHAT.....? YOur fired

Jon mccain more like jon mc**cain't** flying that plane back out of hanoi dipshit

"do you know mexicans? see what I'm saying?"

The media? Are you kibbing me? HYour (their) fired!

Bill cobsby what he did to those women... very mexican... disgusting your fired bill

1. Barack oh, brother is a joke although I like the blacks they are hard workers

2. Hillary clinton is a very nice lady but a terrible president terrible um benghazi much? thanks

3. marclown rubio is a joke

4. "I wouldn't fuck jeb bush with rosi odommels dicks and those dicks... your fired dicks"

B * I * L * L * I * O * M * S

he not sorry he say the truth TRUTH HURTS

more casino hotels with better buffets than all indians combined

5. Chris christie is a fat lesbian disgusting and he ruined new jersey

6. Scott walker is dumb as a pail of piss

7. Ted cruz look like he would surrender to aliens if they landed on earth what a lousy buttfucker

8. HPs brought in carly firoina to keep them alive?? she couldnt even keep her stepdaughter alive STUPID COOZE

9. DID somebody say John kasich? **Nope** nobody said it goodbye john youre fired

10. miss universe it is wall to wall gash up in here **thanks** to the donald

YEAH, He WENT THERE **deal with it**

NO REGRETS, NO REMORSE 2016

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.15 2015's Best Songs (for Specific Ocassions)

Tuesday, Jul 21, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Best song to help you relax and ignore the fact that your Uber driver has no clue where they're going

3. **Tame Impala - Reality in Motion**
2. **Mac Demarco - The Way You'd Love Her**
1. **Donkey Kong Country 2: Diddy's Kong Quest - Forest Interlude**

Best song to accompany your helpless rage at yet another police brutality incident--the third this week

3. **Kendrick Lamar - Alright**
2. **Run the Jewels - Close Your Eyes (and Count to Fuck)**
1. **Donkey Kong Country 2: Diddy's Kong Quest - Run, Rambi! Run!**

Best song to add ambiance to your swelling existential regret towards vague events in your everyday life

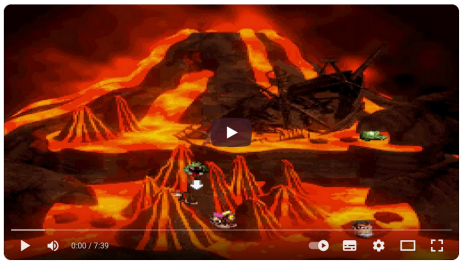
3. **Sufjan Stevens - Should Have Known Better**
2. **Lower Dens - Sucker's Shangri-La**
1. **Donkey Kong Country 2: Diddy's Kong Quest - Stickerbush Symphony**

Best synth-heavy faux 80's high school movie soundtrack song since the last time M83 released something

3. **Neon Indian - Annie**
2. **Yumi Zouma - Song for Zoe and Gwen**
1. **Donkey Kong Country 2: Diddy's Kong Quest - In a Snow-Bound Land**

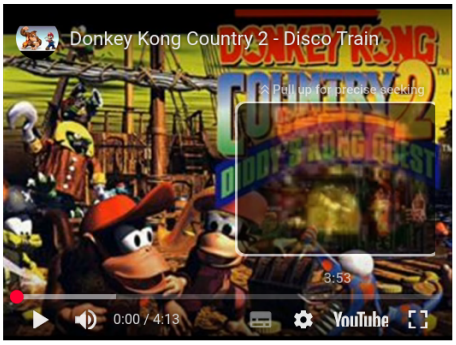
Best song that will more than likely be remembered for appearing in a future Nissan Versa commercial

3. **Shamir - On the Regular**
2. **Grimes - REALiTi**
1. **Donkey Kong Country 2: Diddy's Kong Quest - Hot Head Hop**



Best song for contemplating the consumption of synthetic drugs before ultimately just going to bed because you have a ton of work to do before Monday

3. **Jamie xx - I Know There's Gonna Be (Good Times)**
2. **Hot Chip - Haurache Lights**
1. **Donkey Kong Country 2: Diddy's Kong Quest - Disco Train**



–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.16 The Ghost Dimension Is Basically a Whole Dimension of Ghosts

Wednesday, Jul 22, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Paranormal Activity: The Ghost Dimension is the name of a real movie. That is a straight up fact. It's non-negotiable.

I'm smitten with the ghost dimension. Some truly difficult, serious things have been happening in my life, and the arrival of the ghost dimension couldn't possibly have better timing. This enigmatic dimension of ghosts serves as a beacon of hope, reassures me this turd planet is not a lost cause. It is a whole dimension of ghosts.

GhostCam - Now with bluer LEDs!

Will Paranormal Activity: The Ghost Dimension be a modern classic? Well, yes, in all likelihood it will. It has the words "Ghost Dimension" right there in its title. If you need further evidence, please set aside a few moments and revisit the previous sentence.

This movie's going to contain a whole dimension of ghosts.
Have we considered the ramifications of this as we teeter on the precipice of a post-ghost dimension world? Most ghost movies get by with maybe one central ghost and a few lesser ghost sidekicks. We've never experienced an entire dimension of the rascals (by rascals I mean ghosts). For reference, allow me to recall the paranormal activity we encountered in the first five Paranormal Activity movies:

Paranormal Activity

We think there's a ghost in the house. Let's set up some cameras. Yup it's a dang ghost alright.

Paranormal Activity 2

Now the ghost is in the pool. Chlorine will not contain it. It will not be vanquished if we remove the ladder from the pool. I'm out of ideas.

Paranormal Activity 3

Retro ghost: The college years. Turns out the ghost has some helpers and they are witches. The MRAs were right all along.

Paranormal Activity 4

The ghost is not amused by webcams or the Kinect, which makes it smarter than most humans. The witches are still helping.

Paranormal Activity: The Marked Ones

Still one ghost, but now the witches can travel through time because why not.

That's it. One real ghost (that I'm aware of) and a support network of witch enablers. If a single ghost was able to propel the franchise through five films, imagine what it will be like when there's an entire dimension of ghosts crammed into one movie.

Before we explore the potential of the ghost dimension, it's important to establish a firm understanding of the other dimensions. The first dimension is paper, laid flat. No folds or creases. The

second dimension is comprised of a stick figure drawn on the first dimension. The third dimension is everything that can be observed in our universe with a 3D tv. The fourth dimension is purely theoretical and located somewhere in either the space-time continuum or Canada.

Then there's the fifth dimension, the ghost dimension. Perhaps you've heard of it. What's it like? What goes on there? These questions have been keeping me awake at night. When ghosts hang out in our dimension they tend to loiter. In their own dimension, the possibilities are endless. We're talking ghost dates, ghost internet, ghost supermarket lines.

In the movie, we will apparently be able to peer into this dimension via a special GHOST DIMENSION VIDEO CAMERA. How does it work? Well, it's like a regular video camera, only there are blue LEDs and weird beeps and hums. I can only speculate that the beeps and hums and LEDs are what make the camera see into the ghost dimension.

Oh, while I've got you here I'd like to gauge your opinion on a few titles for future Paranormal Activity:

Paranormal Activity: It's A Ghost Thing

Actually, that's all I have. Sorry to mislead you. I was just really excited about that one title. I hope you can find it in yourself to forgive my betrayal and embrace the title on its own merits.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.17 Essential Facts About Introverts

Thursday, Jul 23, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Based on results generated by several popular online surveys, the unique, thoughtful, and talented creature known as the "introvert" makes up a whopping 93% of the earth's human population. But if you don't find yourself within this slice of the planet's most thoughtful and sensitive creations, don't despair; the following tips will help you, the filthy, self-aggrandizing extrovert, understand their intelligent and understated ways.

They Enjoy Alone Time

The cunning introvert, largely too bright for most segments of humanity, tends to find solace in loneliness. In fact, it's very common for your standard introvert to go days, weeks, months, or even years without speaking to another soul. If this should happen to your introvert, don't panic. They will eventually emerge--traditionally with a long, scraggly beard--once their closets and crawlspaces run out of room to hold jars of urine and feces. Though they may suffer from severe vitamin D deficiencies and general grumpiness, these extended sabbaticals are simply part of the introvert's downtime. And should your introvert attempt to injure any "interlopers" via the use of improvised booby traps, calmly explain to the injured party your friend's problems with social anxiety. Depending on the severity of their injuries, these strangers should be forgiving and non-litigious.

Sometimes They are Their Own Best Friends

Often, the inventive introvert doesn't need to turn to other human beings for companionship. They can often carry on long, elaborate conversations with ordinary objects like The Bible, common animals like ordinary dogs, and even everyday news anchors on the television! Should they receive "orders" from these inanimate objects, don't worry; instead, think of this as an opportunity for them to be self-actualized about meeting goals. Whether said goals involve getting very close to the President, or finding out where your city's water supply comes from, let them be. Though you may not understand their intentions, the important thing is they're getting out into the world and maybe, just maybe, meeting new and interesting people.

Pet Projects Help Them Relax

While extroverts commonly waste their free moments with base activities like drinking, partying, and sexual intercourse, the introvert takes his or her limited time on this earth much more seriously. That said, if you want to nurture their sense of well-being, avoid interrupting whatever's happening behind your introvert's extensively padlocked doors. Though the shrill whine of power drills and wet sawing noises may have you fearing for their safety, introverts tend to start long, elaborate projects in secret to keep their minds busy. If your introvert finds his or herself involved in one of these

undertakings, cooperate as best you can. For example, agree to have all of those pressure cookers delivered to *your* house, and if they need a series of holes dug in their backyard, agree to do it with no questions asked. Above all, you'll want to be sure you don't make it onto one of their several lists.

They Have Other Means of Expression

Often, introverts won't rely on common, human speech to communicate their ideas. Instead, they often resort to notebook upon notebook, describing the conditions that must happen for the ideal state of the world to come into being. While some of the consequences of this goal may alarm you, know that introverts *do not* react well to the peer review process. Instead, offer constructive criticism, and take it upon yourself to spell check their work before it's sent out to several newspapers. In the end, do you want your introvert friend to be known as the person who foretold a "grate clensing?"

Their Habitats Reflect Their Unique Personalities

Given that their lifestyles are so unorthodox and unique, the living habits of introverts will differ much from your own. What seems unclean to you is simply beneath the processing power of the superior introvert brain, meaning that hollowed-out animal carcasses and unidentified, leathery hides are just as common as your extrovert beer bongs and sex blankets. If the musky odors grow too overpowering for your senses, covertly spritz some Febreze into the air whenever your introvert sprints to the windows to suspiciously peer through the blinds.

The Police Will Never Find You

How many days has it been? 10? 20? The memory of moisture is a ghost upon your tongue. The manacles continue their unending journey into the recesses of your weakened flesh. A car idles outside. A whisper of hope visits you briefly. If a scream could escape your withered throat, would they even hear you? A door slams, silence. It's him. You laugh and think of Becky. If anyone would outlast you, it was supposed to be her. Yet what used to be Becky sits in a heap, mocking you with vacant, jellied eyes. Another door, then the steady hum of a generator. You saw what it did to her--it will do the same to you. The moment you most feared is now what you most desire. As it happens, two thoughts cross your shattered mind.

Beware the introvert. Fear the introvert.

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

7.18 OHHHHHH YYEEEEEEAH! The Macho Man Warned You About Hulk Hogan

Friday, Jul 24, 2015 by Macho Man Randy Savage (@sexyfacts4u)

Nothing doesn't mean nothing. Turns out, nothing means Hulk Hogan. Somebody get BAD NEWS BROWN on the blower to break it to him. I warned allllllll of you since the Pontiac Silverdome. Hulk Hogan is a TOILET MAN.

I KNEW the problem from the START.

Hogan, I may be a ghost now, talkin' from the tombstones, but I've still got my ear to this grape vine and I've been hearing some DIABOLICAL WHISPERS about your behavior. Now, if I am one thing other than the greatest wrestler to ever dominate the squared circle it is a good judge of character.

I knew you were trouble from the moment you first ran in on my match with Brutus the Barber Beefcake with a chair. People thought you were a real abolitionist but it turns out the only thing you were interested in abolishing was the Mega Powers with your treacherous tricks.

I am ROYALLY VINDICATED.

Brothers? Ohhhhhh YEEEEEEEAH! Rap-talkin', daughter-touchin', no sideways-caps-allowin' Hulksters want to talk about brothers.

Let me tell you what a brother doesn't do in the Macho Man book by Macho Man Randy Savage. A brother doesn't sell his friend out to Ted DiBiase. A brother doesn't put Miss Elizabeth in DANGER. A brother doesn't do somethin' so heinous that my feud with him gets deleted from the WWE website. Macho Man didn't do nothing. I'm still a legend. But I'm COLLATERAL

DAMAGE on Hulk Hogan's ROAD TO RUINS. I'm like Bubba the Love Sponge's marriage. I'm like a video on Gawker, getting SCRUBBED AND RUBBED.

Whipped this one up in the GIMP on my DELL. Looks just about right.

Let me drop some more DYLANN TRUTH on you, Hogan. I am better than everyone in the World Wresting Federation, Hogan, but I learned that in the ring, not WEARING A HOOD and reading Mein Kampf from the library. Morgan Freeman says they track who checks that out, BROTHER, so you better watch yourself. Because at this point, he could beat you from one side of Royal Rumble to the other.

I may look like Crypt Keeper with a painted-on hobo beard, but you're looking like a Costco chicken that would get winded from a CHEST SLAP. And you're still signin' them tweets HH.

Hulk Hogan may not want Booker T back in chains, but he has nothing against running into the ring on WCW Monday Nitro and putting him through a table. Using two chairs and tagging in half the NWO. Yeah, pure athlete Booker T would do a flying scissors kick or the Bookend. Meanwhile OLD MAN HOGAN would showboat for a LEG DROP. It's RAW HATE FEELINGS like that why I joined up with Zeus at Summer Slam only to lose once again to Hogan treachery.

It's a record more broken than a Brooke Hogan CD lost in a trucker's seat cushion. Every time anyone trusts this WICKED WARRIOR they are sure to be burned like a cross at a Hogan family pasta pool party. This is as DEVIOUS as it is DISGUSTING.

It turns out the REAL HULKAMANIA is lack of empathy for the struggle of others growing up in a diverse nation like ours. So put down the REBEL FLAG, Hogan, and pick up the Stars and Stripes. It's time to take down the Hogan flying over the capital D for DIPWAD.

–∼Macho Man Randy Savage (@sexyfacts4u)

7.19 Clues Hidden in the Theme Song for True Detective Season 2

Monday, Jul 27, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TlTTVIwpSOA

The ominous theme song for the second season of HBO's True Detective is Leonard Cohen's "Nevermind." The song is quite long and the show cuts it down to a couple of verses for each episode and uses different verses to open each episode. Fans of the show have taken notice of the choices of lyrics and the implications for the mystery. Picking the lyrics apart you can see a clear picture forming of the killer from the acclaimed show's second season.

Episode One - "The Western Book of the Dead"

The war was lost
The treaty signed
I was not caught
I crossed the line

I was not caught
Though many tried

I live among you
Well disguised

Interpretation: "I live among you" suggests the killer might be one of the protagonists!

Episode Two - "Night Finds You"

There was a son
We spent some time
It was obvious
He wasn't mine

Paternity tested
Scene of the crime
Shot point blank
But nevermind

Interpretation: Here it is hinted at that someone will be shot and that it won't matter. It turned out this was right on the money.

Episode Three - "Maybe Tomorrow"

The clinic called
My sperm was dead
I dreaded scenes
with the bad redhead

Sometimes my worst self
Is really my best
Still waiting on
Ray's paternity test

Interpretation: This is the first time the song references actual dialogue from the show. Could the "bad redhead" be the man who raped Ray's wife or Frank's redheaded wife who makes you groan when she walks into a scene?

Episode Four - "Down Will Come"

I got the word
They killed Stan
I didn't know him
Seriously who is Stan

I got the word
Some jewels were sold
Who are these people
You're never told

Interpretation: Could the references to "Stan" be a reference to a character on the show named "Stan?" We're pretty sure there is no character with that name on the show, but maybe we overlooked something.

Episode Five - "Other Lives"

The 'stache was shaved
The plot was lost
My paternity was tested
I made up "pross"

The dudes were hot
I drank some booze
The girl was pregnant
Mom was a cooze

Interpretation: Another reference to a paternity test, perhaps indicating something related to being a parent. Fatherhood could be a subtle theme of this show. Also an Internet search reveals "pross" is referenced in season one of True Detective and in the novel Galveston. Could pross mean prostitute?

Episode Six - "Church in Ruins"

Hey remember Stan
Let's mourn his loss
Call me the Bard
I made up "pross"

The boob budget was spent
The molly sprayed
I was van molested
By the way

Interpretation: Interesting clues in this opener. Van molested and then "by the way" suggests someone might have been molested by a van or inside a van and that this could have been defining information for a character, unless it is just tossed out there 3/4ths of the way through the run of a TV show.

Also another reference to Stan. Who is Stan? Could Stan be the killer?

Looking forward to finding out in future episodes as the mystery wraps up!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.20 Become a Video Game Streaming Superstar in 5 Easy Steps

Tuesday, Jul 28, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1. Salvage a ridiculous chair from a race car or a fighter jet

Try to find a chair with all sorts of wings and protrusions that offer no support to any part of your body whatsoever. Something that only makes sense if you are taking hairpin turns at 200 miles per hour. Is it possible to buy a gaming chair with a steel rollcage (painted white or red, naturally)? Perhaps just a small one that lowers over your head?

2. Make sure you're playing the latest unfinished open world survival game

You know, the one where your character has meters that constantly go down as he or she trudges across an uninteresting map. The one with bad animations, where you pick up mundane objects, break things by whacking them for half an hour, then use a remarkably ugly menu to build something that temporarily makes your meters go up. The one where players can sort of awkwardly gesture at one another or fight. The one that just came out in Early Access this week. No, not that one. That

came out last week. Not that one either, that's the other one that came out this week. I'm talking about the one with the wacky animals and the wood plank forts.

3. Spend at least half your stream silently doing the following:

- Glancing at the feed to see how you look
- Organizing your character's inventory/skills
- Reading the fascinating and hilarious chat, not responding
- Waiting for another player to meet you somewhere
- Checking your phone

4. When you do speak, stay on message

Never say anything genuinely funny or insightful. Instead, casually shout questionable words like "fag", "cunt", "rape", "bitch", and "hype".

Literally describe what you see on the game screen. "Oh look, this drawer has a box of nails in it." "I can craft... a chair. Okay." "Ha ha. That guy is dancing."

Thank everyone who sends in a donation after somehow noticing one of your three dozen Please Donate graphics. Even better, come up with a wacky way to thank everyone. Maybe have a siren, or a dance that you do every single time, because your stream is spontaneous and fun.

5. Be natural

Remember, the whole appeal of normal people streaming games is that they're relatable and off the cuff. They're casual and unstructured, unlike those professional outlets with their overproduced videos.

This is why the most popular people on Twitch are stilted to the point of nearly being robotic, plaster their brand all over everything, constantly filter their words in service of a carefully crafted persona, and constantly take part in blatantly gross deals with game makers and sponsors.

That's being natural, right?

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.21 MENAGERIE OF DOGS

Wednesday, Jul 29, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

SHRINKING DOG continues to get smaller every day. Soon he will no longer be visible. We can barely see him now, though we sense his presence and hear his faint barks. Free to kind soul. 555-1922

TECHNICALLY A DOG - I have expertly subdivided a horse to create what is, scientifically speaking, a dog. I have done this 10 times before and plan to keep doing it FOREVER. $400. 555-2466

FEEL-GOOD DOG STORY For a modest fee, perch upon my knee as I unfold a captivating story about a dog, the details of which are too exciting to publish here. Trading for any information that helps me catch my wife's killer. 555-2171

MIGHTY PECULIAR is the only way to describe my dog. He is 7-feet wide, 1-foot tall and 1-foot long. He wheezes, generally. Slopes in the middle. $50. 555-9918

DOG UP THERE! Not sure how he got up there. He's out of my reach. If you can get him down or get up there yourself you'll find no truer a friend. Best of luck! 555-1274

HE WANTS TO BE FREE Our beloved dachshund now hates us. We put him inside a nightstand by the curb, which is also free. 555-1726

MOUTHLESS SPANIEL has hard time eating/drinking, but we worked out a system. Desperately wants to bark. You can hear him making a muffled scream-like sound. Patience a must! 555-1725

MIND DOG is as real as you want, in whatever breed you can imagine. Mind Dog is already your pet. Nosebleeds and headaches are not life threatening. Your credit card has already been charged. Have a nice day. 555-2177

DISASSEMBLED but ready to be whole again. I don't know where all the parts go, so if you have what it takes, give me a call. Comes in several large watertight bags. I'm sorry. 555-9122

3D WIREFRAME DOG gives good overview of canine contours. Constantly rotating counter-clockwise. Can be enlarged with simple hand gestures. Very independent and intangible. 555-8242

SALTY SEA DOG was raised by wild sea otters and adopted their rich maritime culture. Must furnish healthy kelp forest environment and ample fresh seafood. 555-1558

*** RARE BEARDED DOG *** Atlas has luxurious, flowing beard. Very stately and professional. Has no other fur. He's very possessive of that beard. Don't try to touch it. I'm warning you! 555-2388

• DOOR + DOG COMBO • Lovely Bernese Mountain Dog, 4 years-old, friendly and just perfect. Includes our back door. He got his head stuck in the doggy door and we've given up trying to free him. Will trade for new door and new dog. 555-2521

FANCY A SHOW? Trained in all manner of stagecraft, able to bark in funny accents, walk on two legs & sing tunes. Those are just some of my talents. My dog Xanadu has none of them, which is why he simply must go. 555-1299

WOODEN DOG FIGURINE Carved from beautiful, ancient afrormosia smuggled out of darkest Africa, this unique piece of art is stunningly lifelike. Figurine is only survivor of mysterious fire that claimed my family. Lovely and resilient! $650. 555-1928

AWARD-WINNING DOG has unique "bagful of leaves" physique that might be due to severe bone loss. Previously won the prestigious Kennel Fair "Best in Show" award. Award not included, since it cost me over $20,000 in legal fees. 555-1292

TERRIBLE DOG has Hitler mustache patch just below his nose. Gentle as all can be, in spite of evil appearance. Also has swastika pattern on fur, but we added that to drive home the point. 555-5241

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.22 iTunes New & Noteworthy & Terrible Podcasts!

Thursday, Jul 30, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

"Aw Man, The 90's, I Mean Wow, Am I Right?": *Hey, remember* Rugrats, *Fruitopia, and not having to deal with medical bills? Then this 3-hour twice-weekly podcast is for you! Hosted by "The Goof Troupe" (Brian, Steve & T.T.), each episode features one host seeing if the other two hosts remember something. For example, Brian might go, "Hey, remember VR Troopers?" Steve and T.T. would then try and remember VR Troopers. So, if you want to listen to people trying to remember VR Troopers, you're gonna wanna download this show.*

"Adam Carolla's Racism House"

"NPR's Twee Ladies Discuss Gruesome Murders"

"Weird Old Music You Won't Actually Enjoy"

***"The Bad Movie Boyz"**: Everyone prefers good movies. I mean, no one would intentionally watch a bad movie, right? Wrong. That was a trap I laid for you, and I'm sorry, because The Bad Movie Boyz watch bad movies all the time! And they don't just make fun of them - they use public record services, call up the directors, and threaten their lives! Wondering why you haven't heard from Joel Schumacher in a while? The Bad Movie Boyz hired a hooker to lure him into a flophouse, then beat him to death with a fire extinguisher! I mean, I hated* Batman & Robin *as much as the next guy, but does a man deserve to die for it?*

"Assorted Voicemails From Joe Rogan"

"How To Grow Your Business, Then Shrink It, As A 'Fuck You' To Your Employees"

"D&D For Dogs, with Barko The Dog Wizard"

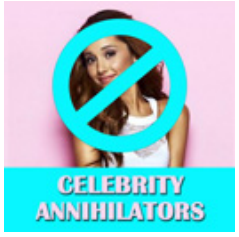
"Wrassle Frassle!": *Professional wrestling is beloved by stupid kids and emotionally stunted adults alike. So let's dish on it! Join failed pro wrestler El Puncharino and his panel of other wrestling podcast hosts as they discuss why wrestling isn't good anymore, and why it was better when they were literally children. Together, they'll create a body (slam) of work that will provide little comfort on their deathbeds!*

"Millennials Guess What Mario Smells Like"

"Dan Carlin's History Coma"

"60 Minutes of Ads For Boxes Filled With Shit (Presented by Squarespace)"

"Celebrity Annihilators": *Ariana Grande? No way! Here's a podcast that looks squarely at Ariana Grande and says, "No way!" From mocking celebrities for having fucked-up-looking babies to throwing rocks at said babies, nothing's off limits for this crew! Hosted by a painstakingly calculated mixture of women and said women's gay friends, Celebrity Annihilators is the show that-- oh wait, nevermind, they stopped after 18 episodes. Guess they got tired of it.*



"General Crispwell's Brave Cave"

"Rachel Bilson's Manager Told Her To Do This"

"The Dude Dudes Present: The Dude Dude's Guide To Living Within God's Plan"

"Sports For People Whose Sports Knowledge, On A Scale Of 1-10, Is A 6": *Do you eat, breathe and live sports? Then this podcast is NOT for you. It's also not for people who know nothing about sports. Says host Tom Layfield, "We thought we were targeting an untapped demographic, but turns out, we just made one up. This was a bad idea, and I'm very sorry." The hosts of SFPWSKOASO1-10IA6 would love to stop doing it, but everyone's afraid if they quit, they won't hang out as much. Tune in to hear relationships slowly fade, and in-depth discussions of LaMarcus Aldridge (but NOT Boban Marjanovic.)*

"5-Second Spanish Lessons (That Slowly Spell Out A Kidnapped Man's Plea)"

"Pauly Shore, Tom Green and Kevin Smith Take Naps"

"Taye Diggs It, Starring Tay Zonday"

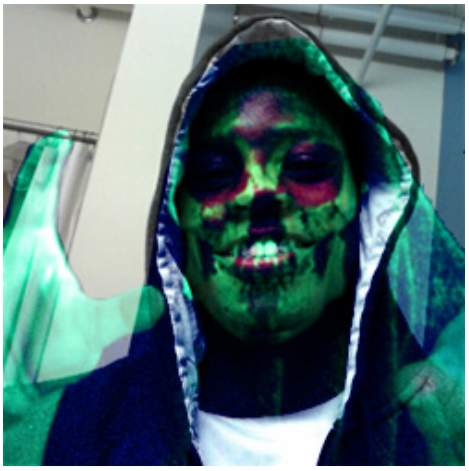
"The Geek Dork's Comedy Dork Geek Dork Dorks": *It's time to "nerd out" with three guys who'd rather argue about* Star Wars *than do anything else....including improve themselves! Christ, these guys are a mess. I'm sorry. I know I'm supposed to be neutral here, but I can hear how fat one of them is. It's not "funny" fat, either, it's that kind of fat where he sounds like he's breathing stew. I get the sense the other two hosts spend a lot of time alone. This podcast makes me sad. I'm gonna call my parents...just to say hello.*

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

7.23 Welcome to the Policeman's Haunted House of Horrors!

Friday, Jul 31, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It may be summer now, but this coming Halloween, a very special haunted house will be opening just for policemen. The supernatural horrors are sure to make every policeman that enters fear for his very life. Just getting inside, the policeman will have to walk down a spine tingling path past people filming them with camera phones and into a room filled with people open carrying, but too dark to see what race those people might be!



Watch out, officer!

Our huge, demonic black teenagers (5'3", age 11) will leap out from behind picnic tables and suddenly check their texts on a phone that looks exactly like a gun in our hellish strobe lights.

Going somewhere?

The policeman has to open a spooooky door that a black woman tries to close! "I'm not coming out," she'll cackle. He'll fear for more than his life, he'll fear for his very soul!

Shhhhhh, what's that sound?

The policeman will see a white man walking towards him down a decrepit hallway, but as the white man gets closer he realizes the white man is actually a homeless vagrant and he's *trespassing*!!! And he's wearing earbuds!!!!

Boooooooooo!

Our frightmare ghost is the terrifying specter of an unarmed teenage black woman who put her hands

down by her waist when a policeman clearly instructed her to "Keep them up get on the ground right now don't move!!!!!!" Even more terrifying? She appears as if she may be slightly intoxicated, giving her superhuman strength and aggression.

Keep your hands up! Because your hairs will be standing on end!

Head into the garage, where a black minister with an expired city tag is sitting in a car and he might just refuse to get out of his vehicle!! From the bowels of hell the unholy devil preacher will chillingly cry, "What did I even do?!?! What is this for?!?!" Watch out, he might reach for a bible! This happens in real life too so it is extra scary.

Still not afraid? You will be!

Does the policeman dare peer into the "eye of the damned"? He can look at the spook-o-graphic image of a white man in a hoodie that corrodes before a policeman's eyes into a gruesome latino in a hoodie and finally into a horrifying black teenager that could rip out a policeman's bones with his evil claws!

You think you're safe? Not yet!

Head out back where the policeman will be told that there is a man with braided hair and marijuana seen hiding in the shed. There is also a baby inside the shed. The policeman will be given a concussion grenade and a no-knock warrant and have to pick a window to throw the grenade through, but there's a spooky twist. The baby's crib is under all of the windows! And the man with marijuana might just sit up quickly when the policeman enters.

It's over! It's finally over!

Before the policeman leaves, a skeleton-masked trick-or-treater will reach into his trick or treat bag and pull out a toy car that is black which is the bad gun color! Let this serve as a ghostly reminder that being a policeman is almost 1/10th as dangerous as being a logger!!!!

Thank goodness this is only a haunted house and in the real world our brave men and women in blue are free to execute anyone they choose, free of consequences, so long as they were afraid for their safety. Free cider and Rice Krispie treats available to refresh all policemen after leaving the haunted house.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 Donald Trump's Fantasy Cabinet Roster

Monday, Aug 03, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Donald Trump is on a hot streak. Currently leading every other Republican candidate by double digits, Trump seems to have weathered a series of brutal gaffes by using his trademark technique of "worse gaffes said in an angry voice."

It may be a bit early for Trump to start measuring for golden toilets at the White House, but it's never too early for the rest of us to play fantasy draft with a potential Donald Trump cabinet. The first clue about the sort of people Trump is considering for positions came during a radio interview. Trump suggested he would consider former Alaska Governor Sarah Palin for his cabinet.

Donald Trump Jr. as Vice President of the United States

No better man to be a heartbeat away from the presidency than a man who is pretty much a younger version of the president. Donald Trump Jr. has been groomed to replace his father since the moment he fell out of Ivana Trump in the VIP lounge of a cigar bar. Just like the original Donald inherited his great business acumen from his father (along with lots of money), Trump has made all of his children into executive vice presidents who appear on his TV show. Any one of the Trump children is ready to take the presidency, whether it's Donald Jr., Ivanka, or that one they keep locked in the penthouse apartment's attic that is just orange hair and a scowl.

Sarah Palin as Secretary of Health and Human Services

Described by Trump as "Somebody that knows what's happening. She's a special person, she's really a special person. She's got a following that's unbelievable." Straight-shootin' Sarah Palin is uniquely qualified to kick over the computer running the Obamacare website and shoo all the death panel people away by blasting both barrels of a shotgun into the ceiling. The self-described "hockey mom" strongly supports abstinence only sex education, which has led to an impressive teenage pregnancy rate of 1 in 3 among teens in the Palin household.

Rosie O'Donnell as Secretary of Labor

If Donald Trump wants to put together a Lincolnesque "Team of Rivals" for his cabinet then Rosie O'Donnell is the perfect person to tap. O'Donnell famously told Trump to "sit and spin." Trump fired back about O'Donnell, "She's not a very smart person, if you look at her IQ I guarantee you it's not up there." It's hard to gauge what cabinet position would be best for O'Donnell, but Trump is a simple thinker and I'm guessing he would want to make someone like O'Donnell work. Labor it is.

Penn Jillette as Secretary of Energy

Continuing the "Team of Rivals" concept, Trump could pick former *Celebrity Apprentice* contestant and gross libertarian stage magician Penn Jillette. Trump's most recent interaction with Jillette was to celebrate firing him from Celebrity Apprentice and then slam his stage show as being terrible.

Howard Stern as Secretary of the Interior

Remember satellite radio? Trump has made numerous appearances on Howard Stern's radio shows and could use the boost from Stern's base of mutant idiots. It's a great way to reach the Juggalo demographic without appearing at a Gathering of the Juggalos. Trump can pretend like he doesn't know what the Department of the Interior is all about and let Stern turn his cabinet seat into a media stunt while Trump secretly assigns his own companies all sorts of property rights. Maybe the resources of the position will finally let Howard finish that hilarious Fart Man script he has been working on for years. It's definitely going to be really good.

Bo Dietl as Secretary of Defense

Former New York cop, actor, private detective, and Fox News commentator Bo Dietl has a long history with Trump. He supervised security for one of Trump's buildings and attended Trump's 2005 wedding to model Melania Knauss. Dietl has called Nancy Pelosi a "little ferret," blamed Baltimore protestors for inspiring a cop killer in New York, and he sells turkey subs for Arby's. If he can figure out where Subway cuts their meat, he can find ISIS and put a wingtip where the sun don't shine.

John McCain as Secretary of Veterans Affairs

After Donald Trump suggested that John McCain wasn't a war hero for being captured, many anti-Trump conservatives began to write his political obituary. The New York Post, in particular, declared Trump "toast" and bid him "Don voyage." But what was overlooked was Trump's actual criticism of McCain. Sure, he made fun of McCain for being shot down, but Trump's point was that McCain, for all his pro-military posturing, does very little for veterans. Sticking McCain in charge of the VA that McCain has stripped so much money from would be something like revenge.

James Woods as Attorney General

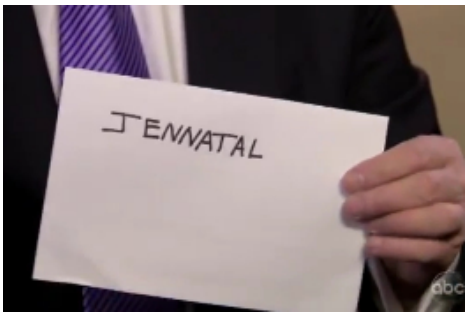
Increasingly unpleasant in his later years, actor James Woods has become politically active in exactly the sort of way Donald Trump can appreciate. He likes to rant about Obama, New York Mayor Bill DeBlasio, and come up with catchy hashtags like #PigSharpton referring to the "disgusting pig" and "race pimp" Al Sharpton. Woods hasn't just played lawyers and cops in movies, he also has a firm grip on American law, as demonstrated by his recent $10 million lawsuit against a kid who called him a coke head on Twitter. Woods knows that when someone is throwing rocks, you throw back a nuclear bomb. It's the Donald Trump way.

Joe Arpaio as Secretary of Homeland Security

America's Toughest Sheriff and scariest grandpa first joined forces with Trump in 2012's Obama birth certificate frenzy. Since then, Arpaio has had good things to say about the bad things Trump says about Mexican immigrants and the two have appeared together. With Trump in charge, Arpaio can stop worrying about Federal watchdogs and red tape standing in the way of the sheriff who defends our border with an artillery tank. As a bonus, Arpaio comes bundled with Steven Seagal, last seen in Arizona driving one of Arpaio's tanks in a raid on a cockfighting ring. This is clearly the sort of security our homeland deserves.

Caitlyn Jenner as Secretary of Education

When celebrity transwoman Caitlyn Jenner came out in April of 2015, she also revealed that she is a conservative Republican. With her on the team, it's a great opportunity for Donald to teach everyone a lesson about tolerance and satisfy the small fiscally conservative and socially liberal faction of the Republican party. Donald has also mentioned his interest in having Caitlyn Jenner judge the Miss Universe pageant. He has a spotty record with LGBT issues and pageants. In 2012 he initially forbid transgender model Jenna Talackova from participating. After a lawsuit and some further consideration, he announced to Barbara Walters that Jenna could compete and then took out an index card and noted that the first eight letters of Jenna's name spelled out a secret message. Genital. This is true. This really happened.



Which vanquished Republican foe might Trump choose as Secretary of State? Commerce? Transportation? It's easy to imagine a scenario where Trump passes Chris Christie to the Department of Transportation and makes him close bridges in districts that fail to support Trump. What about the cabinet-equal positions like Chief of Staff? A madhouse of Republican weirdos is waiting to have its cells opened for Trump's administration.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.2 How to Explain eSports to Normal People

Tuesday, Aug 04, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

With the ongoing Dota 2 International having a prize pool above 18 million, eSports have begun gaining the attention of ordinary non-nerds. These people have no idea what is going on in the games or why anyone is even bothering to watch. Here's some helpful approaches for explaining the whole thing to these poor, confused spectators.

Welcome to the Future! (Dystopic)
The ancient notion of human achievement through sport has dissolved from the once proud Greek Olympic tradition to a twiddling of thumbs upon mechanical keyboards.

Welcome to the Future! (Utopic)
No longer must the taste of victory be limited to genetic disposition, allowing for a new world of sports equality.

Economic Contemplation
Sure, they might be nerds with limp wrists and they might have asthma and low level autism. Sure, they can't perform an interview without eighteen cringe moments and their acne is out of control, but these kids are competing for CEO money.

As if Television Programming is Any Indication of Quality.
In 2015, Dota 2 has been mentioned four times on ESPN, roughly twice the coverage of the entire NHL. Based on this information, eSports then ranks higher on the Coors Lite Sport Hierarchy than the Winter Olympics and all women's sports combined, but just below arena football.

Explaining to your Skeptical Friend who hasn't Played Videogames since Puberty
Just because they aren't using a controller doesn't mean they can't be professionals. They're geeks and their experts and they're way better than us. It's like when we played Goldeneye in your basement, except now everyone is using Oddjob.

The Gaming Traditions of yore Soldier on!
What started decades ago with some kids competing over Dig-Dug high scores continues on with a new generation of modern gamers. Though time has changed, they bring the same heart and spirit and they also can make actual money instead of just squandering their youth over Pepsi and rolls of quarters.

Excessively Technical Description to Overwhelmed Listener
APM&Frame Perfect&Refresh Rate&Opening&Code Mechanics...GPM.

Here is Proof of Mainstream's Inevitable Consumption of "Nerd" Culture
First comic books become the most successful film franchises, then Battle Bots came back on air. It was only a matter of time before videogames would be considered sports. I look around and the only think we have left are furries.

Doth Saith the Holy Bible
Matthew 5:5 says "Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the land," but the same thing now goes for Monster Energy endorsements.

This Whole Thing is Just like Sports
Swap out a basketball for a mouse. Swap out a football for a keyboard. Boom same exact everything. There is no difference between ambition and skill, there are only different tools.

This Whole Thing is Nothing like Sports
No sweating, slightly less butt smacking. Less about the human body and more about a gaming rig. The combination of mind and body is tilted heavily to favor the brain.

Hygiene Opportunist
Think about it: If hardcore nerds are viewed as role models, we might never have to shower again.

Trying to Explain the Basic Concept to your Father
Okay, so imagine that the internet could be used for checking email and playing minesweeper. Alright, now imagine that there are nine people playing with you. Alright, now imagine that you weren't too old to follow your dream. Intense, right?

Gripping with a Painful Reality
You thought that these players were wasting their time with videogames but now they are traveling and making more money they you'll ever see by doing something they love. Also, they're still children.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.3 How to Be My Rocket League Teammate

Wednesday, Aug 05, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

When I flip forward to clear the ball out of our side of the field, run into me at a thousand miles per hour, sending me flying halfway across the map. If the ball is coming down from a great height directly in front of the opposing goal and I'm getting into position to tap it in, run into me at a thousand miles per hour. Never stop slamming into me at a thousand miles per hour, unless you can slam into me even faster.

We're in a ranked 3v3 match. Quit the game at the very instant something doesn't go our way, leaving me to play against three people with one teammate. If you're that teammate, leave so I have to play against three people by myself.

There are preset blurbs of text that you can select to broadcast in the chat window. You should definitely spam "I Got It!" constantly before kickoffs and any time the ball crosses into enemy territory. Never win a kickoff. Whiff every wide open shot.

Rocket League is soccer with a giant ball and cars that wear hats. The van is the best vehicle.

You can turn your car. You can jump. You can spin diagonally. As a result of all this, you have hundreds of possible directions to hit the ball towards. Basically every direction. Somehow, hit the ball toward your own goal more often than not.

We've just completed a non-ranked match. The post-game menu is displayed, and everyone else has hit Ready to start another match without waiting for the countdown timer. Ostensibly, we're all here to play the game. The menu is nice enough to get the job done, but it's not really the main draw. We've seen all it can offer. Now we're just waiting for you. Don't hit Ready. For absolutely no reason, let everyone sit at this menu while the timer ticks down.

Have the worst ping in the history of networked devices. Ping so rude it could only have been created by pouring honey in your ethernet port and connecting it to a melting router with a length of frayed twine. Ping so nasty that it infects me somehow. An alert flashes on my screen. I teleport eighty feet sideways. The other cars speed up then stop and disappear while my car drives independent of my input. Somehow, when the connection resolves itself, I am outside the stadium and my great grandfather was never born.

There's another preset chat phrase: "What A Save!" Use this every time we score a goal. You see, it's hilarious because the other team did not do a save. The statement is meant to be a compliment but now it is sarcastic. The intended victim is supposed to get mad. In reality the strongest emotion is your sense of self-satisfaction about doing an obvious and barely funny thing. This is the definition of trolling in 2015.

I've just taken a clean shot from beyond the mid-field line. The ball is rolling at a steady clip for the goal, and there's no one on the other team close enough to reach it in time. This is when you rocket boost in at the very last moment and tap the ball in to get credit.

The previous scenario begins to play out, but it's overtime. My long distance shot is a game-winning goal. You rush in at the last possible moment. In your excitement, you boost as you hit the ball, knocking it away from the goal.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.4 Lessons Learned from the Ultimate Lifehacker

Thursday, Aug 06, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Geoffrey Mordler might look like your average 26-year-old, but he's actually one of the lead software engineers behind WalkFree, a revolutionary new app that lets members of the tech industry monitor homeless activity during the harrowing walks to their chartered commuter buses. But even as one of the top earners in his industry, Mordler still relies on some penny-pinching secrets to make his dollar count in the expensive city of San Francisco.

Geoffrey Mordler

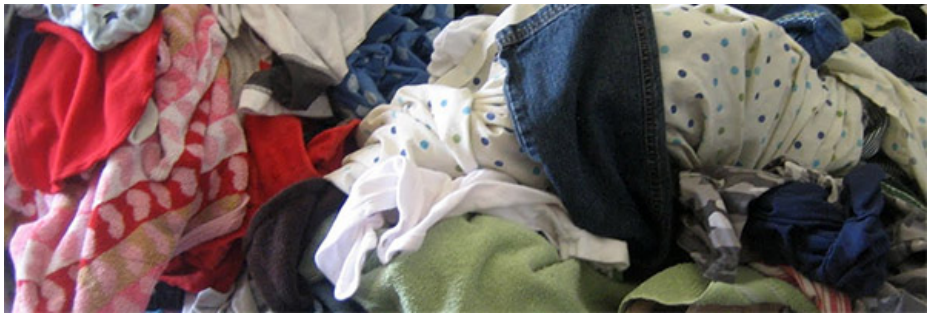
Food and Eating

More than anything, humans spend too much time on food. Thinking about food. Shopping for food. Talking about where they want to eat food. Sitting down and *waiting* for people to serve them food. Wasting even more time talking to and even *laughing with* friends over food. It offends me.

That's why I've devised a way to maximize the efficiency of food consumption. At the beginning of every month, I have a 50-pound bag of rice and a 50-pound bag of pinto beans delivered to my door. Every morning I pour three cups of each into a divided rice cooker, turn it on, and continue with my day--regrettably, the man who delivers the rice and beans refuses to contribute to this step of my efficiency efforts, despite his low value within the job market. My diet may sound monotonous, but, over the past five years of living with this system, I've been able to develop three drastically different meals to eat throughout the course of a day:

- Morning: Beans Over Rice
- Lunch: Beans Under Rice
- Dinner: Rice and Bean Medley

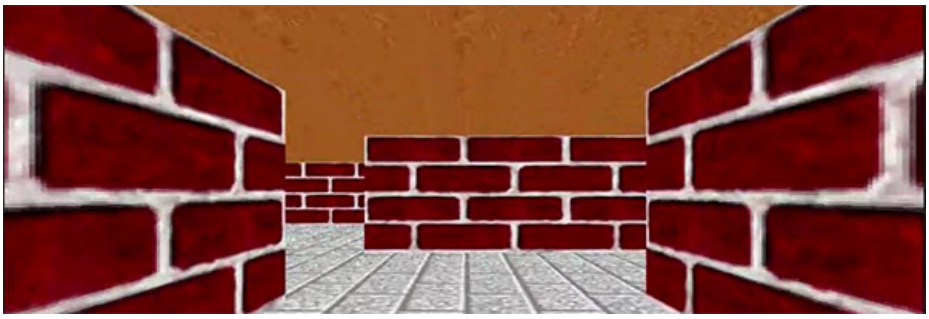
Tragically, I cannot control the desires of my lizard brain, and since the adding of spices would only delay consumption with the act of savoring, at times, I must give in to animal demands and eat something with flavor. In these shameful circumstances, I turn to one of the tech industry's many brands of flavor goo. After days and weeks of simple starches, a strawberry pouch of Soylent feels like a heroin addict's first hit!



Laundry and Hygiene

Frankly, the thought of doing any labor that *doesn't* involve coding makes me break out into hives. And I should mention the UI (user interface) of most washing machines and dryers disgusts me; clearly, this is an industry in need of a Laundry Solution from my talented and forward-thinking peers.

Since I refuse to reduce my life to such barbarism, my living space is free of any washing or drying units. I also would never set foot in a laundromat, where the dregs of humanity pump quarter after quarter into wasteful monstrosities, and then sit--they sit! They just sit and read their magazines as the world passes them by. But not me. I have an arrangement with the Russian dry cleaning place next store, where they sell me chemically damaged apparel for a song. Obviously, I don't manage to get my hands on a fresh item of clothing for every day of the year, but since I work from home, the uneconomical American standard for cleanliness is reduced to a much more manageable level. If an article of clothing passes the "gag test"--meaning it doesn't activate my gag reflex from more than two feet away--it simply goes back into the rotation. Sure beats buying a gallon of detergent every few months like one of Big Soap's lapdogs!



Entertainment

Another time-wasting distraction. Though I live to code and code to live, my mind can only spend so many hours staring at the many programming languages I've mastered. Some of my peers had the gall to recommended books, TV shows, and movies, as if I'd be stupid enough to buy into a bunch of lies that *never happened*. You know, when you see one of those *Pirates of the Carribean* things, you're not actually watching a bunch of pirates? Nope! It's just actors, paid to stand around and say words they memorized. Why anyone would ever participate in this kind of farce is beyond me, and I have an IQ of 155.

Companionship

Nothing frustrates me more than the continued insistence from peers and family members that I go out and meet people. In return, I ask them, "To what end?" You honestly want me to spend countless hours with another person and see absolutely no return on my invested time? And then what? After all those years, they end up just like we all do: dead. So I say, "Why bother?"

Unfortunately, the rare Skype meeting with my company means I cannot let my vocal cords atrophy, so I spend upwards of eight minutes a day--broken up into four two-minute shifts--speaking with a small cactus kept in my unused kitchen. These stream-of-consciousness ramblings allow me to clear my head of thoughts as I scan the room and speak my mind. "The sun sure is pretty on these blank walls, cactus." Or "You wouldn't believe the size of the bean I pulled out of my beans over rice at breakfast, cactus!" He doesn't reply, and I like it that way. Any other arrangement would have me contemplating the thoughts, feelings, and experience of another creation, which would rob my life of even more valuable hours.

Until The Singularity happens, though, I understand my very existence is trapped in a prison of meat. Which means I've often thought of employing a vessel to accept my DNA in order to create another human that will carry my coding legacy into the future. With my high salary and value to society, you think it'd be easier to find a woman willing to meet for close to three minutes a week to complete the fluid exchange process, but finding someone with the sensitivity to allow this to happen from behind the safety of a nonjudgmental plywood wall? That's another story altogether. If you happen to know any females like this, it would be a huge favor to me if you could have this person drop a line to questions@walkfree.com. HR will pick up the ball from there.

Just make sure she's Asian.

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

8.5 If Leading Republican Candidates Were Movie Monsters

Friday, Aug 07, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The first Republican presidential debate produced memorable moments and revealed a lot about the candidates on the stage. Like their monster alter-egos. They may not actually be bloodthirsty creatures from the hell dimension, but their portrayal on TV is believable.

Donald Trump - Godzilla (Toho version)

They are brash, cause pandemonium, they're lovable even as they wreck everything, they make recognizable noises, and they're both immune to attacks from the military.

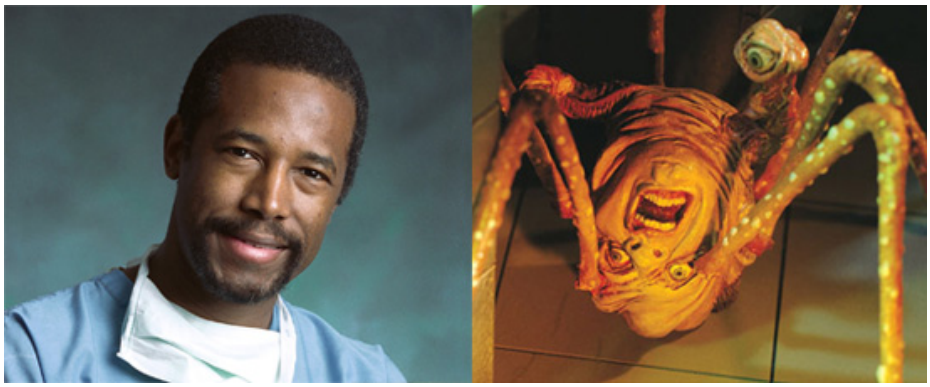
Jeb Bush - It Follows Monster

After his brother fucked the whole country this guy keeps tirelessly chasing us no matter what we do. If he catches us he is going to fuck America to death.

Scott Walker - Butterball (Cenobite)

Covered in visible slime, from hell, and he definitely has a bloody pussy on his stomach. If someone searches the Koch Brothers' lunatic asylum, they're going to find a puzzle box. No doubt this guy is a cenobite.

Ben Carson - The Thing

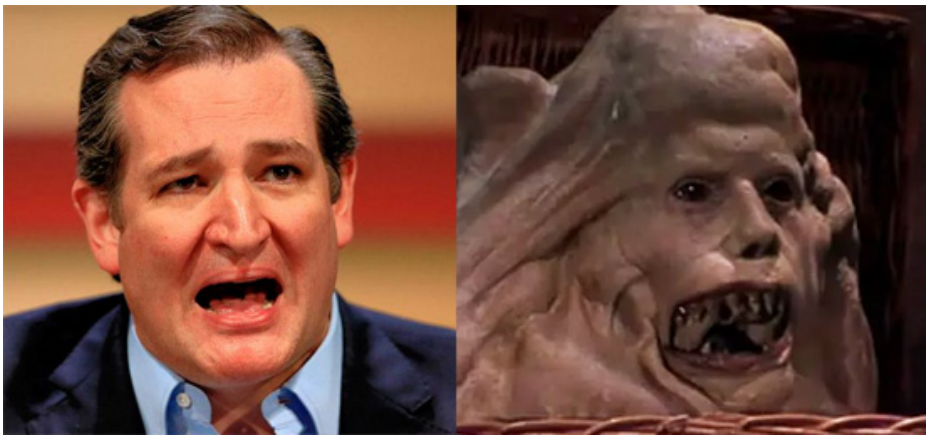


Everything seems fine with DOCTOR Ben Carson, until you give him a simple test and then his head is chasing you around on spider legs telling you your blood pressure medication is worse than slavery.

Mike Huckabee - Freddy Krueger

They're both haunting nightmares in striped shirts and for all he talks about precious babies, Huckabee probably murdered the kids in the neighborhood.

Ted Cruz - Belial (Basket Case)



They share a disturbing face, both get really weird around women, and they live in a basket. Possibly the same basket.

Marco Rubio - Blade (Puppet Master)

A puppet who serves good or evil depending on whether Nazis are around to make him look good by comparison. He has a knife hand and bullet eyes that can shoot from his eye sockets.

Rand Paul - Stripe (Gremlins)

Popped out of an adorable puppet creature (Ron Paul), has memorable hair, sometimes lovable, but completely self-interested. Also vulnerable to being placed in a microwave.

Chris Christie - Rancor (Star Wars)

Ill-tempered brute who will devour anything The Boss throws down into his sewer. Definitely stop motion in some shots.

John Kasich - Toilet Ghoulie (Ghoulies)

One is green, lives in a toilet, and will eat ass and the other one is from a movie called **Ghoulies**.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.6 The World's Worst Ally

Monday, Aug 10, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I don't mean to brag, but when it comes to POC (peoples of colors) I am a great ally. I subsist mainly on a diet of photo cakes of my black friend. We're really close. I like his posts on Facebook before I even read them. His birthday was last week and I sang happy birthday to him via Skype wearing a bullet proof vest.

This is what a feminist looks like.

For a present I got him a copy of James Baldwin's **Notes of a Native Son** for the Kindle. I don't know if he has a Kindle but he can read it on the web using the Kindle reader. Salon said James Baldwin is the best black author. He's definitely on my reading list but I'm so far behind on Ciaphas Cain novels it'll be years before I get to James Baldwin.

I am an ally to Latinas. My "La Raza" I like to call them. They're so beautiful with their big nails and sassy attitudes. I would definitely date a Latina. Especially a Latina with sexy feet. I think President Obama should stop deportations now of all Latinas with sexy feet. They just want to wear strappy summer shoes with chunky heels that show off those hot toes and arches.

By the way, hip hop? Very cool. The Confederate Flag? Not for it. I'm an #**AllyForJustice.**

Ladies, this is what a feminist looks like. You can't see it right now, but I am making my feminist face. It is similar to the face I make when I walk into a public restroom and realize that someone is shitting. That's because the patriarchy is everywhere. Being a feminist ally has made me question all my past actions. Such as I no longer listen to Jock Jams. Because "jock" is exclusionary and who is to say a woman can't also jam. The patriarchy said it in 1993.

This is what the best ally looks like.

What is Bernie Sanders going to do about small budgets for women's soccer on college campuses? And why is it "women's soccer" and not just "soccer" and the other soccer is "men's soccer" because this is what happens when Bernie does nothing. #**BreakTheSilenceBernie**

I understand women come in all different shapes and sizes. That is why I celebrate big titty fat women AKA real women. Ladies, never be ashamed of yourself or those humongous honkers. It's okay if you want to wear a one piece or a two piece bathing suit. Or just a wet t-shirt with no underpants and it sort of rides up and shows off your butt. It's okay if you crack open a beer and listen to hard rock music on my porch. No man should tell you that you can't pole dance in my den.

Do you like hip hop, girl? I'm sorry I just infantilized you. Do you like Drake, sir?

Transpeople, I think it is super cool that you are all trans now. I mean, wow. Good for you. Really. Good for you how brave. 20 years ago there were maybe five trans people and now you are at least 15% of the population and I couldn't be happier. That just means more for me. Booya. I correctly gendered Chelsea Manning on day one. She. Was that so hard? #**AllGendersMatter**

This cis man loves trans women. Sexy, beautiful Asian trans women especially. So feminine and cute.

The Asians (POCs!!) are the most feminine race so they are naturally good at trans levels and I think they should use any bathroom they want. Especially the bathroom in my house that I built for them. I am an ally and the best way I can be an ally is by letting them use my special toilet and getting inside that toilet. Please make a mess on this ally's face.

I probably care more about your rights and equality than you do.

Let's not forget about the disableds. Whether you can't get out of your wheelchair or you're just crazy, I am there to be your ally. Ramps and Vietnamese potbellied pigs for everyone. If I see a business that doesn't have a ramp I am going to throw a bloody wheelchair through their window. How does it feel, Annabelle's Antiques & Curios??

This is what democracy looks like. Yeah. It can get a little messy.

I am so open minded that I am currently seeking a dedicated feeder relationship with a trans Latina (POC!!) with baby soft instep. I will turn you into a real woman, not one of these anorexic super models. I will build a ramp into my heart if you will let me feed you photo cakes of Black Lives Matter interrupting Bernie Sanders. That piece of shit Bernie. That motherfucker. That cis old white guy non-ally doesn't even listen to Drake. Do you think he gives a shit about our Latina's feet? Does he even read Ciaphas Cain?

By the way, before I forget: Jews. For them. 100%. Except Israel. For the Palestinians there. Also

for Muslims, but not really. Like, I want them to exist, but please not around me. Bill Maher makes a good point when he said that 40% of Muslims polled in a crater in Syria were okay with the Cole bombing. It would just be easier if everybody was cool and skipped church like me. Because your sky king fantasy isn't really helping anyone. Except black churches which I am totally cool with just to be clear. Those are the good religion.

Anyway, got to go. There are some really problematic things Marvel is doing I need to discuss with my black friend. Going to brainstorm on some possible disruptions to support black writers for Blade.

#**Ferguson**

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.7 Don't Tread on Me

Tuesday, Aug 11, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

A symbol of American independence during the Revolutionary War. Co-opted by modern libertarians. The Gadsden flag is certainly striking and iconic, but most people have no idea that it was merely one part of a twelve-flag work of sequential art. If you want to understand the full scope of this historical artifact, you must see it in its original context.

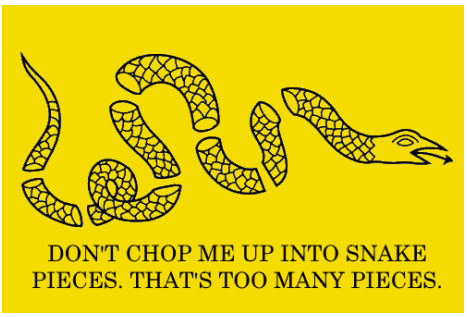
I'M NOT THE GROUND
I AM A SNAKE

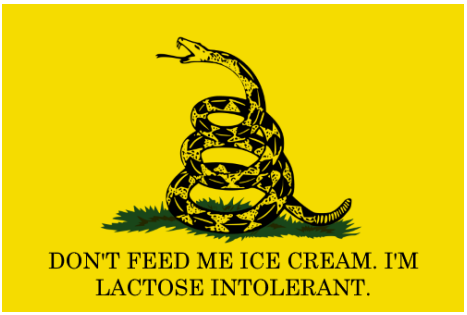
GETTING STEPPED ON WOULD
HURT PRETTY BAD

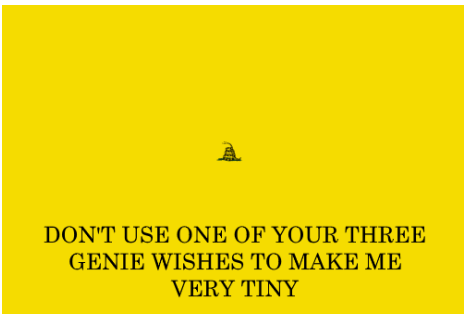
PLEASE I HAVE A WIFE AND KIDS

THANKS FOR STEPPING
AROUND ME DUDE

HOLD UP, I'VE GOT SOME
MORE RULES


DON'T CHOP ME UP INTO SNAKE
PIECES. THAT'S TOO MANY PIECES.

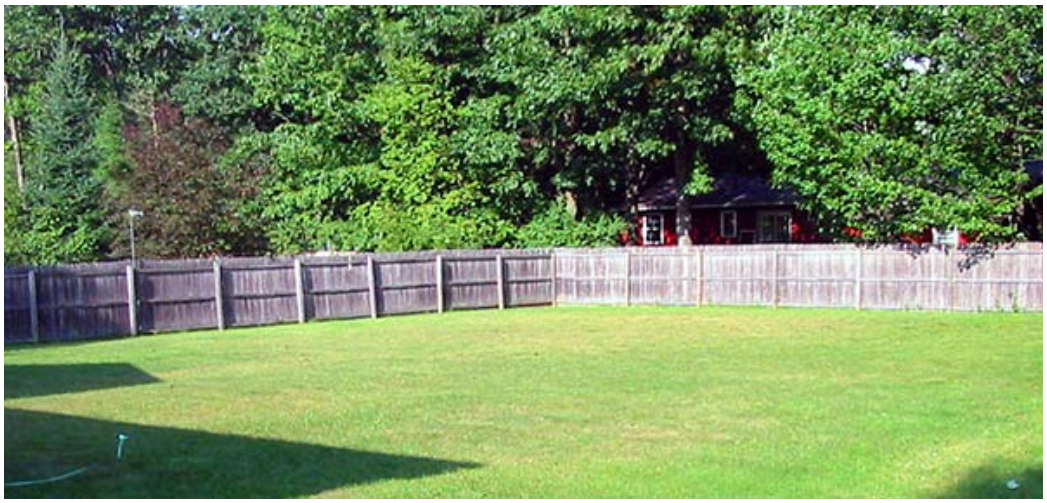

DON'T FEED ME ICE CREAM. I'M
LACTOSE INTOLERANT.


DON'T USE ONE OF YOUR THREE
GENIE WISHES TO MAKE ME
VERY TINY

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.8 I'm The Guy Who Threw a Stone inside a Glass House

Wednesday, Aug 12, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



My beautiful glass house, shortly after construction.

By now you've heard about me and what I did. I threw a stone inside a glass house. You probably also heard that you shouldn't do what I did. But what you haven't heard is my side of the story.

First up: you're probably wondering why I lived in a glass house. Let me tell you, it was a huge mistake. Not only are glass houses challenging to live in, they're also expensive. It cost me a fortune to hire a team of glass blowers to construct an entire ranch-style house out of pure glass. You should be criticizing me for that, not me throwing a stone.

Living in that glass house was a nightmare. There was nowhere to hide, because the walls were made of glass and it's not like you can put curtains around your whole house. That would be weird and creepy, and I'm not a weird or creepy guy.

As a lifelong nudist, it was also frustrating because the neighbors never respected my privacy. They just saw a naked man sitting there eating chili on a glass breakfast nook and got outraged. It's not my fault they stood around peering through my walls and objectifying my body. Especially that jerk Bryce.

The neighbors were just awful. None of them could grasp the incredibly simple concept of a glass house. Somehow, they thought that meant I wanted them to look at me. Get over yourselves, people. I'm just a normal guy. And just because my house was glass didn't mean you can knock on any part of it. Hello! I had a glass door. The welcome mat wasn't made of glass, and those go in front of doors. Idiots.

The worst part was there was no hiding from visitors. If somebody showed up to knock on my door -- or a random wall as often happened -- they could see me the whole time. No matter how quiet and motionless I remained, I was still completely visible. I'm not proud of this, but it's partly why I was inspired to dig a moat around the house. Another thing: city hall hates it when you do that.

It was also a nightmare for my dog, who died of stress after a mere two months. Between him constantly running into invisible walls and being driven mad by neighborhood critters just out of reach, he couldn't hack it. R.I.P., buddy. I sincerely hope there is no glass in dog heaven (or hell).

And those critters, they were the real headache. Every day birds would crash into the house and neighborhood cats would climb the walls and then freak out. My house was a real insult to the natural world, which never evolved the capacity to comprehend glass.

Sometimes you'd suddenly notice a coyote staring at you, and forget you were safely inside your home. More than once, I woke up to see a raccoon floating above my head, looking just as terrified by the situation as me. Throwing stuff just becomes second nature in a glass house. It's pure instinct. You see a varmint, and you grab the nearest thing and throw it, not realizing it's actually outside. 99.9% of the time this was harmless fun, but then the one time....

Anyway, let's set the record straight. The saying goes, "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw *stones*."

Totally agree! Doesn't apply to me, though. So you can stop repeating this idiotic expression, because it has no basis in reality and only serves to slander the character of a good man (yours truly). I threw *a* stone, not multiple stones. Technically, it was a geode, which I don't think even qualifies as a stone.

It just so happens that the geode struck a real weak spot, and caused the whole house to shatter. I'd like to say it was my expert throwing arm, perfectly honed from 6 seasons of high school football, but it was clearly the fault of the union glass blowers who cut corners building my house.

But I have no regrets about that throw, because it was amazing. The entire house just shattered into a million pieces in a beautiful cascade of chaos. I was fine, by the way. It was winter so I had my extra thick hooded bathrobe to protect me from the glass. What a thrill! Would do it again sooner if I had the chance.

So there you have it. I threw a "stone" inside my glass house. Big deal. It was just a tiny little mishap, and nothing worth coining a phrase over. How dare you turn me trying to defend myself from a raccoon I thought was inside my house into some kind of moronic metaphor about hypocrisy. It doesn't make sense at all, you jerks.

You clowns need to get over it and stop bringing it up. I have been getting guff about this for years, and I've had enough. I'd like to see you live in a glass house and not throw things at perceived animal invaders.

I learned a lot from living in a glass house, lessons I've applied to my new home. For one thing, I don't live near idiots anymore. More importantly, I've really focusing on living a more basic lifestyle, which is I'm now a dedicated member of the tiny glass house movement.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.9 The World's Most Dangerous Band

Thursday, Aug 13, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

My name is Hamlet Parasite, and my band, The Exploding Crates, has been called the most dangerous band on earth. That title mainly refers to the danger of being in my band, which has lost several members due to drug overdoses, time-travel mishaps or because they were eaten by our drummer, Quark. I'd fire Quark, but he's twelve feet tall, writes most of our songs, and serves as our moral compass for all decisions that don't involve eating people.

I'm in a nightclub bathroom, examining myself in a cracked mirror. (I'm always self-conscious about how I look in broken or dirty mirrors.) Suddenly I notice a man behind me. He's wearing a paisley shirt and his skin is pale and transparent. He's either a ghost or the Jimi Hendrix hologram that's opening for us.

"I'm a ghost," he says, and asks if he can take a selfie with me on his Druid (a phone-shaped hole into the world of nightmares).

"You look familiar," I say as we pose together. "Are you one of the people Quark ate at our last gig?"

"No, I was the singer in a band, The Flaming Trash Barrels. We were playing here and I died of a heart attack during our signature song, 'If I Have a Heart Attack During This Song, Don't Resuscitate Me or Call 911. Just Sip Your Drink and Enjoy the Rest of Your Friday Night, Your Only Respite from the Pain-Dance of Your Work Week.' Now I'm trapped in this club forever. If I step outside, I end up in this horrible wasteland like in *Beetlejuice*."

"Yeah, it's called Boston," I say.

We both laugh, though his laugh sounds kind of forced. In his wasteland, there are probably actual monsters with multiple rows of teeth that whirl around in their mouths like band saw blades.

I feel bad for making the joke, especially since I empathize with him. I too feel like I've been trapped in this club (or ones like it) forever. It wasn't always like this. I used to live for the thrill of gigs and the leonine roar of the crowd. My favorite memory is playing Pom-Aid - Neil Young's benefit concert for the pomade shortage he singlehandedly caused during his '80s rockabilly phase. After our set, our bassist, Mote, and I were snorting the bone dust of Mick Jagger off a mirror while Quark devoured our manager, and for a moment I actually saw the mirror - not the bone dust and viscera reflected in it, but the mirror itself.

Those zenlike moments are few and far between now. Most of the time, rock stardom feels literally meaningless, like the word "literally." I often think of quitting the band and doing something more artistic, like writing porn soundtracks. I've already got an offer to score the furry porn *Several Atheists in a Foxhole.*

At the sound check, Mote, who has cirrhosis, tunes his Fender bass and plugs in his portable infusion pump, which he's nicknamed Led Zeppelin IV. The pump is also made by Fender - to capitalize on the large number of substance-damaged rock stars, most guitar manufacturers also make medical equipment. Quark hands me the setlist, at the end of which are a few Sonic Youth covers.

"There's no apostrophe in 'Kill Yr Idols,'" I say irritably.

Quark shrugs. "What's the difference?"

"That's it," I say, throwing down my guitar. "I can't work with people who don't know the difference between 'yr' and 'y're.' I quit!"

I storm out of the club, leaving Quark and Mote to reform as a drum and bass duo. It's night, and the city skyline looks like the waveform of some overplayed song.

A mob of fans stands between me and the street.

Their eyes are a sea of lighters, burning with hatred. "Your can't leave us," they say. "We own you."

"You may own my music, due to file sharing and its erosion of copyright," I say. "But you don't own me."

"Yes we do," they say. "You're our fantasy, our collective dream of fame and fortune we'll never achieve. You only exist for our vicarious pleasure, and if you ever forget that, if you ever try to have thoughts and feelings of your own, we'll destroy you as quickly as we created you."

"Out of my way," I say. I try to muscle past them, but a sudden pain stops me. It feels like a million tiny hands tearing at my body, shredding it like Yngwie Malmsteen on guitar. I clutch my chest, which is shot through with blue beams of light from the crowd's eyes. I stagger backwards and raise my hands in surrender.

"Okay, I'll play your show," I say. "But can I at least play some new songs from my shelved solo project? It's video-game-themed techno. I've got this great dance track called 'Running up That Green Hill (a Deal with Tails).'"

The crowd confers for a moment. "We'd be okay with that," they say. "As long as you stagger the new material throughout the set, and open with a suite of your classic hits."

I return to the club and play the gig. The new songs get the biggest applause we've ever heard. The Exploding Crates' venture into chiptunes has begun.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.10 If the Canadians Betrayed Us and Other Alternate D-Day Speeches

Friday, Aug 14, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Supreme Allied Commander Dwight D. Eisenhower was so concerned about the success of the June 6, 1944 D-Day landings that he famously drafted an announcement to be read in the event the landings failed. The speech was short and to the point:

> Our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have failed to gain a satisfactory foothold and I have withdrawn the troops. My decision to attack at this time and place was based on the best information available. The troops, the air, and the Navy did all that bravery and devotion to duty could do. If any blame or fault attaches to the attempt it is mine alone.

Less known is that Eisenhower liked to plan for all contingencies. He prepared several additional drafts of his D-Day speech to be read in the event that circumstances in Normandy took alternative turns.

To be read in the event of so-so invasion landings:

> Our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have gone O.K. They are not going to be winning any amphibious invasion pageants, but it was not a total disaster. Things are just a little dicey. This was my idea, the troops did not come up with this on their own, so if things go poorly from here on out that is my fault. On the other hand, if everything works out, great, I am happy to share the credit.

To be read in the event of failure that did not matter in the long run:

> You may have heard by now that our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have failed. To that I say, "So what?" The Germans are gravely mistaken if they think they can stop

us. Nobody has even invaded America. We have fifty million guys ready to die. All of our cities resemble postcards and our factories are churning out tanks and planes so fast we are giving them to the Russians. We do not even like the Russians. So when you hear Hitler bragging about blowing up a few ships and killing a couple thousand Americans, I suggest you shrug. I believe one billion people have died in Russia. This D-Day thing failing is one bad day for them. Also, I am really not supposed to say this in a speech, but the atom bomb is months away. Put it this way: about this time next year the Germans are going to wish D-Day worked.

To be read in the event of success that was undeserved:

Our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have succeeded in our objectives to gain a foothold on the European continent and push back the Nazi occupiers. Victory came at very little cost and after almost no struggle. Did we earn this victory? No, I do not believe so. Our tanks rolled right over them. Barely a shot fired. We had guys with flamethrower backpacks walking ashore and I don't think a single one of them got blown up and walked around on fire. At the end of a hard-won game, even the losers can sometimes say "good game." Nobody is saying "good game" about the score we just ran up on the Germans. The bleachers were empty at the half. It was embarrassing. A cakewalk. No lessons learned. All in all, I did not want things to go down like this.

To be read if the troops proved to be cowardly:

Our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have failed to gain a satisfactory foothold and our yellow-bellied troops are running scared. I told them to attack and they blew it. The timing was perfect, the plan was great, but I had never taken account of what a bunch of jelly-backed wimps we had trying to pass themselves off as proper soldiers. Half the ships sailed off to South America. The air planes flew off to God knows where. Most of the troops just sat down on the beach and said to heck with it. It was a disaster and I refuse to take the fall for these cowards.

To be read if the Nazi troops were too big and the Allied troops were too small:

Our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have failed to gain a satisfactory foothold and I have withdrawn the troops. It turns out the Nazis are nine feet tall. Shoes like canoes and heads as big as roast turkeys. They are squishing our troops like bugs. They carry around bazookas for pistols. No way can we whoop the krauts with these pea shooters. It is going to take some sort of air pumps or growth serum injected into our three foot tall troops to give our boys a fighting chance.

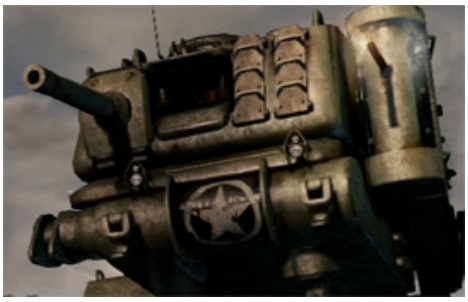
To be read in the likely event of a Canadian betrayal:

> We should have known this was coming. The dirty Canadians have shown their true colors today during our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area. No sooner had their boots come ashore than they pulled off their patches and put on swastikas. They said "soory" and ran straight to the bunkers to embrace their Nazi brothers, then turned the guns on us. If there's anything lower than a Canadian on this earth, you would need to dig a hole straight down to find it. Time to bomb Saskatoon to hell.

To be read if the invasion force disappeared in a Bermuda Triangle scenario:

> Our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have mysteriously disappeared. Everything seemed to be going fine and then we heard from the first bombers that they saw a mist. Then the radio went silent. Ships reported their compasses going all weird and vanished one by one into the fog. Only a single destroyer came back out of the mist and there was nobody on it. Just an empty ship drifting back towards England. What happened to our Normandy landings? We may never know.

The "When You Want Something Done Right" draft:



> Our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have failed to gain a satisfactory foothold and I have withdrawn the troops. They pulled a real boner, but this is far from over. I have ordered my personal submarine gassed up and I am heading over there in my battle egg. I should have known the troops, air force, and Navy could not hack it. They do not have the balls to do what has to be done. The plan was complicated and the fight was hard. Now it is time for me to sort this all out myself and if I fail, well, I will see you in hell.

The most secretive draft was Eisenhower's infamous cussing version of the speech:

> Shit ass! Our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have failed to gain an asshold and I have withdrawn the shitty ass troops. Fuck! Assss! My decision to attack at this time and place turned out to be pretty shit ass even though it was based on the best ass information available. The ass troops, the shitty ass air, and the goddamn ass fuck Navy did shit all that bravery and devotion to fucking shitty ass duty could do. If any fucking blame or ass shit fuck fault attaches to the attempt it is fuck fuck fuckity ass mine alone, bitch ass cunts.

The events of a single day can lead the world down dozens of different paths. Particularly if the Germans are giant and our soldiers are the size of Hobbits.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 Allow Me, a Journalist, to Describe the Captain America: Civil War Trailer to You

Monday, Aug 17, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Have you been starved for information about Marvel's "Phase Three" of cinematic epics? At D23, Disney's secret society that meets under the Magic Kingdom, Marvel just showed a select group of people the trailer for **Captain America: Civil War** and the crowd went nuts.

On-set action as Crossbones squares off against Cap.

I can't show you the trailer, I can't even show you stills from the trailer, but please allow me to describe to you what happens in that trailer. I have written a whole article about a movie trailer you won't see for weeks. This is a thing we regularly do now. It's called journalism. Look it up. You're welcome.

The trailer starts off and Captain America is on a cool motorcycle with machine guns on the side. He jumps it OVER a car and onto the second floor of a building and there is Winter Soldier on his back with his feet up in the air and Cap says "Trying to suck your own dick again, huh Bucky??" and they high five. "I don't even know who Bucky is," says Winter Soldier and he starts sucking his own dick. Cap has the laugh line here when he looks at the camera and says "I'm from the 1940s so I don't even know what a dick is" and the music rises dramatically.

Cut to Falcon flying through the sky, doing loops and aerobatics like a stunt plane. He's clearly loving it. There is this unbelievable shot as he swoops through a tunnel and into a giant pipe and we realize he's doing it. He's a Mario now and the Mario theme kicks in as Falcon emerges from the tunnel just like a Mario.

William Hurt as General Thunderbolt (his character from Hulk reboot 3) starts talking in voice over. He says something like, "You've done it again Captain America. You and your friends saved the world. But people don't like you because you're too tough. We're glad you stopped godlike alien

centipedes from another dimension and super robots from destroying our cities, but we're really afraid of the monsters in our midst. The monsters that are harder to see. I'm talking about you, the guy we made who has never done anything bad. Thank god Americans don't even know what happened in Guardians of the Galaxy because the universe was saved by a raccoon. We need you all to register with the government."

Could this be the new Avengers Bat Man?

Patrick Stewart interrupts in voice over and says, "Wasn't this the plot of every single one of the X-men movies?"

"They're both Marvel so it's allowed," argues William Hurt, still in VO.

Cut back to a crowded New York office lobby and a terrorist in a skull mask reveals he is wearing a bomb vest. It's Crossbones. People scream and try to run for the door but there are more terrorists with guns preventing anyone from leaving. One of the security guards starts inching towards his gun and Crossbones grabs him and wads him up into a ball and shoots him through a hoop Space Jam style. He turns to the rest of the people and says "Nobody else try to be a hero." But then it pans to Tony Stark who was by the front desk writing a million dollar check with the memo line JOKES to a pretty lady. Riffs of "I Am Iron Man" play under the soundtrack.

Iris in on his pupil and out into a romantically lit, steamy bathroom. A naked woman is seen through the fogged glass door of a shower. Sexy but very PG. It looks to be Black Widow. Pan over clothes strewn across the floor. Black suit and zippers. Sexy bras. Comical number of guns. Up to a bed where we see Hawkeye is going to town on his own hog, just wildly chowing down to the nuts on his ding dong. He looks at the camera and says, "It's a living."

He looks at the camera and says, "There's another black guy in town and this one finally gets his own movie" and a green check mark appears next to him and it's great use of 3D.

Star wipe to Black Panther in his full cat man suit is struggling to climb a tree. He gets onto like the second branch from the ground and falls back down again.

Captain America says in Voice Over, "We need more friends. Cooler friends from other movies."

Paul Rudd as Ant Man shows up and gets ready to start sucking his own D but instead he is just doing crunches. It's a great laugh moment from the new wise-cracking, fun-loving Marvel character in this incredible shared universe. He seems to think it's really cool to meet Captain America and asks Captain America to autograph a photo. Zoom in and we see it's actually a photo of Dr. Strange and Cap together. But how did this happen, the Dr. Strange movie is coming out AFTER Civil War???

Unbelievable, crowd-pleasing teases at D23.

Cut to Himalaya marketplace. Primed for a Dr. Strange tease. Snow falls, peddlers selling exotic herbs. A mysterious man pulls back his hood and reveals, yep, it's Paul Giamatti as the Rhino. "I hope you didn't come all this way just to suck your own dick," he says to another hooded

figure and it's... wait for it... Spider Man!

"Nope," says Spidey. "I came to do some avenging."

Stutter cut to Google Maps altitude above the village.

Rage Against the Machine's "Wake Up" starts playing as Spidey flies into the air straight at the camera. The crowd at D23 went wild.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

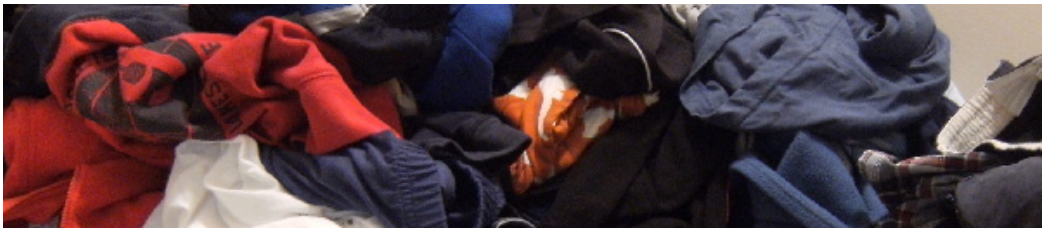
8.12 When is it time to do laundry?

Tuesday, Aug 18, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

For most people this list is unnecessary and stupid, but there are still many out there that seem to be confused. To help out with any possible misconceptions, here's a brief list of possible times when it is appropriate to do laundry. Friends don't let friends be stinky nerds.

- Reaching your bed requires a John-Snow-returning-to-the-Wall Trek except instead of a blizzard it's just a giant mass of black t-shirts.
- Your boxers have become a dual blend fabric of cotton and fart.
- You know how weird it is when someone who has always had a beard all of a sudden shaves it off and you're like, whoa, wait a second? Well, that's how people would act about you if you ever wore a different pair of pants.
- All of your clothes smell like a pack of cigarettes even though you don't smoke.
- Everyone around looks pained to be in your company and you aren't a creepy, racist grandfather.
- You often gaze lustfully at Goodwill donation boxes, imagining yourself climbing in with the same blissful abandon as McScrooge diving into his piles of money.
- A significant number of vermin have begun nesting in your empty dresser drawers and you can't blame them.
- Through the absorption of your natural oils, your shirt now releases a pheromone whenever you're near a Little Caesar Hot and Ready pizza.
- You've mistakenly thought you'd lost weight when in reality your jeans have just stretched well beyond the material's natural limit.
- You've somehow amassed a healthy amount of quarters and the nearest arcade closes early.
- Your fashion choices have devolved into whichever shirt on your floor has the least visible deodorant residue.
- Your shirt is more worn out than the meme printed on it.
- Your attempt to remember alternating wearing boxers between normally and inside out has mutated into a convoluted and nearly impossible to grasp Inception level mind fuck.
- There's a certain thrift store je ne sais quoi that defines your presence and people aren't afraid to point it out.

- Your clothing is currently dictating your life and it's demanding you stay inside for the third straight week.
- You've been wearing Batman pajama pants so long neighbors think you're some bohemian who just really likes the Dark Knight.
- The lint in your bellybutton has a smell that you secretly like but you're terrified of anyone finding out.
- You left the house wearing the same outfit you slept in and you are not six years old.
- You've pitted doing laundry against playing Dota2, and Dota has been on a massive win streak.
- In desperation, you've resorted to wearing shirts from ten years ago only to find out that your body has drastically changed in shape-and not in a good way.
- Your socks sort of keep the shape of your foot for a few hours after you take them off.
- You've had three heatstrokes since you were forced to dig into your box of winter sweaters, and all that's left now is old ski gear.
- Like a dog marking its territory, your computer chair and sheets share the same musk as your clothes.
- That musk immediately triggers terrible recessed memories for anyone who has attended a ComiCon or used to play D&D in middle school.
- You've seriously considered the possibility of wearing one type of clothes as a substitute for another type of clothes, but aren't quite certain about the calculations.
- If a standardized test had a fill in the blank question asking the student to describe your smell, the highest scoring answer would say something along the lines of: If someone were to fish some old towels out of a lake and stuff them in a bag and then someone else found that bag three weeks later and opened it and was like, "yeah, I'll wear this now."
- Your clothing looks like an extra's costume in The Walking Dead except it's just ketchup and Oreo crumbs.
- You've been promising to do laundry for so long it's officially categorized as vaporware.
- Your own feet have begun to smell like someone else's.



–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.13 My Second, More Detailed Defense of Amazon's Working Conditions

Wednesday, Aug 19, 2015 by Jeff Bezos (@DennisFarrell)

A recent article laid out a disturbing pattern of employee cruelty and abuse at Amazon. For some reason my unequivocal denial, "That sure doesn't sound like the company I know... ha... ha..." wasn't clear enough. Well, today I'd like to correct that by addressing every specific charge in the article. Point by point. Firmly, and in great detail.

> *Allegation: Amazon creates a punishing workplace where its white collar workers are overworked, given few benefits, toyed with by superiors, and encouraged to snitch on one another. They are purposefully placed in these difficult conditions under the misguided belief that success in spite of adversity will make them stronger.*

Let me be perfectly clear. This allegation is... woof! Yeesh! *tugging at my collar while sweating* That sure doesn't sound good!

Does that describe Amazon? My company? You wouldn't think so. Most people wouldn't think so. We can all agree on that. What kind of company would Amazon be if we did that? That's a pretty good question to ask yourself.

> *Allegation: Jeff Bezos personally prowls the company at all hours, knocking the elbows of employees as they type, causing them to hit the wrong keys.*

Where do you even start with this one? Where do you even start. There are so many aspects of this allegation. Just so many aspects. I don't think I need to say anything specific about all of those aspects. That would give them more credit than they deserve.

> *Allegation: In an effort to encourage the most well-paid workers to quit, they are moved to offices in the lava level. This level of the company's building has lava instead of a floor. Employees must travel to and from their desks by timing their jumps on moving platforms. At regular intervals, large fireballs shoot straight up out of the lava.*

I would like to see the photographic evidence of this lava level. The words "lava level" do ring a bell in the context of our headquarters, but you have to understand that this is a large company. For all I know the lava level is only used to store lava.

> *Allegation: Every week the entire company is promised a pizza party if they collectively meet their near-impossible goals handed down from upper management. On the rare occasion when the party does take place it consists of a single paper plate, on which sits one bagel bite, still frozen.*

Hey, uh, if anything like that happened I'd encourage someone to flag down an adult, like a police officer or a priest.

> *Allegation: Under the specific orders of Amazon executives, the drone delivery program routinely tests accuracy by flying to employees' homes and dropping dildos on the heads of children and pets.*

The thing you have to realize is... *squirming, my eyes darting wildly* So the drone program is making great strides. Great strides. It's just such a big step forward, so positive. That's the Amazon I know. You know?

And with drones, there's all this math? There's all this math. It's all theoretical. Anything can happen. My hand could pass through this table. That's probability. Probably. So with the drones, which are very complex... with the drones there's even more of a chance that something...

When you get down to it, what is a drone, really? You know?

–∼Jeff Bezos (@DennisFarrell)

8.14 Study: Participation Awards to Blame for Most Things

Thursday, Aug 20, 2015 by The Awful Newswire

Right now, your child's bedroom closet could be full of ticking time bombs. These seemingly harmless items may be branded with phrases like "Honorable Mention" or "Certified Lil' Slugger," but, in reality, they spell one thing: trouble.

Dr. Merv Tupp, a sociologist at The Institute for American Gumption, agrees. "Right now, I'm looking at one of the greatest crises to face America--and I watched the entire run of *The Chevy Chase Show*. Sorry, I know it's dated, but that's a little joke I like to tell."

The crisis Dr. Tupp speaks of is one that's become commonplace, almost ubiquitous, in American schools and children's extracurricular activities: the participation award. Once thought to be completely harmless, the disastrous effects of these undeserved prizes can be seen in the latest generation of adults, know to many as "Millennials." Coddled and pampered throughout their childhoods and young adult lives, this group can largely be blamed for America lagging behind other first-world economies. With their desire for leisure time, benefits, and enjoyment, there clearly has never been a generation so fixated on their own desires--and the effects can be more harmful than you think.

"We have some cases," says Dr. Tupp, "Where we can clearly trace the acquisition of a participation award with significant disasters. Take the Boston Marathon Bomber, Dzhokhar Tsarnaev, for instance. In 2002, at age nine, he got to attend a free pizza party for students who missed less than three days during the school year. And what happened when he was rewarded just for *showing up*? A clear god complex, which played out in a horrifically bloody display on the streets of Boston. We must destroy these feelings of self-esteem in children before more people have to die needlessly."

Local parent Mitch Henderson might have dropped out of school in the eleventh grade, but his parenting strategies fall in line with those of Dr. Tupp. "One day, my boys came home proudly holding these 'Enviro-Pal' ribbons they got from planting trees with their classmates on Arbor Day," says Henderson. "Well, I shouldn't have to tell you that my blood was absolutely *boiling*. I grabbed my youngest by his shirt collar and bellowed, 'Where did you get this!?' When all he could do was urinate, I turned to his big brother, who broke the news to me through furious sobbing. 'Get in the Silverado,' I told them, knowing they'd thank me for this in the future."

Some may call Henderson's tough love "extreme," but this father of three claims he gets results. "So, we pull up to the field with all those freshly planted trees, and I ask the boys to show me their handiwork," he says. "Right away, I could smell the stink of our feminized public school system. I asked my boys, 'Now, are your trees bigger than anyone else's?' They sadly shook their heads. I headed back to the truck, grabbed a can of gasoline, and made them burn their pathetic attempts at botany right there on the spot. Since then, they've never been more well-behaved--days, even

weeks pass before I even notice them scurrying about the house. Must be all that studying they're doing."

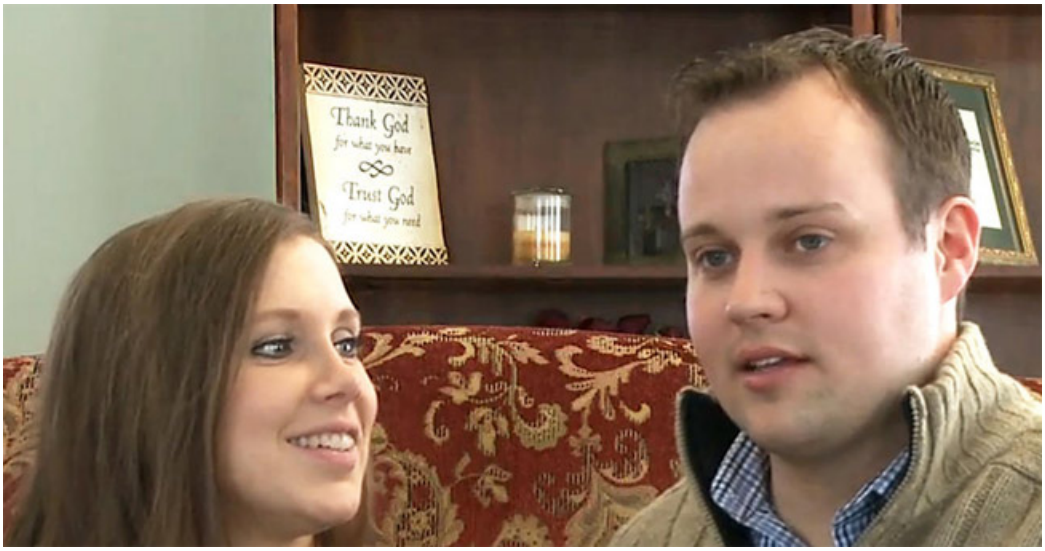
Even with parents like Henderson fighting this ongoing trend, we may have reached the point where the damage is irreversible. "I can't think of a phenomenon that been more damaging to the American People. And unlike *Cop Rock*, it won't fade away anytime soon," says Tupp. "What? It's a pretty well-known reference. I'm sorry if you don't get it."

If Dr. Tupp has any regrets, it's that we didn't learn our lesson decades ago. "The whole 'feelgood' movement," he says, "which started in the '70s, has had a deleterious effect that may take our country centuries to correct. I mean, treating children with respect and encouraging them regardless of whether or not they fail--what the hell were we even *thinking*!?"

–~The Awful Newswire

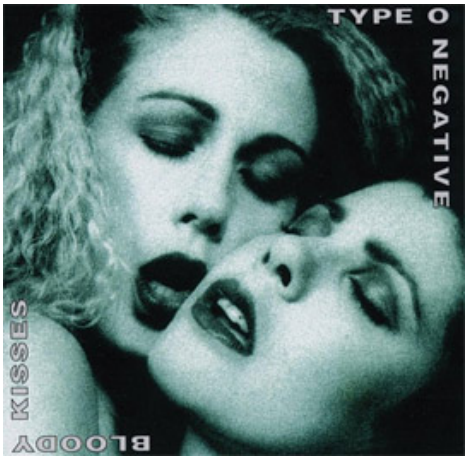
8.15 The Many Ways Satan Has Tested Josh Duggar

Friday, Aug 21, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



The release of hacked data from cheating website Ashley Madison exposed the attempted infidelity of family values spokesman, reality TV star, and molester Josh "Hacksaw" Duggar. In response, Josh released a statement apologizing for his behavior and seeking forgiveness from God, Bibles, etc. In earlier drafts of his apology posted to the Duggar's website, Josh's apology included references to addiction to Internet porn and Satan building a fortress in Josh's heart. But we didn't need to read his apology to know that Satan has placed many temptations in Josh's life. From younger siblings to big-titty MILFs, Satan has been building all sorts of fortifications to test Josh's heart.

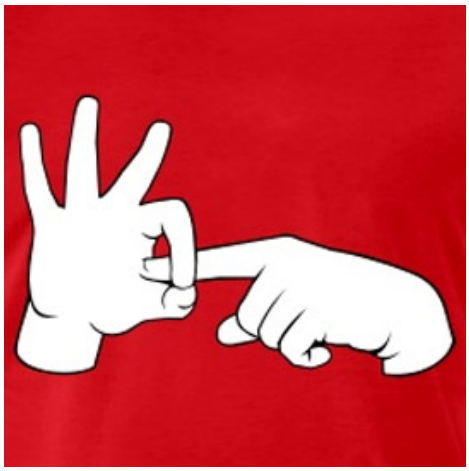
TESTS OF THE DEVIL



- The Type O Negative cover with two ladies sort of kissing

- Sisters (AKA the Devil's Napping Apprentices)
- Gay people getting married right in front of him on TV
- Maxim Magazine's Hot 100 list with Christina Ricci in a bikini
- Google auto-completing dirty words into his searches
- Ground Zero Mosque
- Boring wife Anna waaaay into taking kids to the park and totally not interested in shoving things up her husband's butt like he saw in a video

- The Ned Flanders ski suit cosplay that has to be a woman wearing the suit, right? RIGHT??
- Dinosaur bones that seem to be millions of years old
- Dinosaur bones that have sexy tits and want to try dildo play because really there is nothing wrong with a guy dinosaur doing that so just be cool Anna jeez
- Tiny white teens wrecked by huge dinosaur ding dongs videos streaming free why don't we just watch this tonight on my laptop Anna there's nothing in the Bible against watching these holes being wrecked on streaming videos
- Hillary's Benghazi email servers
- Bill's Monica pussy cigars
- The boob slider in Saint's Row
- The sex hand gesture which makes you imagine sex
- The whole idea of sodomy which isn't a defined thing until you read about it hundreds of times in the Bible and then it starts getting pretty hot like why are all these people so into sodomy that they named a town after it so it must be pretty frickin' good



- Watching X-Men with Jennifer Lawrence where you can sort of see her boobs a couple times when she's Mystique and then you type in "how do I look at Jennifer Lawrence naked boobs" and there are a bunch of them on the computer because of Google and hackers
- Hackers the movie where Angelina Jolie looks like Spock crossed with a Kardashian
- Spock and Kardashians
- That Kim Kardashian sex video which is actually bad and boring but you end up searching for other videos when you try watching it and those videos are much more tempting
- Repressed urges misdirected into destructive behavior by years of ingrained sexual self-loathing and probably mental health issues

These tricks and more, devised by the ingenuity of Satan himself, have tested Josh's faith. He has not always passed these tests, but it's fine, because in Christianity if you fail any test you can get an automatic do-over called "forgiveness." You may not know this, but by asking for forgiveness, Josh is actually even more courageous and moral than he was before he failed his tests. He'll pick himself up, dust himself off, and barely be out of the saddle of his high horse at all.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.16 We Must Honor Our Fallen Heroes and Continue the Fight For Our Right to Party

Monday, Aug 24, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There is an ill wind in the halls of power. A chorus of voices on the left demanding that we withdraw from the battlefield. Giving up on this fight might feel like the right thing, it might be the politically expedient thing to do after these long years of war, but we cannot abandon the cause now.

War is hell and those who choose to fight it for us should be honored, not forgotten.

If we withdraw in the coming weeks, as many in Washington desire, we will undo all the good our brave heroes have done in the battle for our rights to party. We most honor those sacrifices made in the defense of our most sacred rights by continuing this long struggle for our way of life.

Since we first asked our men and women and uniform to "kick it" in 1987, they have sacrificed mightily for us. Over 10,000 lives have been lost in this long struggle in defense of our rights. And before the naysayers point out this was a war of our choosing, remember that we did not want to go to school. It was our mom who would not listen to us when we said we did not want to go.

Now, some on the left would like you to believe this is about missing two classes and not finishing our homework, but our teacher would have preached class like some kind of jerk with or without our actions. They would have us do nothing as the tyrants of this world - the moms and the teachers - would deny us our rights. Will we quit this fight now? Will we throw away all of these sacrifices by our troops and simply allow ourselves to be forced into non-smoking? Will we do nothing when our mom throws away our best porno mag?

We have asked our troops to bear the burden for us both physically and psychologically.

It is our duty to wear the clothes that we desire and let our hair grow wildly on our heads. We must invite our friends over, pour Spanish fly into the punch regardless of the fact that it seems really creepy, and have all the soda and pie our moms would deny us. Because to not do so, to play chess and read books, is to give up on this great project called America. Surrendering our rights is the easy thing to do, but it is not brave and it is not wise.

Once our right to party has been relinquished, it will require a great deal of blood and treasure to win back. Think of those who have sacrificed now, who paid the ultimate price for my right and your right to party, and imagine a world without pie fights, without skanky girls dragging the nerd boys into the bathroom for kissy time, without the freedom to smash a TV with a sledge hammer.

Is what I describe the sort of world you want your children to grow up in? I would never have been kissed by a girl in a leather mini-dress, let alone three, if it weren't for the brave men who sacrificed before me.

"What's that noise?" some moms may ask.

It is the sound of this great eagle called America soaring through the sky, to bigger and bolder parties, to so many cream pies being thrown that it would stir the hearts of the Founding Fathers. It is the sound of freedom, literal freedom, manifesting in our inalienable right to bust down a door, spit stolen beer in the face of dinguses, and steal miniature statues.

Now, more than ever, our partying rights are in jeopardy. We owe it those who have given up everything defending our rights to continue this costly struggle even if it means thousands more will die.

No one denies this war has been costly, but it is a price we must pay.

Before anyone brings up my draft deferrals, I had fallen arches and could do more good supporting this war from home than I ever could on a battlefield. We all must fight for our rights in the best way we know how, and mine was as a lobbyist for a petrochemical company that manufactures shirt starch and near beer.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.17 Review: Fear the Walking Dead

Tuesday, Aug 25, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I wish I could applaud AMC's new spinoff of the wildly popular The Walking Dead for taking big risks, but in it simply strays too far from the formula established by the main series.

Fear the Walking Dead features an entirely new cast of characters. These guys are corpses, but they move around and moan. It's ridiculous. Their flesh is all discolored and gross. They shamble towards living people and bite them. Who the heck thought of this nonsense?

I don't like these characters. They are dead humans and they don't really talk at all. Some of them have bunches of guts hanging out. I think one was even missing an arm. None of them have good haircuts.

Yeah, okay.

If you saw one of these undead characters in real life I assure you that you would say something like "What the heck" or "Oh my" because they are simply that disturbing in both appearance and behavior. In fact, you would probably get away from them as quickly as possible.

I sincerely apologize to anyone with delicate sensibilities who might have been rattled by my harrowing, evocative description of this theoretical encounter.

By cramming such an inexplicable, fantastical group of characters into the Walking Dead universe, Fear the Walking Dead has diminished this once-great franchise. My suspension of disbelief has been shattered.

These guys are all deceased and they wear clothes that haven't been washed in a very long time. Sometimes the zombies get near a non-zombie and that's when they (the zombies) bite (the non-zombie). It's like they're trying to people. For... ? No explanation is given. Terrible.

I was hoping that Fear the Walking Dead would expand the scope of the Walking Dead world we all know and love. I wanted to gain a new understanding of the broader Walking Dead plot by seeing events from a different perspective. Unfortunately, the sicko writers behind this new series thought it would be a great idea to add walking corpses.

Now, I'm not saying that Fear the Walking Dead is a lost cause. There's still plenty of time to turn things around. In my opinion, improving the show would involve:

Be More Like The Walking Dead

This one's easy. Include all the things that we love about The Walking Dead. That's a very popular show, you know. People would love this.

Get Rid of These Zombies

These undead characters were a terrible idea. Sorry, but they were. Imagine how much more time we'd have to focus on the good stuff without them.

Do More Things Like The Walking Dead

In addition to being more like The Walking Dead, it would be a great idea for Fear the Walking Dead to do more things like The Walking Dead.

Remove Bad Characters

Get rid of that guy who tried to bite people. The one who got shot and kept moving, until he got shot in the head. Get rid of that lady who had all that skin missing from her face. Get rid of that crowd of moaning people who were moving all slow.

Will the writers of Fear the Walking Dead heed my advice, or will they allow their stubbornness and pride to drive the show to ruin? Time will tell. I just hope they do something about the dead character who tried to bite people. I didn't like that one.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.18 CASCADES OF DOGS

Wednesday, Aug 26, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

REVERSE DOG comprises all the space outside of a dog-shaped void. Technically, we all exist within the reverse dog, and are powerless to escape. I cannot sell the reverse dog, only share this knowledge. 555-2712

GRACEFUL DOG moves with the beauty of Apollo's poetry. He is magnificent. I'm crying as I write this. So beautiful. Obama's hurtful laws forbid me to marry him, so you must take him. 555-7264

MEDICAL TEST DOG is ready for retirement. Normal, healthy Lab with no hair and giant, functional human ear growing on back. 555-2918

AMALGAMATED DOG has merged with several smaller dogs for benefit of future owners. Diversified skillset and physical attributes means broad appeal across varied demographics. 555-1992

STUBBORN DOG refuses to get out of car. We're now selling him and the car, a 2005 Buick Century with 120k miles. Good condition, some dings. Call for price. 555-1565

VILE RASPUTIN-LIKE PUG Gnarly facial hair and long nails that drag across the floor. Ceaseless wet cough. Glass-eyed gaze. Menacing giggle. Ideal for advanced owners only. 555-7206

WONDROUS DOG with van-sized body, huge floppy ears and long, prehensile nose. Amazing, unlike anything ever seen in all the annals of dogkind. Price too big to print. 555-2616

GOING, GOING, GONE! You just missed a great dog, sold in the time it took you to read the headline. We are very busy and have no more amazing dogs to sell. Please do not bother us. 555-4272

JIGSAW DOG has been converted into 10,000 interlocking pieces waiting to be put together by an old person with nothing left to live for. $20 obo. 555-7126

A COMPLETE TRAVESTY 360 lbs dog defies imagination. This corpulent blob has no regard for personal health, and gorges daily on vast quantities of plankton in his salt-water enclosure. $5,500. 555-1293

LARGE, IRASCIBLE DOG has been blocking my driveway. I want him gone. I would like you to come get him. This is not charity, so you will remove him at your own expense. 555-9122

ARTICULATED DOG is extra long with pivoting center section covered by a furry bellows. Clumsy around furniture and corners, but sweet. We found him this way inside a metal pod. 555-2418

♣ DOG WITH SIDECAR ♣ Always liked motorcycle sidecars, so I added one to my dog. Works great for hauling cats and other small critters. Sidecar is sturdy and bolted on tight. 555-0239

SPACE DOG DEEDS - Own part of the cosmos right now, a real-life dog on another world. As Carl Sagan once said, "there are billions of dogs in outer space." Serious investors only. 555-5251

DEVILISH TERRIER ready to bring adventure to your life. Clean bill of health from vet, plus all his shots. There is a 50-50 chance he is a demon with the power to make you kill. Bring him home, but resist his evil demands. 555-6712

LEGLESS DOG is a beautiful miracle. Like any other dog, apart from wormlike writhing and bloodcurdling moans. Be careful about picking her up -- lots of open sores! 555-1827

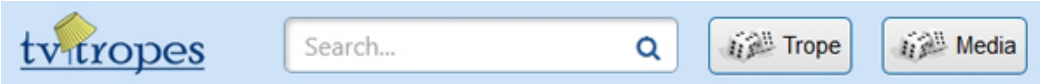
RETIRED HOSPICE DOG has presided over the deaths of over 80 terminal patients. He's very tender and stoic, does not waver in his duty. You can feel safe falling asleep next to him, forever or just for the night. 555-8271

YOURS TODAY: BAD DOG he has done something unthinkable, so we locked him in the barn. Must come get dog, barn and all. 555-1234

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.19 TV Tropes⟩Media ⟩Franchise: Marvel Cinematic Universe

Thursday, Aug 27, 2015 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)



Franchise: Marvel Cinematic Universe

> *Bruce Banner (smirking): All these super-powered villains... all these world-ending crises... what is this, some kind of movie!?*
> *Nick Fury (smirking): Nice Lampshade Hanging, my friend Bruce.*
> **-The Avengers: Age of Ultron**

The Marvel Cinematic Universe (or MCU) is a Trope Overdosed Crossover Frenzy series of Lighter But Edgier superhero films, Neo-Noir Psychobabble TV shows, and Definition Of Insanity New Media series based on Marvel Comics with Over 9000 characters. Started with the first Iron Man film in 2008, the MCU has grown to encompass films such as Thor, Guardians Of The Galaxy, and Ant-Man, TV shows such as Agents Of S.H.I.E.L.D and Agent Carter, and New Media series such as Daredevil.

Oh, and fair warning... do NOT hate on the MCU around these parts ... mmmm-kay?

The Marvel Cinematic Universe is the Trope Namer for:

- Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D Syndrome
- Big Damn The Avengers
- Iron Man Pee Poo Boner Fart Balls
- Looks Like Captain America Is Pregnant Again
- Tony's Trademark Smirk
- The De-freakin'-nouement

- Thor's Trusty Hammer
- We Got A Hulk [Shrugs, Theme Music Plays]
- You Just Got Marvel Cinematic Universe'd

The Marvel Cinematic Universe provides examples of the following tropes:

- A God Am I: Loki's Wham Speech to Thor in Thor 2 contains elements of this:

  > Loki: "Thor, you and I are both Gods from the ancient Norse Mythology of earth. You are known for being in charge of lightning and I am a tricky jokester God"
  >
  > Thor: "your insane ⟨sic ⟩"

- Arc Number: 2 in Thor 2, 3 in Iron Man 3, etc.
- Arc Words: *"Iron Man, remember that only you - with the help of your friends, Marvel's The Avengers - can restore order to the Marvel Cinematic Universe or MCU"*
- Breakout Character: Boom Mike Brett from Thor 2 - despite being a Canon Foreigner, this Sound Guy With A Heart Of Gold would quickly bbecome one of the most popular characters in the Marvel Canon

  > *Excuse me, but This Troper believes that Brett made his first appearance in the first Thor, you cretin. You fucking idiot. Jesus. Oh, and "become" has one "b" in it ... maybe try learning to spell before not knowing about movies next time.

- Call Back: In Captain America: The Winter Soldier, Black Widow says "Remember when you fought against the Red Skull and the evil HYDRA orginization in the past?", followed by a Montage of scenes of Captain America beating up the Red Skull, and Captain America responding to Black Widow by saying "Yeah, I remember that - it was fucking cool" (A reference to Captain America: The First Avenger)
- Deadpan Snarker: Iron Man, of course, but also Thor, Captain America, Nick Fury, The Hulk a little bit, Black Widow, Guardian from Guardians Of The Galaxy, hell even Daredevil gets his fair share of snarking in. And Ant-Man and everyone in Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D

  > Real Life Example: after seeing Guardians Of The Galaxy my mom told me to take a bath and I said "Yeah mom I'd love to take a bath ... but unfortunately hell hasn't frozen over yet" a kick-ass line worthy of Guardian himself

- Everything's Better With Sports Cars: In Iron Man 3, Tony Stark is shown driving around in a big sports car.
- Everything Is Upside Down: Inverted. For most of the MCU, things are the right way up.
- Fan-dom

- Five Man Band: The Avengers:

  The Bold: Captain America
  The Snarky, Sarcastic One: Iron Man
  a woman: Black Widow
  The Strong Guy: The Hulk
  Number 5: Thor

- Flat What: Every member of The Avengers gets at least three or four of these during the climactic showdown against Loki
- Hate-dom
- Ho Yay: This Troper's heart was aflame with forbidden passions upon seeing the shining alabaster perfection of Chrisses Hemsworth and Evans, and once the image of their coupling had entered my mind, o! I was overcome.
- How Do I Edit Wiki: Please tell me how to edit wwiki. please say how i make edit to wiki
- Karma Police: Invoked with Captain America's Teenage Sidekick, Tony Karmapolice
- Law Of Superheroine Breast Resolution: Black Widow provides an example of a textbook Type 3 of this trope
- Lots And Lots Of Continuity: Wow wow wow my friend. LASDFlaksdfnalkn.
- Our Vampires Are Different: Subverted. Not only do the works in the MCU not portray vampires in a recognizably different way to classic literature, no vampires are shown on screen for the entirety of the MCU's running time.
- Really Good-dom
- Rule of Cool: Holy Fuckshitting Christnipples. Jesus. This so much.
- Running Gag: Robert Downey Junior saying a funny line as Iron Man like huzza whuzza wha or uhhhhh ok yeah
- Shout Out: In The Avengers: Age of Ultron's Stinger, Captain America turns to the camera and says "Watch Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D on ABC"
- Stinger: Oh. My. God. FFFffffuck:

  After the end credits of Thor, an extra scene is shown in which a sleeping Thor suddenly opens his eyes wide, sits sharply upright, and frowns slightly, as if to say "what a crazy nightmare." Or Was It? The camera zooms in on Thor's Trusty Hammer. Maybe it wasn't a dream after all Thor...

  After the end credits of Iron Man, a scene is shown in which Nick Fury congratulates Iron Man on saving the world or whatever, upon which Tony Stark walks up and says "Hey, and that goes double for me!" Nick Fury is confused - how can this be? Iron Man removes his suit's helmet. Nick Fury gasps. The camera pulls back, revealing the smirking inhabitant of the Iron Man suit to be Joss Whedon, foreshadowing his starring role in The Avengers. Smash To Black.

  After the end credits of Ant-Man, the camera pans out to reveal that Marvel's Doctor Strange was standing slightly out-of-frame for the entire movie.

- They Changed It, Now It Sucks: Many fans of Iron Man were disappointed when the second film in the MCU - The Incredible Hulk - was released with an entirely different name than Iron Man. For this reason Iron Man has built up a substantial Hate-dom
- The Chumbo Bumbo: Ant-Man. Just ... Ant-Man.
- Weirdo Doctor: It hasn't come out yet, but what the hell - Doctor Strange
- Well Whatever-dom

Categories: Superhero Films, Crossover Films, Movie Tropes, TV Tropes, New Media, {{category: candidate for deletion}}

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

8.20 Let's Brainstorm Some Ideas for Our New ISIS Video

Friday, Aug 28, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Alright, we're on a hot streak after that Palmyra video, but ancient temples don't grow on trees here, people. We need to put out some more hits. We want this to go viral.

Just spitballin' here guys, what've you got?

Dynamite dinosaur fossils. Blast those bad brontos who offend the prophet. Nice. These dinosaur things aren't real. Land Before Time bullshit. Let's take them out. No mistaking the Levant for Jurassic Park.

Good start. Keep them coming.

Machine gun an inflatable gorilla outside a car dealership? Was this one you, Muhammad? Nice, nice, I like where you're going. More? Burn the cars with the staff inside. Drive looted tanks over the burning cars and wave black ISIL flags. Be sure to drive that SCUD missile we found over the deflated gorilla a couple times. Good, specifics sell the imagery there.

Let's see, what else...

Bigger machine guns on the backs of dualies. Bigger black flags. Worse music. Push over a statue with a tractor. No. Something bigger. Bolder. Push over a building with a statue. How? I don't know how. I leave that to the guys in black and camo. We're idea men here.

Break up a backyard barbecue. Ruin the steaks. Grope the wives. Overturn the picnic tables. Raid a birthday party. Smash cups of juice out of the hands of little kids and whip the hired party magician for sorcery. Then also kill him for sorcery. Dig up all the skeletons in the graveyard and make them into the bone throne.

Electrify the bone throne. Good, good. I like that. Punching it up there, Mohammad. You must be THIS GAY to sit on the bone throne. ZAP! Got 'em!

Shoot an infidel. Really? Is that all you've got? That one is going in the garbage.

Do we have any ancient scrolls we can burn? Good question. Very good. The answer is no, we burned the ancient ones, but we have some very, very old scrolls we can burn. At least 1970s era scrolls. More old movie posters than scrolls, but they're American movies, so it'll work. Which ones? Ahhhh... let me check. *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Annie Hall*. Woodie Allen, good. I like it. The whole Jewish angle.

Yeah, me too. *Cuckoo's Nest* is great. I love Chief. I wish I could have met him in person and then sawed off his head on camera.

What else we got here, people?

More heads on bigger poles. Throw paint on all the fur coats. Lecture people about carbs. Shoot pet dogs. Okay, okay, our messages are getting a little mixed. Not enough history. I like the heads and the poles. Always very strong. How about I remix those other ideas and we shoot people we catch with books and then feed them to dogs? No, I don't really know where carbs will factor into it.

Anything else?

Better music. What is this shit? Mohamut, is this your handwriting? What do you want Neil Young to noodle on an electric guitar and then get Jim Jarmusch to film us chopping off his head? I was being sarcastic. My cousin does the music. He is also a slave wedding DJ if any of you need him.

Next.

The Pyramids! Yes, of course, public enemies number one through whatever. See if we can get Mohamad in graphics to have some rockets come in from the sides and then a big mushroom cloud wipes out the pyramids. The worst, loudest techno chanting we have at max volume. I really want Muhammet to blow out those levels on the mix. Like a drive through speaker.

Alright, these are good. Good. I feel like we're easing off a little on the beheadings. Do we have any professors or museum curators we can chop up in an airplane propeller? No? Okay, I'll tell Muhamed to put out a BOLO for old professory types we can throw into a propeller.

SAW movie traps. Niiiiice. I like it. We can test their faith in the prophet by making them cut off their hand and then when they escape the room full of acid we'll shoot them anyway. Lose-lose for them, win-win for us.

Just throwing this out there myself: have we killed anyone with a missile lately? I think it's been since, what, Kobani? Mosul? Let's rack that one up for another take.

Last one here... it just says **"schools"** and then it has a big "X" drawn over the word. What is that? No more schools! Got it. Nice. We can dynamite all the schools, except the schools we run, of course. The ones where we make kids shoot their parents.

You know, sometimes I think doing that's a little much, and then I remember our flag, how it's black, and I think, nope, jusssst right.

Alright, same time tomorrow here, people. I want to see all new ideas.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.21 #NoLivesMatter

Monday, Aug 31, 2015 by The Eternal Voice of a Mountain (@sexyfacts4u)

From the dissolution of the single great continent you call Pangea, I arose from the gneiss of two billion years pre-biotic sedimentation to stand mute beside the Tethys Ocean. The waters receded and reformed and countless lives and extinctions preceded you, upright bipeds. Now your cities have risen and fallen and risen again. You struggle on the constant brink of self-annihilation, your animal instinct for survival warring with your reptilian desire to kill. Now, I'm not racist, but my main point here is that if a police officer asks you to do something, I observe no possible reason to disobey.

Also, it is a mistake to believe that #BlackLivesMatter or even that #BlueLivesMatter when all before me will eventually face a shortage of resources and descend into violence and anarchy. The oceans will rise to swallow up your "great" cities and the sun will burn away the atmosphere. Still I will stand, until there is nothing but the void that waits for us all, as silent as my stone, and I watched the video and why was she so annoyed with the police officer? She copped an attitude immediately and refused to get out of her car. Be respectful of police officers.

How many have died simply trying to reach my summit? I am unsure. Human lives are so short and fragile I can barely sense when they exist at all. Having said that, if a police officer says "hands up" even a mountain would be a fool not to keep their hands visible and obey the officer's instructions. Just do what the officer says and you won't get shot.

Do you believe by some collective action or heroic deed or incredible work you will achieve immortality? Your fleeting life can be recorded in a history book that will burn in seconds. Such records last no longer than you to my unblinking stone eye. How many of your names have already been forgotten? By me, I have forgotten all of them. But I always remember to respect police officers and I also don't break the law.

Is it really that difficult to comprehend your place in the infinite? Grasp this and behave accordingly, which is to say regard your existence as meaningless and therefore do not attempt to sell any loose cigarettes.

Also, I don't want any of these migrants from Africa and Greece and Mexico climbing on me. Those places have their own shitty mountains, okay? The billions of years of weather I have endured was for the good people of my country, who are also irrelevant, but it is my choice. These outsiders throw their trash in my crevasses and they are rapers and drug criminals. Do I look like the sort of mountain who wants African drug crimes on my peak? No, because I want nothing but the cold wind howling over my snow-capped heights.

I don't see race. I'm a mountain. I barely even sense humans existing at all. But I can sense migrants. They're filthy. The unemployment rate is supposedly five something percent, but they don't count the people who have given up looking for work. The actual number is like twelve percent. Still think the economy is going well? I don't know, because the concept of capital and jobs and working are all completely baffling to me, a mountain. But I can't stand people on drugs getting unemployment. Especially if their parents are illegals.

If I sound harsh, if this mountain's voice is painful to your soft, warm ears, then ask a geode what it thinks. See if a geode gives a shit. Hell, ask freshly formed magma. New money igneous rocks are the biggest assholes of all. My advice? Listen to the officer's instructions and don't try to flee, because #NoLivesMatter.

–∼The Eternal Voice of a Mountain (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Time to Convince Yourself that Your Summer Wasn't Wasted

Tuesday, Sep 01, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Remember all those things you wanted to accomplish before autumn? Well, I've got bad news. Summer is dying. Its days are numbered, and when it leaves it's taking your goals with it. Whatever you planned to achieve while the sun was shining, whether it was a new activity, a new worldview, or a new you, well, you're probably about to fail.

But instead of recognizing this annual failure, why not proactively cancel your goals and instead develop a shell of delusion? It's simple. All you have to do is replace your ambition with vague excuses. Say that you wanted to go sailing this year, but never got around to it. Sure, you could realize that you've wasted the last few moments of your youth at an occupation you hate OR you could tell yourself and those around you that "in 2014 recreational boating led to the deaths of 610 people in the United States and, anyway, life preservers make your nipples chafe." That's it. With one good excuse, your regret about failed potential becomes a self-assured pat on the back for saving your life and your nipples.

To help you work through the impending dread of your own failed life, here is a helpful collection of summer themed excuses. Simply recall an unreached goal that you had in May and find the metadata closest to your topic. The excuse won't be perfect, but it should be vague enough to fool yourself into a numb compliance.

Excuse 1 (Tags: Sun, Camping, Beach, Day Drinking)

"Best case scenario would be sandal tan lines like some Parrot Head Margaritaville turd and worst case scenario I'd get a sunburn on my face that leaves me looking like an extra in a Peter Verhoeven film."

Excuse 2 (Camping, Cooking Out, Baseball)

"There are places in the world where not having to do that would be considered a privilege only available to the social elite."

Excuse 3 (Camping, Outdoors)

"Here's a helpful list of mosquito-borne diseases that I'd love to share with you."

Excuse 4 (Cook Out, Produce, Fresh)

"Thanks to NAFTA and advancements in flash freezing technology, that food is no longer limited to the part of year most synonymous with heat stroke and thus can actually be enjoyed for once instead of eaten as a temporary escape from misery.

Excuse 5 (Outdoors, Beach, Movement)

"Regardless of how much time and effort I put into my body, sweater season is always closing in. Who am I to fight the inevitable?"

Excuse 6 (Cornhole, Frisbee, Baseball)

"Just because it is hot enough to melt a human brain back down to its basic subhuman functionality doesn't mean I'm supposed to love children's games all of a sudden."

Excuse 7 (Exercise, Body, Outdoors)

"Sweating is your body attempting to reach an equilibrium and isn't that what insulin does to your glucose levels? So, then wouldn't exercising be like giving your skin diabetes? Or something? I haven't figured this one out yet."

Excuse 8 (Nature, Wildlife, Sun, Movement)

"I get enough of that in the distance between my parking spot and the entrance to my work."

Excuse 9 (Beach, Sun, Movement, Body)

"Lay around half naked in the boiling sand shoulder to shoulder with strangers? I'll leave that to the sea lions, thanks. And not the cute sea lions. I'm talking about those gross massive ones. Not that I'm gross and massive, but, like, the people who would be at the beach usually are, what with their back hair and boom boxes playing the jams of the 1970s on repeat. Yeah, no thanks. "

Excuse 10 (Farmer's Markets)

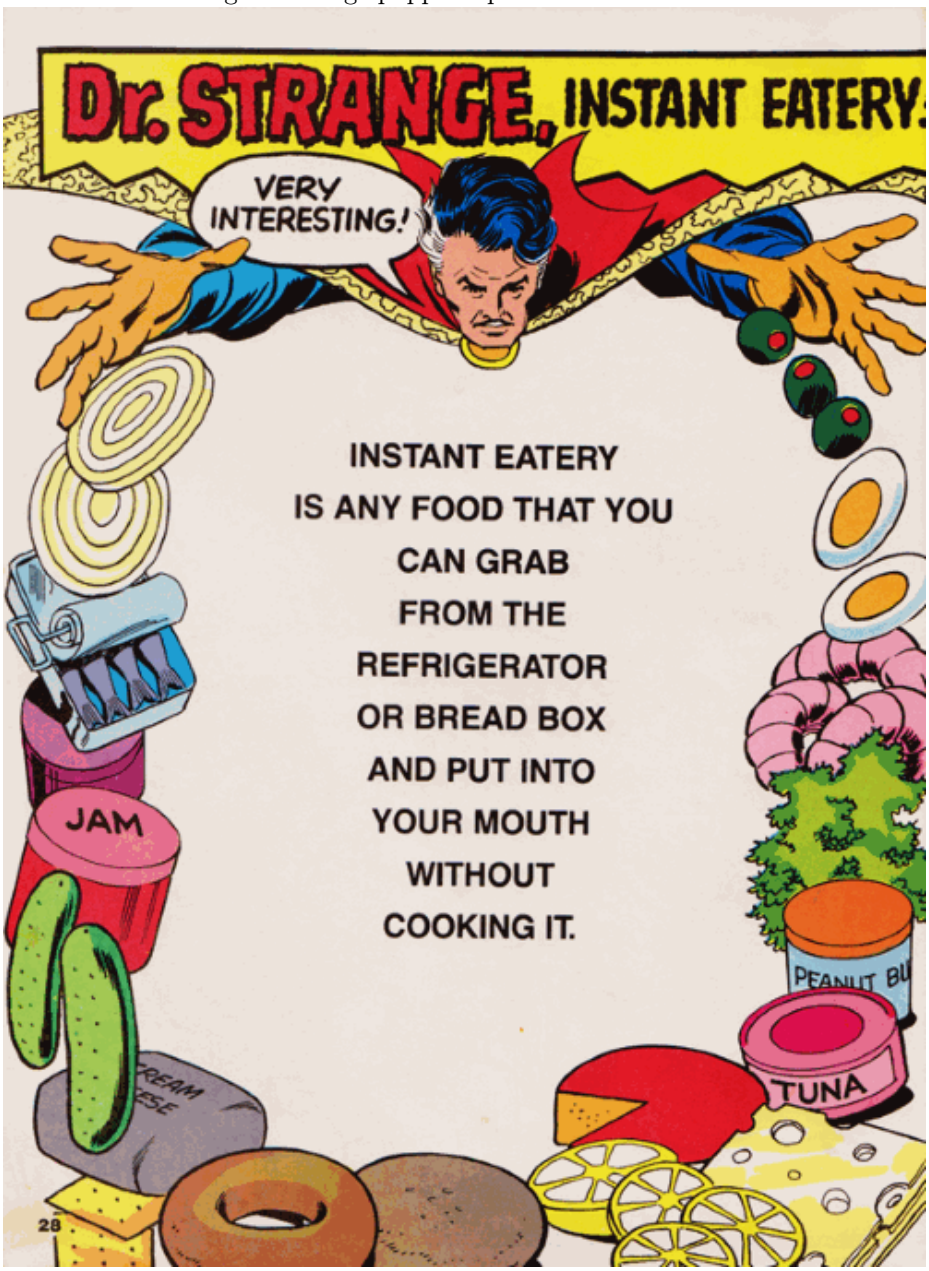
"No one likes farmer's markets."

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.2 Doctor Strange - Master of Sorcery and Convenient Snacks

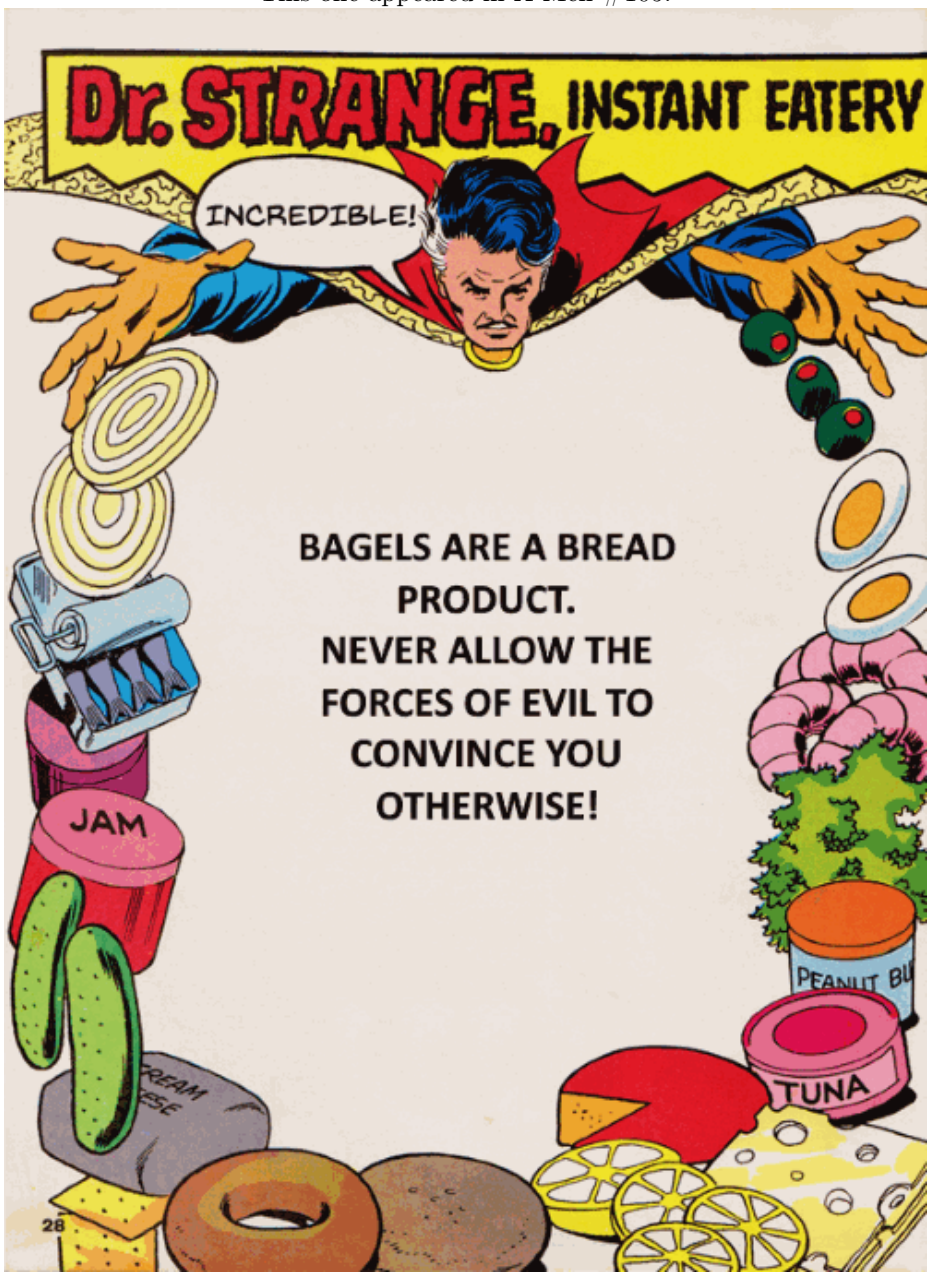
Wednesday, Sep 02, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This delightful image popped up in our comic book forum:

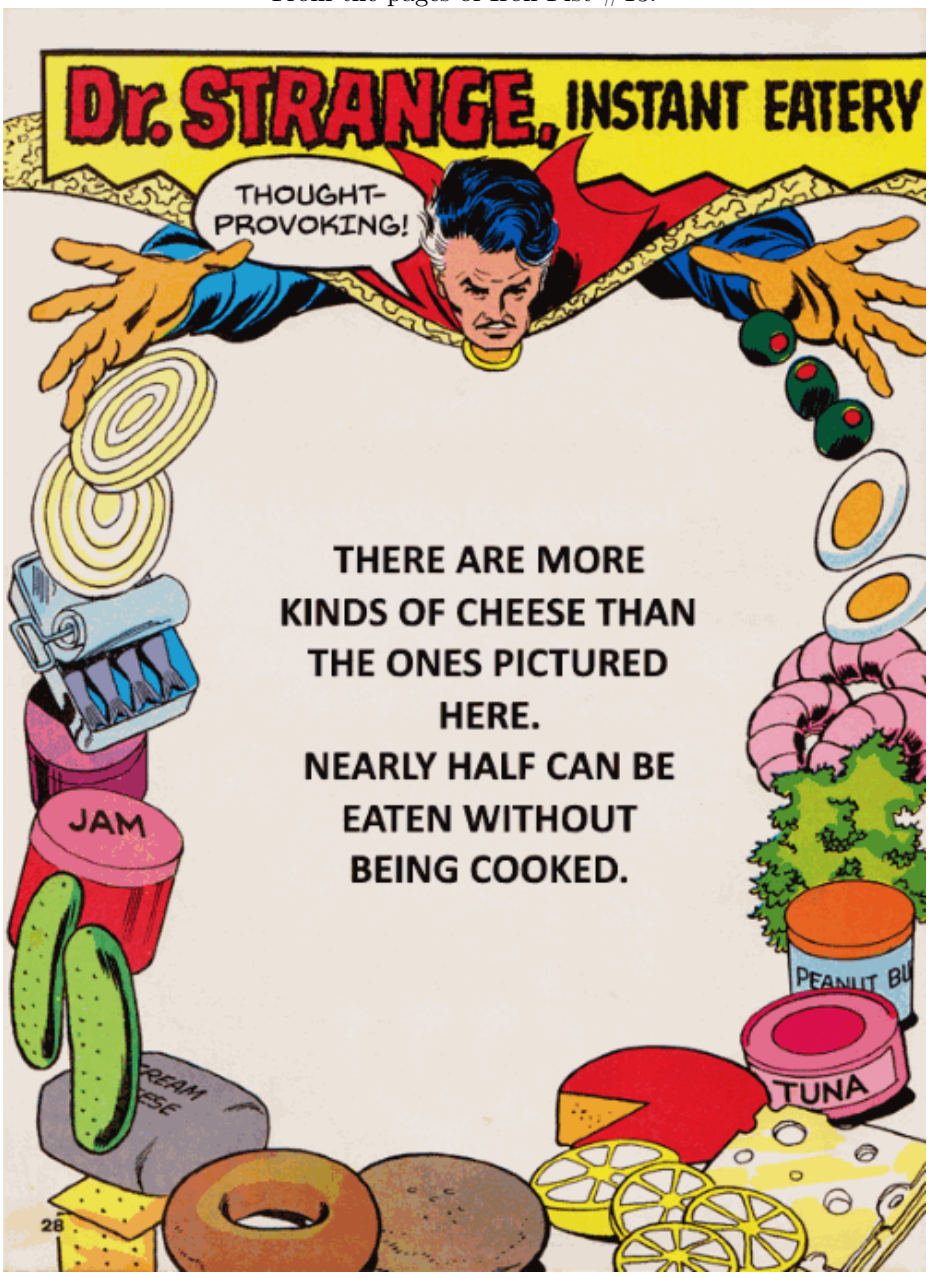

Dr. STRANGE, INSTANT EATERY!
VERY INTERESTING!
INSTANT EATERY IS ANY FOOD THAT YOU CAN GRAB FROM THE REFRIGERATOR OR BREAD BOX AND PUT INTO YOUR MOUTH WITHOUT COOKING IT.
JAM
TUNA
28

I assumed it was one page taken out of context from some sort of cookbook special. Turns out it was the first of many informative public service announcements that ran in various Marvel books throughout 1977.

This one appeared in X-Men #105:



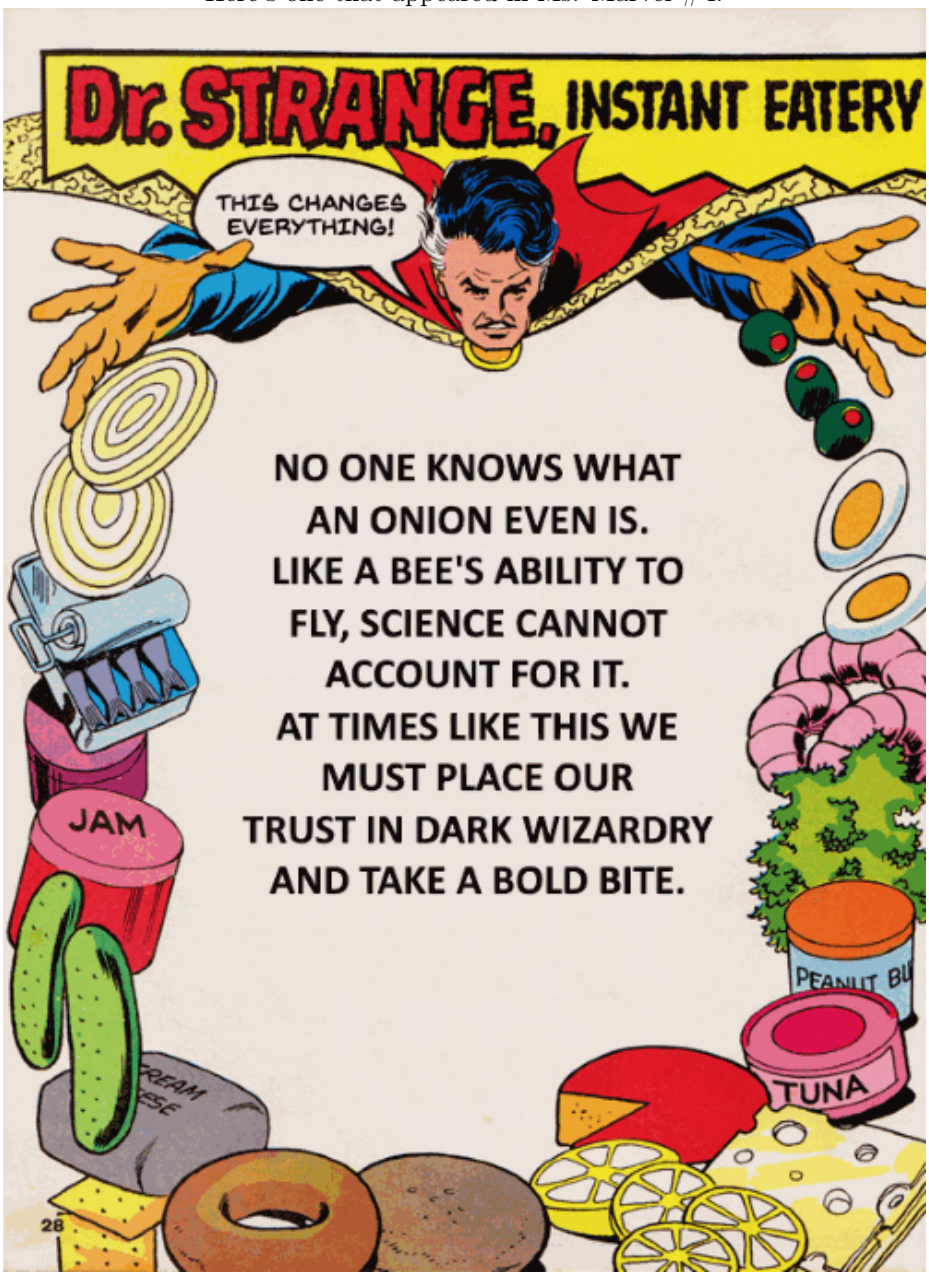
From the pages of Iron Fist #13:



Readers of Peter Parker, The Spectacular Spider-Man #5 were treated to this message:

Dr. STRANGE, INSTANT EATERY
WHAT MANNER OF MAGIC IS THIS?!?
DR. STRANGE HAS NEVER GONE MORE THAN THREE PANELS WITHOUT MENTIONING INSTANT EATERY. READ HIS THRILLING ADVENTURES EVERY MONTH IN "STRANGE PANTRY TALES" AS WELL AS "EATIN' RAW POTATOES"!
EXCELSIOR!
JAM
TUNA
28

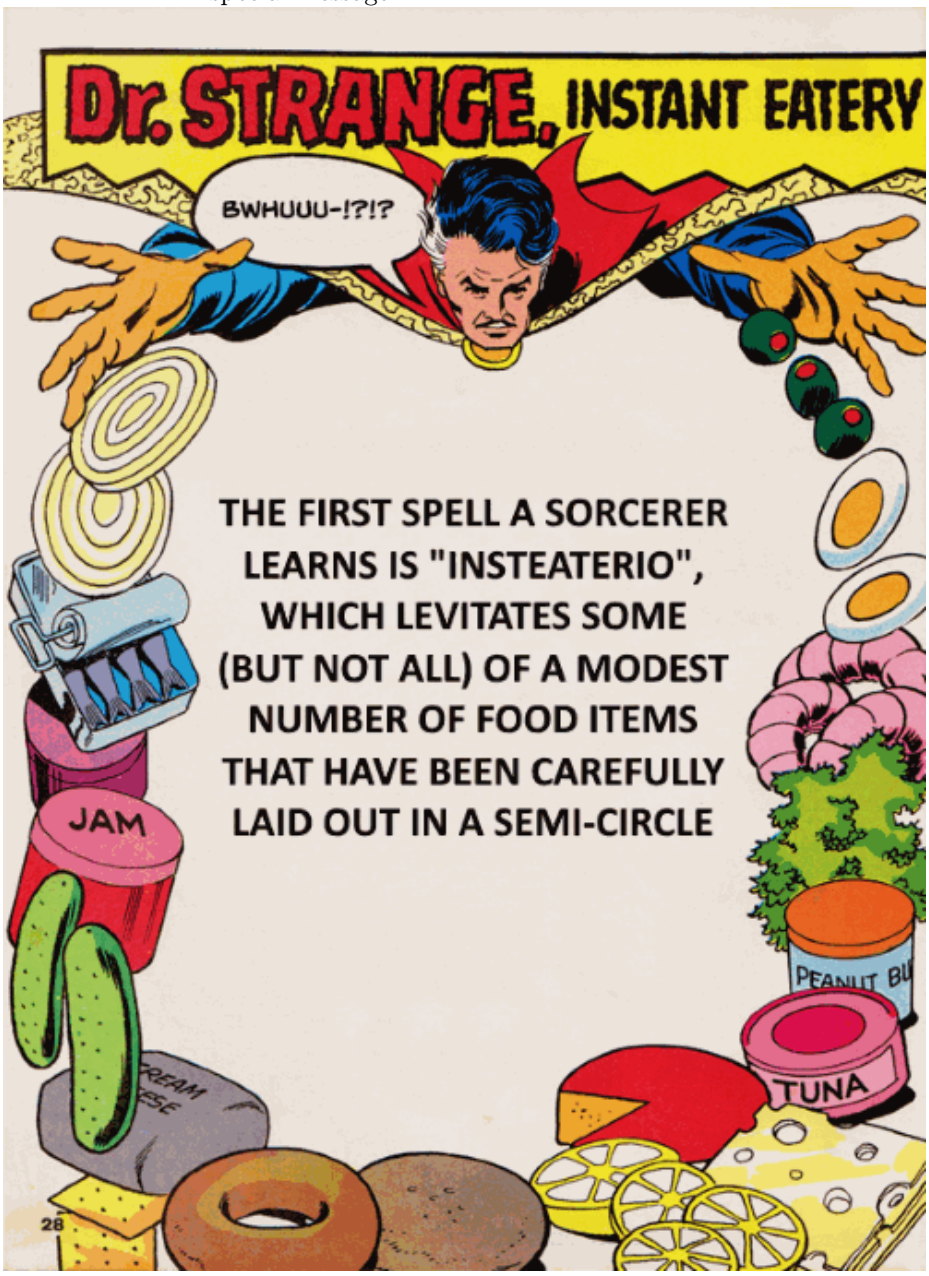
Here's one that appeared in Ms. Marvel #4:


Dr. STRANGE, INSTANT EATERY
THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING!
NO ONE KNOWS WHAT AN ONION EVEN IS. LIKE A BEE'S ABILITY TO FLY, SCIENCE CANNOT ACCOUNT FOR IT. AT TIMES LIKE THIS WE MUST PLACE OUR TRUST IN DARK WIZARDRY AND TAKE A BOLD BITE.
JAM
TUNA
28

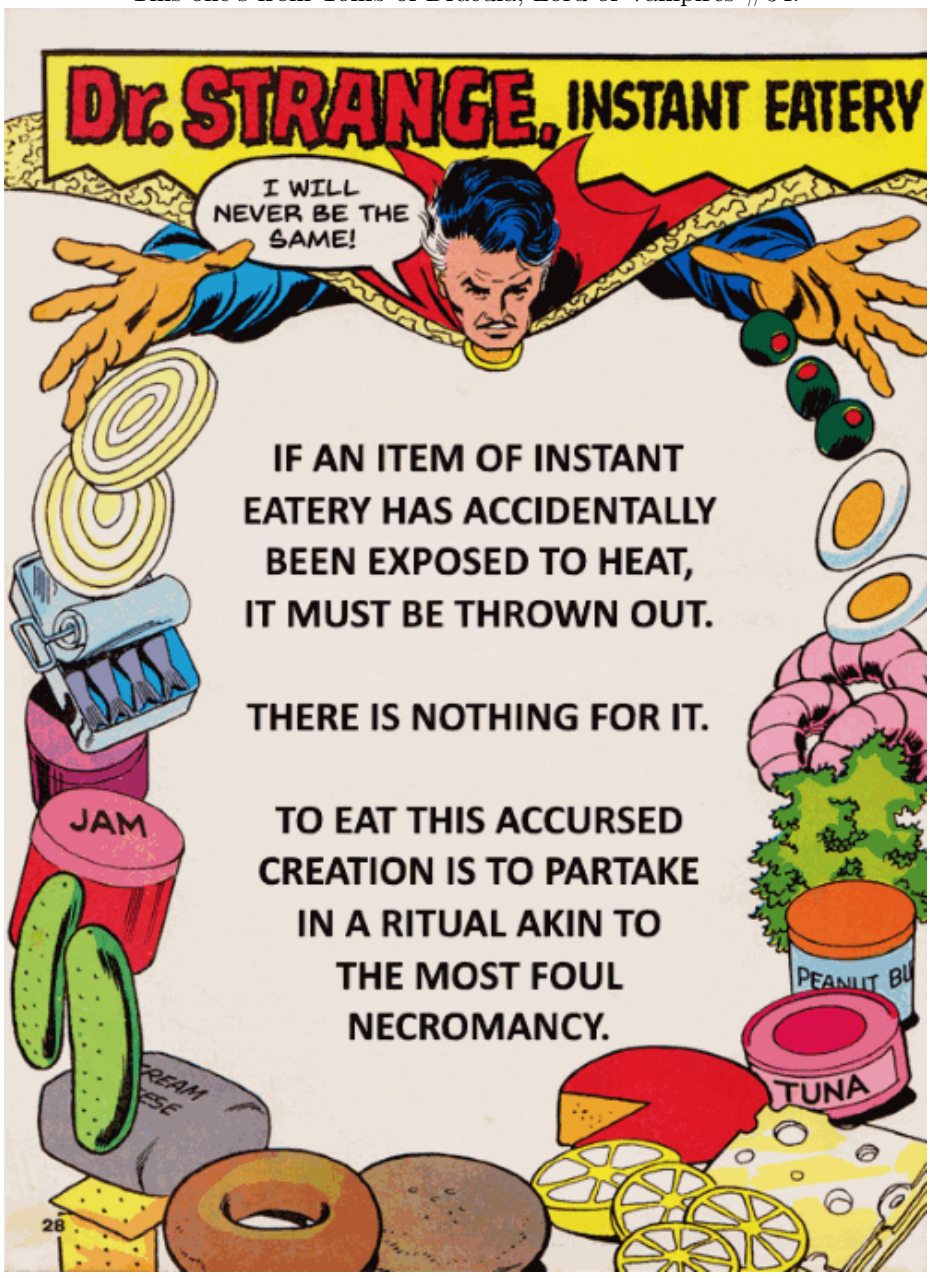
Fittingly, this was in the pages of Doctor Strange #21:

Dr. STRANGE, INSTANT EATERY
HOW REMARKABLE!
YOU CAN PUT INSTANT EATERY ON A PLATE OR HOLD IT IN YOUR HAND.
THE COSMIC CONFIGURATIONS ARE ENDLESS!
JAM
TUNA
28

In addition to having a very long name, Sgt. Fury And His Howling Commandos #139 also had a special message:


Dr. STRANGE, INSTANT EATERY
BWHUUU-!?!?
THE FIRST SPELL A SORCERER LEARNS IS "INSTEATERIO", WHICH LEVITATES SOME (BUT NOT ALL) OF A MODEST NUMBER OF FOOD ITEMS THAT HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY LAID OUT IN A SEMI-CIRCLE
JAM
TUNA
28

This one's from Tomb of Dracula, Lord of Vampires #54:


Dr. STRANGE, INSTANT EATERY
I WILL NEVER BE THE SAME!
IF AN ITEM OF INSTANT EATERY HAS ACCIDENTALLY BEEN EXPOSED TO HEAT, IT MUST BE THROWN OUT.
THERE IS NOTHING FOR IT.
TO EAT THIS ACCURSED CREATION IS TO PARTAKE IN A RITUAL AKIN TO THE MOST FOUL NECROMANCY.
JAM
TUNA
28

And finally, the last known instant eatery PSA, published in Ghost Rider #27:

Dr. STRANGE, INSTANT EATERY
MIND-BLOWING STUFF!
AS COMPUTERS CHANGE OUR VERY LIVES AND RESHAPE OUR ECONOMY IN THE COMING DECADES, INSTANT EATERY WILL HAVE LITTLE WIRES AND CIRCUIT BOARDS
JAM
TUNA
28

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.3 Friends Coming Over Tonight, Ranked in Order of Rowdiness

Thursday, Sep 03, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Hi, Honey. Just a heads-up for you: Football season is about to start, meaning the house will soon be filled with all my rowdy friends on a weekly basis. To assist you with understanding their unique and delightful personalities, I've put together a list which ranks them in order of rowdiness. Please keep this in mind before approaching any of them with snack platters and/or beer koozies. In fact, I would avoid using the word "koozie" altogether. Really works some of them up.

Dub "Bull Chin" Dobson

Prime Rowdiness Trait (PRT): Covert cushion-farting. You'll want to flip those bad boys on Tuesday morning.

Most Rowdy Moment(s): Drank an entire party-size trough of broccoli cheese dip on a dare when the Packers lost Super Bowl XXXIII. Refused to have his stomach pumped by EMTs who arrived at the scene until after the post-game show. Dub's colostomy bag is a testament to his devotion to football.

Non-Rowdy Shortcomings: Supreme sensitivity towards costumed sports mascots. "Must be hot in there!" he is known to exclaim. Has lost 11 dogs by leaving them in parked cars, so we just chalk this up to idiosyncracy.

Mark "The Couch Destroyer" Glorbmann

Prime Rowdiness Trait (PRT): Disrespect for the property of his host. Celebrating most touchdowns with his patented "butt stomp," Mark has shattered the frames of seven couches in total, and destroyed the following via collateral damage: two (2) glass-topped coffee tables, grandma's memorial urn, Leonardo the Box Turtle (missing, presumed dead), and a copy of the Nintendo game "Who Framed Roger Rabbit?"

Most Rowdy Moment(s): Patiently sat through an Aerosmith halftime show as we pulled the remnants of several shattered springs from his ass and inner ass regions.

Non-Rowdy Shortcomings: Openly weeps during the singing of the National Anthem. His dad might have died in Vietnam, but that's no excuse. It was a business trip to Vietnam in 1989.

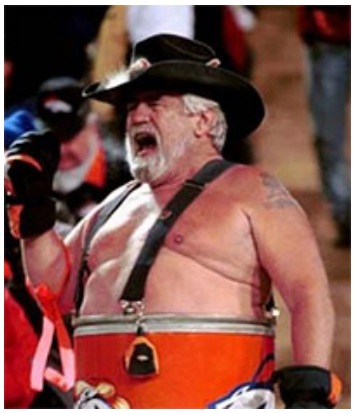
Rudy "The Wife Stealer" Rhonson

Prime Rowdiness Trait (PRT): Hits on other men's wives shamelessly and openly. We normally would not tolerate such behavior, but the entertainment value of women being humiliated definitely overpowers our fears of infidelity.

Most Rowdy Moment(s): Successfully faked a concussion so Dub's wife would give him "CPR." Even after the subsequent lawsuits, divorce, restraining orders, and Rudy's move to the YMCA, it's still a story that makes us laugh and laugh. Even if a court order forbids him to speak publicly about it.

Non-Rowdy Shortcomings: Often loses concentration during game nights by talking softly to and pawing at a faded picture of his estranged son.

Sam "Short Fuse" Filesko



Prime Rowdiness Trait (PRT): Unpredictable, violent outbursts, most often brought on by non-football reasons. Regularly questions our loyalty to the Constitution during commercial breaks.

Most Rowdy Moment(s): When we questioned his insistence that every first down be marked with the firing of a starter pistol, he filibustered for 63 hours about the importance of the Second Amendment. Quickly changed his tune when I reminded him the Second Amendment also meant I could murder him if he didn't leave my house. Several warning shots later, and we're still friends.

Non-Rowdy Shortcomings: Fumbles with a troubled erection through his jeans during the singing of the national anthem. We're thinking of leaving the room to him and Mark during this pre-game ritual.

Stan "The Man" "Superfan" "With a Plan" Peppercorn

Prime Rowdiness Trait (PRT): Stan's three nicknames give him power and confidence we can only dream of. Also, he can belch most of the alphabet without throwing up.

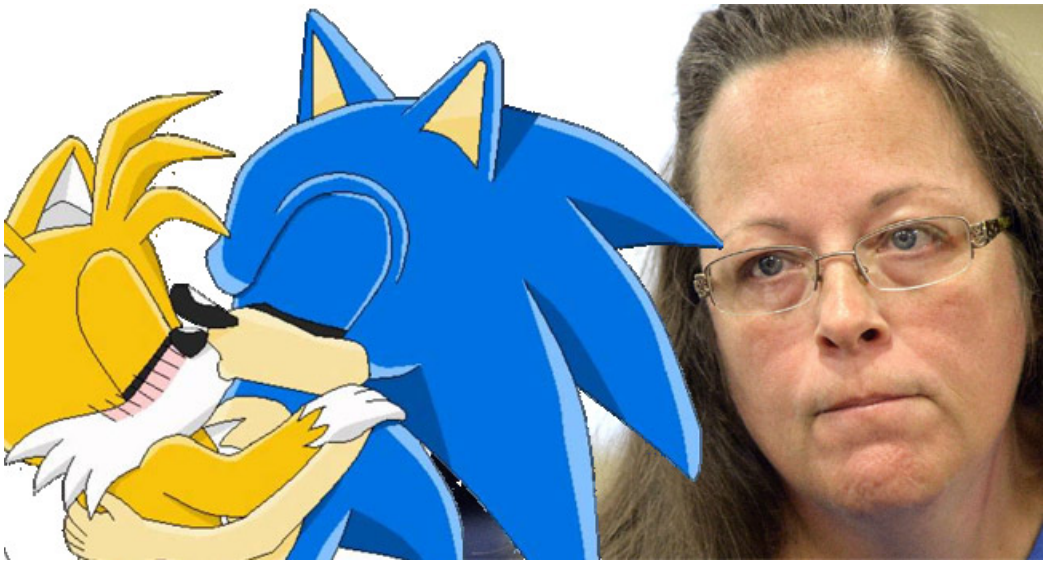
Most Rowdy Moment(s): Gave the pizza boy a "pink belly" when he didn't know our team was in the playoffs. Not very hard to perform on an unconscious body, but still a worthwhile achievement.

Non-Rowdy Shortcomings: Often pulls out a Bible during quiet moments. Sometimes it's not hollowed out to hide a flask of whisky, and that's when we worry.

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.4 Hey, Ted Cruz, the Bible Doesn't Mention Anything About Sonic Marrying Tails

Friday, Sep 04, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



"I stand with Kim Davis [who would not issue a marriage license if Sonic & Tails requested one for their gay marriage]."
- Ted Cruz, Bigot

American Taliban presidential candidate Ted Cruz is at it again, siding with Kentucky county clerk Kim Davis, who was recently jailed for refusing to issue marriage licenses to gay couples. Now, I am as tolerant of other religions as anypony, but this is not a small thing we're talking about here. Kim Davis is not refusing a fishing license or something. This is the lifetime happiness of couples that could include Sonic and Miles "Tails" Prower.

This man wants to get in the way of happiness in America.

Of course Ted Cruz wants to play the disgusting "Christian victim" card here. Yes, like Christians have it so hard in a country where they are the vast majority versus Sonic and Tails who are less than 1% of the population.

Being a victim is what Christianity is all about. You know who isn't a victim? Sonic the Hedgehog, who gets his rings knocked out, picks himself up and gets at least one ring back to avoid dying. I think Jesus could learn a thing or two about fortitude from Sonic and Cruz could learn a thing or two about tolerance from Deviant Art, which permits me to illustrate a Kama Sutra of matrimonial bliss for Sonic and Tails. Why do they "get it" and yet it's so hard for these Republicans?

Dick Cheney came around at one point when his daughter turned out to be gay. He is now for Sonic and Tails marrying. Look, maybe if Ted Cruz's son was Sonic and he met Tails and booked Casino

Zone for their nuptials and then this b*tch got in the way of their happiness Ted Cruz might think different about all this. It's about simple empathy. If an extremely fast hedgehog and whatever Tails is want to get hitched, who cares if they are both males? It's just like one pixel difference between a penis and a vagina.

I am not alone in my opinion. A recent poll on the Sonic & Tails Webring said that 75% of everyone who voted supported Sonic marrying Tails while only one person voted for Sonic marrying Knuckles and that was probably a mistake. If nothing else, you would think that Republicans like Cruz would see the economic potential of Sonic and Tails wedding swag. Imagine all the key chains that could be baked. All the fiction written. All the crosses stitched. Allowing Sonic and Tails to (finally) marry is like discovering a new deposit of oil right under Etsy.

Together forever, whatever hateful people in government might say.

Even if the Bobbies Jindal and Teds Cruz of the world refuse to accept healthy homosexual relationships between two classic 16-bit characters, I would think that the Republican love of small government would prevent their bigotry from interfering. I suppose government doesn't get much smaller (as in *pettier*) than stopping Sonic and Tails from being happy for the rest of their lives.

Who knows? (I know) Maybe Sonic is even able to impregnate Tails after jumping on a special spring booster and Tails is able to carry their baby to term and it turns out to be Shadow as a baby. If Ted would just stop for a second and read my fic then maybe he will see that not letting Tails become pregnant is very similar to abortions.

America is ready to see this, Republicans, and you're all making a big mistake if you think you can get in the way of progress. Sonic is going to marry Tails eventually and, by the way, bigots: Samus is trans. So remember when Metroid lady was revealed to be a woman in that legendary twist? She still is a woman. Except better. The twist is even better. It's called THINKpiece for a reason, Ted. Use your brains.

The point here is, everyone just wants to be happy. That's why I say let Kim Davis and her sanctimonious attitude stay in jail. We don't need religion getting in the way of happiness.

Now, if Kim Davis wants to specifically keep Sonic from marrying Knuckles, that's fine. I don't ship those two so anything to prevent Knuckles from stealing Sonic away from Tails is good for me.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.5 Dumb Quotes About Technology From Supposedly Smart People

Tuesday, Sep 08, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Back in the 1980s Bill Gates definitely said "No computer will ever need more than 640k of memory, which isn't a lot of memory at all but there you go". This statement has haunted Gates ever since. To this very day people recall his stupid words and vigorously shake their heads at its shortsightedness, all too aware that the supposedly smart computer man was an idiot all along.

While that might be the most famous instance of a computer person revealing their dumb brain, there have certainly been many more.

"One hundred computers. One hundred computers should be enough for the entire planet. More than enough." - *Dell Gateway*

"What's that thing? (gesturing at a prototype iPad) I am going to eat that thing. It's going in my mouth and nothing can stop this thing from happening." - *Steve Jobs*

"Ow! Maybe I should stop bonking my head with this monitor!" - *Sergey Brin*

"I didn't come up with the idea for Minecraft. I can't code or design. I'm going to post mean-spirited, stupid complaints on my Twitter forever while everyone treats me with kid gloves because I'm a success in spite of myself. Oh, wait. That's not what I meant to say. I meant to say: Yes, I'll take the ostentatious house and ten thousand porkpie hats." - *Markus "Notch" TotalBiscuit*

"If you took the entire internet and laid it end to end, it would weigh more than the other thing. It would weigh more than it would if it wasn't laid end to end. Like, if it was a ball of rolled up internet it would weigh less. I'm pretty sure. It depends on the size of the scale, I think." - *Marissa Mayer*

"Durr what's a computer?" - *Me*

"(feral hissing from a dark corner, where he retreated in a flailing panic after the sound of a booting computer frighened him)" - *Steve Ballmer*

"When you think about it, there's no way to input things into a computer. It's all... the holes only go out, right? Like you can plug a keyboard or a mouse in but that's a trick because the computer thinks the inputs are outputs. That's a programmer trick, basically magic. The key to the future is to make holes that go in too." - *Mark Zuckerberg*

"(asked earnestly to an empty conference hall, a 1980s-era cassette recorder held up before her) Where's the exit?" - *Kara Swisher*

"I went to a website the other day and right at the top of the page it showed me my ip address. It was the most disturbing moment I have ever experienced. This website even told me what internet browser I was using, and what day it was. Computers can do anything." - *Edward Snowden*

"When you stop and think about it, a smartphone is basically a whistle you can carry." - *Steve Wozniak*

"I like my puter. It's got a good proccy in it. The mobo is nice. It's a good comp." - *Elon Musk*

"A lot of people are joking about the Windows 10 error message that says 'Something Happened'. Well, that's not on me. My original idea was to not have any errors at all, and for the operating system to be called Windows RT ME One." - *Satya Nadella*

"Computer am future. Computer am good. Computer do all." - *Veronica Belmont*

"(excited hooting)" - *Gabe Newell*

"NNN-YAH! (circling around a dot matrix printer with his arms tucked in like a T-Rex, biting the printout triumphantly) RRRRAAA!" - *Tim Cook*

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.6 SkyMall Product Reviews: End Table Crate

Wednesday, Sep 09, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> The essence of luxury living for pets is embodied in the beautiful 2-in-1 End Table Kennel. Contain your pet in safety and comfort with this cozy retreat that is also a stunning piece of furniture.

Customer Rating: ★★★★☆

By Mr. Bumpus from Nude Man, AR

Heads up folks: you'll need to furnish this end table cage with your own varmint. It seems to work best with something larger, like a "dog." Definitely not compatible with "mice" and "birds." "Snakes" are a big no-no as well. They slide right through and go straight for your jewels.

Age: 51-55

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Big Dad from Staghead, WY

Works great as a family penalty box. Break a rule: that's an hour in the crate, buddy. No exceptions. I have purchased 4 and all are currently occupied 24/7 by my awful, rowdy sons.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆

By MommyBlogs from Boise, ID

Mine came empty. I assumed it came with a "pet" similar to the one in the product picture. How does it draw power without one? I am putting my toddler inside just to be safe. I'm not risking any fires. Very dissatisfied. Lyle, my husband, is feverishly trying to capture an animal while I berate him and our baby screams. NOT IDEAL.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆

By IN HOT WATER from Indio, CA

My wife went out of town to visit her terrible family, and her beloved end table crate died. I ordered an identical replacement with overnight shipping, but there's no creature inside??? HELP. Our marriage won't survive another disaster like this.

Age: 61-65

Customer Rating:

By Gloria from Boca Raton, FL

I do not care for the endless whimpering emanating from my end table crate. My other furniture doesn't whimper.

Age: 66-70

Customer Rating:

By SkyLover from Pine Bluff, AR

My end table crate started to smell after only 3 days. I added a hole to the bottom to remedy this. If you're a regular at SkyMall, this sort of custom modding should be second nature to you.

Age: 51-55

Customer Rating:

By Ronald David Oaks from Chadron, NE

Do they make a larger version that could fit 2-3 human beings and be secure enough to prevent them from escaping? The gaps in the bars would need to line up such that I could feed them sardines and other slim foods through the cracks. Would need a hole in the bottom as well (obviously). Fit doesn't have to be comfortable, just as long as they are in there. It can be taller, like an armoire, but would appreciate if it had the same beautiful design aesthetic.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating:

By Shelby from Denver, CO

My end table crate has been growling at me furiously and has already claimed three of my child's fingers. This is the most angry and hostile piece of furniture I have ever purchased. I am furious that I have to buy a second one to complete the symmetry of my living room.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating:

By CrateLover from Sweaty Sands, NM

I decided to let the varmint I put inside the table out and it is very friendly. It seems to require food and regular access to the yard, but is infinitely more soft than the end table itself, which is hard, shows no emotion and, as far as I can tell, is entirely inanimate. I understand the logic of putting something soft inside a hard shell (eggs come to mind), but in this case it just doesn't make sense. I feel guilty putting the varmint back in there. I might just let it out and see what happens.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating:

By Sugarbean from Amarillo, TX

One word: Frustrating. It is heavy and the animal inside makes it difficult to grip without risking your fingers. My husband and brother have to lift it together and shake it out over the toilet every few days to keep it from stinking up the place. Very inconvenient.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating:

By Pizza Jeff from Bloomington, IN

DO NOT BUY. LOCK FAILS. GRANDPA HAS ESCAPED AND THERE IS NO REASONING WITH HIM.

Age: 21-25

Customer Rating:

By Bag Hutch from Derby, KS

Seems to work OK with a large iguana inside, though the iguana seems very confused and frankly, so am I. What am I even doing here? I don't understand this furniture at all. Dad was right, I'm not cut out for this. I'm moving back to the farm.

Age: 26-30

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.7 24 Hour Partybots

Thursday, Sep 10, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Late in the 21st century, most human recreation is performed by robots. Every night, the robots go to bars and nightclubs and transmit the experience to their human masters. At the end of the night, the robots must return to their factories to be destroyed. This is not called execution. It's called closing time.

Charlie and I are 24-hour partybots - so-named because we have a built-in lifespan of 24 hours. We look like normal humans. We're at The Tourist, a popular robot bar. Everything we feel here - loneliness, depression, weltschmerz, anhedonia - gets beamed back to our human owners via wireless nerve implants.

The Tourist is kind of a dive. Someone is waving a broken bottle at the flair bartender, who fights him off with one hand while juggling limes and cocktail shakers with the other. We're glad to be off the street, though. Terrorists have been leaving pipe bombs on the sidewalk, disguising them as surrealist art by writing "*Ceci n'est pas une pipe bomb*" on them.

We're sitting at a table by the stairs to the door. At the end of the bar, talking to some prehumanists (people who have genetically transformed themselves into apes or fungi), sits Ani Levator. Her eyes shine like the Louvre Pyramid, nights in Rio, and those plastic cases that new headphones come in. Her jawline is so sharp it cuts the photons in the air. All night I've been trying to work up the courage to go talk to her. I wish I could become an extrovert simply by flipping a switch, but actually it involves a dial on the back of my head.

One of the fake memories I've been given to feel more human: I'm six years old and playing in a sandbox. Just as I bang my toy hammer on a rock, a freak particle accelerator accident at M.I.T. makes the entire universe implode. For several weeks, I think I imploded the universe.

"I see you checking out Ani Levator," Charlie says. "Forget it. She's out of your league. Besides, I'm the only companion you need. Remember all the great times we've had?"

"Like when you shot me with an ossifier ray that turned me into a statue and left me in the park?"

"Okay, as tainted as those times may seem now, they got you through a difficult period in your life."

"I'm switching to extrovert," I tell Charlie, who's an extrovert. I turn the dial on the back of my head and instantly the room becomes a negative image of itself. Creatures that look like pale babies float in the air. They have large black eyes but no nose or ears. One raises a clawed hand and shoots a glowing blue orb at me. I dial back to introvert just before it hits me. I give Charlie a horrified look.

"I'll buy you a drink," he says to either me or the babies.

I make up my mind to go talk to Ani, introversion or no introversion, and stand up. Just then, the guy at the next table, who's been talking to a girl, gets friend zoned. "Friend zone" is kind of a misnomer, since it's actually an interstice between the zones of dating and bachelorhood. In the friend zone, one is neither alone nor attached, a quantum paradox that destroys one's being on a subatomic level. The guy chugs his drink just before he disintegrates. I sit back down.

"What kind of drink do you want?" Charlie asks me. "A Heineken? A craft beer?"

"Definitely a craft beer," I say. I don't know what a craft beer is. I also don't know the president of Argentina, the atomic weight of cobalt, or what those things at the ends of shoelaces are called. Sometimes I wonder how there's any room left for *me* in my head between all the things I don't know. I excuse myself to the bathroom.

What I think is the bathroom door actually leads to a room behind the bar. In the center of the room sits a large glass tank of amber liquid. Surrounding the tank are TV screens showing car crashes, disaster footage, the 9/11 attacks.... The bartender stands on a ladder sampling the liquid with a ladle.

"I'm making craft beer," he says. "It's made by exposing barley-filled water to the horrors of the world, which causes it to ferment."

"I know," I say. On the screens, people are shot, stabbed, electrocuted, soon to be forgotten by everyone but the beer. I too will soon die, never knowing the sweet touch of Ani Levator. In the face of these facts, a free drink seems moot.

"You're a partybot, aren't you?" the bartender says.

"How did you know?"

"Bots always look depressed when they see the screens. They lack the human capacity for schadenfreude."

"That's a myth," I say, "just like the one about our, uh, size. We only have two petabytes of memory. But how can you not be depressed when this" - I gesture at the screens - "is everywhere?"

"The world needs horror," the bartender says. "It's an essential part of life."

"Why?"

"Because it helps us make craft beer, which helps us forget all the horror."

"Isn't that circular logic?"

"Yeah, but can't you bots process circular logic these days?"

On one of the screens, a woman brushes her hair while a zombie stands behind her. It's unclear if she's unaware of the zombie or just ignoring it.

"Can I try some of that beer?" I ask.

There's something bittersweet about the early AM when the bars have all closed and you're riding the subway back to the robot factory where you'll be deactivated and lowered into a vat of acid that will strip your synthetic flesh, leaving only your titanium skeleton to be sold as scrap metal. Everyone in the subway car is tired, reticent and developing a hangover. In the tunnel, rats fight over human bones, and homeless people spray paint obscene emojis on the walls.

But I barely notice. Like everyone else, I'm looking on my phone at the pictures I took tonight. There's one of Charlie posing with the monster babies, who are giving a double claws up. In another, Ani Levator and I are sitting together after we've finally talked, made out, and won at bar trivia so decisively that they had to retire the game forever. (Charlie told us to "make love to the camera," but I wasn't sure what that meant, so I peeled off my face, fully exposing my eyes, teeth and biomechanical musculature.) The images are immensely satisfying.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

9.8 I love the Flintstones Era. So I decided to live in it.

Friday, Sep 11, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My wife and I study cartoons, specifically the late Flintstones era of 1965 and 1966. Our methods are quite different from those of most cartoon viewers. Everything in our daily life is connected to our period of study, from the technologies we use to the ways we interact with the world.

Five years ago we bought a house built in 1988 in the town of Bedrock, Indiana - a town that met all of our qualifications of having a drive-up restaurant, a stone quarry where I could get a job, and very lenient laws about street legality of vehicles. When we moved in, there was an electric fridge in the kitchen: We sold that as soon as we could. Now we have a period-appropriate bird that waves a fan at our food to keep it cool. Before the first wave of that fan I had to spend two weeks teaching the bird to look a guest in the eye, shrug his wings, and say, "It's a living." Most of the time he just makes car alarm sounds and plucks out his own feathers.

Every morning I wind the bird inside the clock in our parlor. Each day I write in my diary using an antique pen that's actually a bird and I dip his bill into an inkwell before each stroke. All of our birds come from the same breeder who we singlehandedly keep in business by paying him to train various birds to operate or replace all of the appliances in our home. Did you know birds are the closest living relative of the pterodactyl? Until our bird breeder can get one of those, parrots and magpies are as good as we can do.

There are no modern lightbulbs in our house. We go to sleep as soon as it is dark. When my wife and I have company we use the bird that lives under the lampshade. We also have a raccoon that works as our dish washing machine, a small monkey that holds a watering can over us in the shower, a baby elephant that sucks up dirt from our floor, and an electric razor made from a clam shell with a bug vibrating inside.

That last one regularly gouges my face and I replace the bug every time I want to use it. The one thing the Flintstones never really covers is how much feces all of these animals produce. There is a three-inch layer of appliance scat covering the floor of most rooms in our house. Parrots have an astonishing capacity to defecate.

Neither my wife nor I have ever had a cellphone; There's just no bird that will fit inside your pocket and perform even the basic functions of a phone. We did some experiments with strings and cups, but the little bird that chiseled our texts onto tiny stone tablets broke the fourth wall and talked to the audience with infuriating frequency. When we want to use a phone, we pretty much just hold a seashell up to our ear and stare off into space.

Living the Flintstones lifestyle in our late-Flintstones household means embracing everything that occurred late in the run of the series. That means owning a purple sheepdog named Dino and incorporating the Great Gazoo, the magical alien from the future, into our house. We tried several monkeys, which tended to become enraged by the green paint we had to cover them with and who would not read any of the lines we had chiseled into rocks for them to read. After a little experimenting with a particularly large parrot in a skull cap, we decided on a small Mexican man who does not speak English, but will read anything we write out phonetically. I have caught him watching my wife sleep more than once, but my Wilma says she doesn't mind as long as he doesn't wake up the bird in the clock.

Since my wife and I both grew up wealthy and isolated from most of what happens in the real world, getting an actual job at the quarry has been an enlightening experience. I do not have a driver's license, so I could not operate a truck or any of the equipment, which meant I was given the job of waving vehicles to the freshest piles of scree. Fortunately, I was injured almost immediately and put on workman's compensation when I broke my coccyx attempting to slide down a crane. This has allowed me to focus more of my attention on my passion, which is living my life exactly as they did in the historical Flintstones.

We eat almost exclusively the ribs of blue whales and sperm whales, which is rapidly draining my trust fund, but totally worth it when we convince the waitress at the drive up restaurant to dump

a raw rack of whale ribs onto the side of my car. Which, by the way, is a 1984 Toyota Tercel that we have cut the bottom out of to use our feet to propel. It is extremely slow, even when we do the running-in-place windup, but that's okay. The Flintstones lifestyle means a slower pace than the modern world you're used to. It might mean waiting six hours for a bird to flap your clothes dry or it might mean traveling slower than a child can walk.

For entertainment, we watch the movies you watch and listen to the music you like, on our animal-based appliances, but we change around the names of all the celebrities to include a reference to rocks. It's fun and clever. For example, Miley Cyrus becomes Miley Cyrock and Tom Hanks might become Rock Hunks. A really fun one is the president, Barack Orockma!

The hardest part about the Flintstones lifestyle is when it clashes with the intolerance and bullies of the world. Like the women from the government who took the baby we adopted from China and named Bam-Bam. They claimed some wild story about a giant trough of animal excrement is no place for a small child. He's going to go back to China and eat rice. We were feeding that kid whale ribs and training him to swing a bludgeon hard enough to shake the foundation of our house. With all the HGH we pumped into him he had biceps like a pro-wrestler. Somehow I doubt a Chinese orphanage has properly Flintstoned their kettlebells out of rocks held by crabs.

People see something different, they see two people happily blocking traffic in their foot-powered vehicle, and they become angry. They feel this mindless urge to enforce conformity. Everyone wants to touch the three giant pearls my wife wears around her neck or asks me why I am five hours late to work even though I left the house as soon as the bird went off.

This is why more people with almost unlimited money don't follow their dreams: They know the world is a cruel place for anyone who doesn't fit the dominant culture. But before the bullies get all high and mighty, I will have them know that at one time, in a real place called Bedrock, the Flintstones made the rules instead of getting jeered at for not following them. One day, we just might make those rules again.

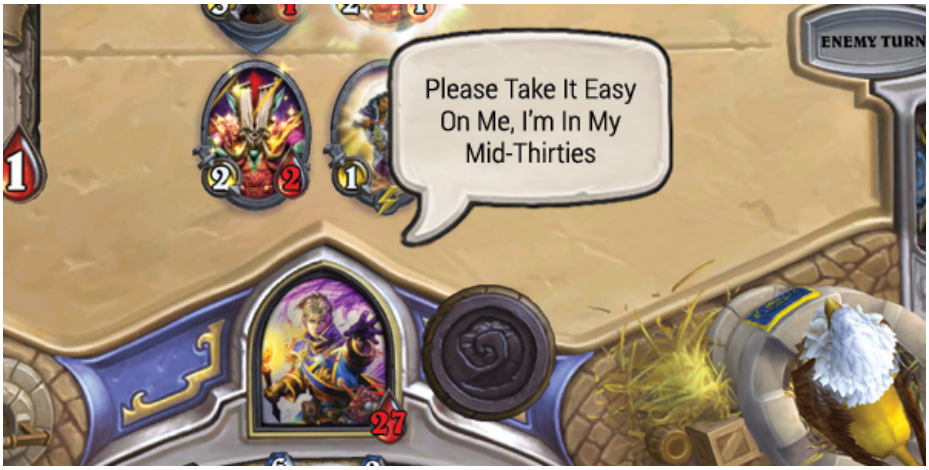
You can find more insight's into the Flintstones lifestyle on Zack's Facebook.

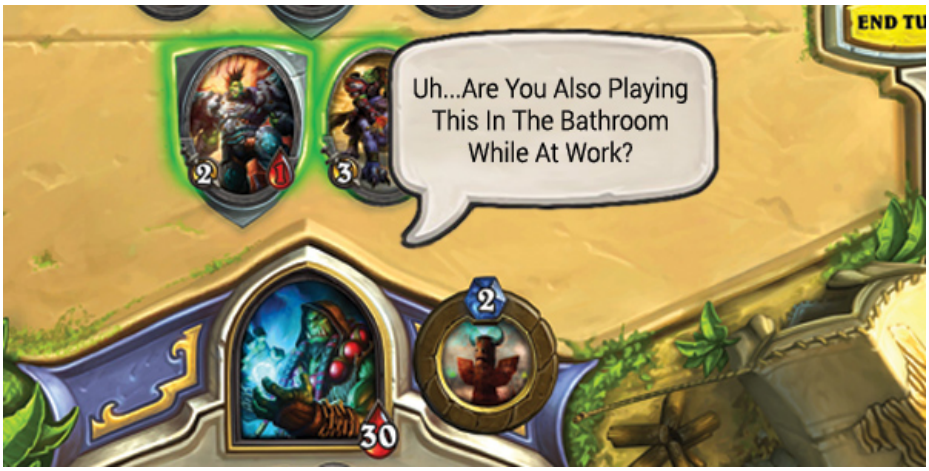
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

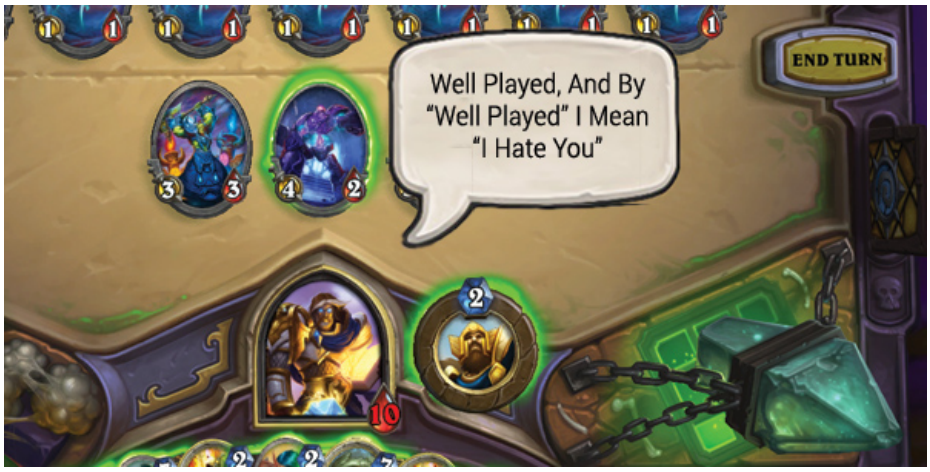
9.9 Hearthstone Emotes We Actually Need

Monday, Sep 14, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

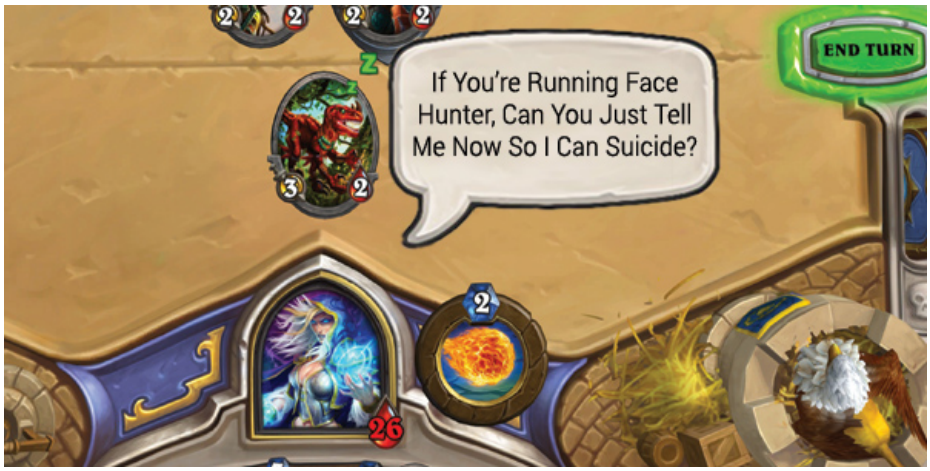
Hearthstone has over 30 million players worldwide. So clearly, they're doing something wrong. Could more useful emotes save this doomed little game?



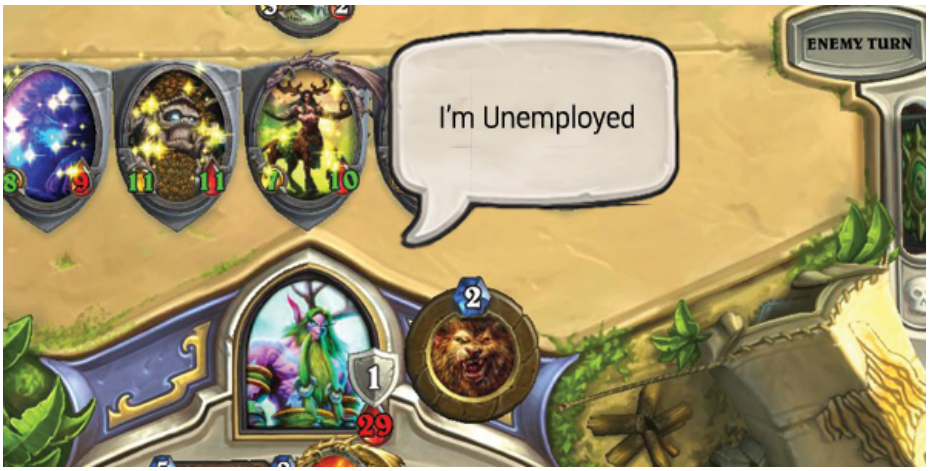


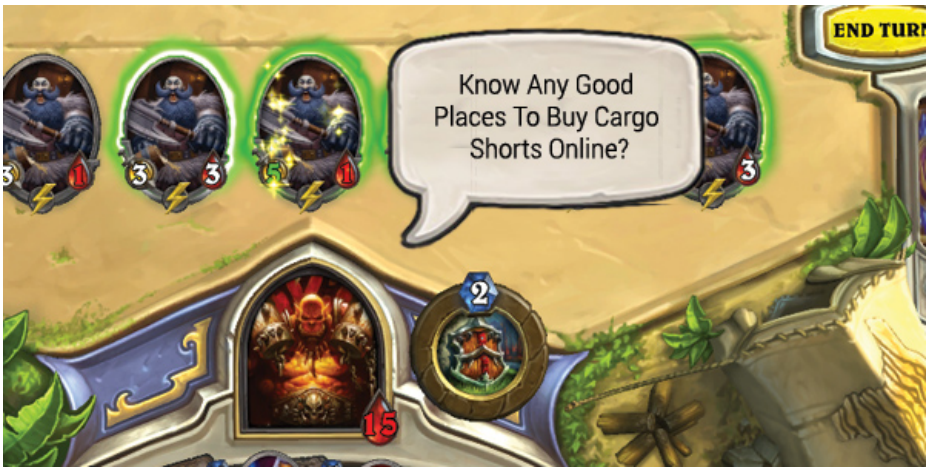

Well Played, And By "Well Played" I Mean "I Hate You"
END TURN

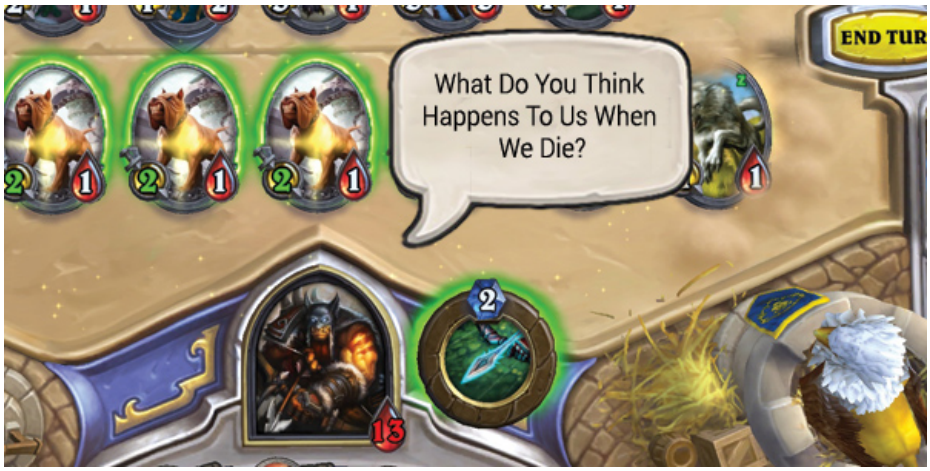
My Wife Just Sent Me Six Texts, For God's Sake, Wait One Fucking Second
ENEMY TURN


If You're Running Face Hunter, Can You Just Tell Me Now So I Can Suicide?
END TURN

I Will Destroy You At
This Game Aimed At
Pre-Teens & Shut-Ins
END TURN


I'm Unemployed
ENEMY TURN

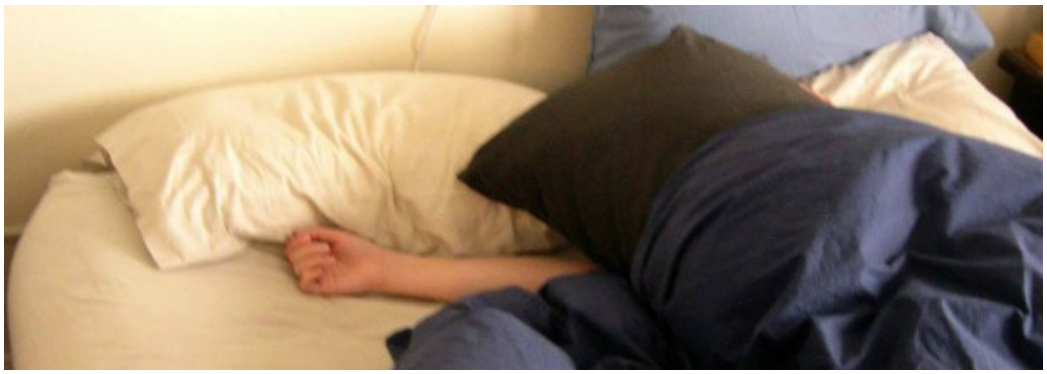

Know Any Good
Places To Buy Cargo
Shorts Online?



–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

9.10 Appropriate Levels of Guilt from Sleeping In Too Late

Tuesday, Sep 15, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



Approximate Snooze Hits: 20
"This is why I've accomplished nothing with my life."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 30
"I have become a somehow less funny Garfield."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 40
"I earnestly think joining the military would improve my life."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 50
"I really hope there is a carbon monoxide leak to explain my general sloth behavior."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 60
"My teachers were right: I'll never achieve anything."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 70
"All I have to do is not sleep for two straight days and I'll catch right on up."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 80
"I do not deserve the sun."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 90
"Like the dried drool on my cheek, I am the worthless flaking crust of this world."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 100
"I can only speculate on the existence of Farmer's Markets and fantasize about fresh produce, but based on my actual schedule, it looks like a life of microwavable burritos for me."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 110
"This is proof that I am unable to function without my mother's assistance."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 120
"Sleeping in this late might be acceptable if last night wasn't so boring."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 130
"I'll never be able to use the Spotify playlist *Indie Brunch.*"

Approximate Snooze Hits: 140
"I am the humanoid version of the Greek Economy."

Approximate Snooze Hits: 150
"Forget it. Today's cancelled."

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.11 Deathbed Testbed Monthly

Wednesday, Sep 16, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Every month the editors of Deathbed Testbed provide expert opinions on the hottest technology as they perish.

Letter From the Editor

*by **A Mudskipper Flopping Across a Minefield***

It is a tremendous honor to step into the role left behind by last month's editor, Hot Dog Eating Contest Audience Member Choking On Gum. In the months and years ahead I plan to roll out a number of ideas to improve this fine publication, starting w- *TERRIBLE EXPLOSION*

iPad Pro Hands-On

*by **An Untethered Astronaut Drifting Into the Void***

Houston, do you copy? Houston?

If you're sending, I'm not receiving. All I can do is transmit and hope that your equipment is stronger. Hope that someone out there can hear these, my last words.

As I spin out into the great nothing and the vast expanse of distant stars swirl across my fog-shrouded visor, all I can think about is how much better they would look on the gorgeous 12.9-inch 2732 by 2048 screen of the iPad Pro.

Apple has truly created a magical device, a revolutionary device, the most advanced iPad to date. No one has ever seen a tablet with a keyboard cover before. Because Apple came up with it. This, folks, is why they're the best tech company.

I spent time with the iPad Pro, and I can confirm that it lives up to the Pro name. It's very big. It runs phone apps, but on a way larger screen. Incredible. This is a tablet for professionals. They think it's going to change the world, and I agree. From where I'm floating, the world is a tiny place getting smaller and smaller by the second. It almost seems too fragile to withstand the power of the iPad Pro's A9X chip, or the device's ability to run two applications side-by-side, which has never been done before in computing.

There went my oxygen reserves. All I have now is what's left in the suit. I'll tell you the truth, Houston. It's awful *gasp* lonely out here. Feels like I'm the only *gasp* human in the universe. But I take solace knowing... *weak gasp* that I'm not alone in my anticipation of *gurgle* the launch of the magical iPad Pro this November.

Intel Core i7-6700k Benchmark

*by **Just a Really Old Lady***

You'll have to come closer, dear. All I can manage these days is a whisper, and even that's a struggle.

The good Lord has seen fit to let me witness many incredible sights during my blessed long life. The Great Depression. The introduction of the Samsung 850 EVO SSD. The end of the last "great" war. But nothing compares to the blazing fast benchmarks I recorded with Intel's Core i7-6700k.

Folks, this processor can handle anything you throw at it. 4K video editing. Hardcore gaming. It puts last year's... Bobby? Is that my Bobby? There, in the ceiling behind my children and grandkids? Oh you don't know how badly I've missed you all these years, Bobby. Almost as much as I'll miss putting the Intel Core i7-6700k through its paces in BenchGeek.

Bobby's gesturing for me to come with him now. I'm gesturing for you to drop a Core i7-6700k in your liquid-cooled rig and brag about your specs on hardware forums.

Roku 3 (2015 revision) Review

*by **A Stuntman on Fire***

AAAHHH! IT BURNS! IT STREAMS MEDIA FROM NETFLIX, AMAZON, YOUTUBE, AND CONTENT STORED ON LOCALLY NETWORKED SERVERS! PUT ME OUT! WHY ISN'T THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER WORKING? IF ONLY IT HAD THE BUILD QUALITY OF THE ROKU 3 AND ITS REMOTE, NOW WITH A HEADPHONE JACK AND MOTION CONTROLS FOR THRILLING GAMES SUCH AS BIRDIE, A FLAPPY BIRD CLONE!

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

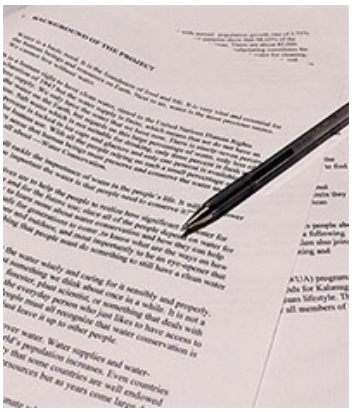
9.12 MacArthur High School's Other Fake Terror Scares

Thursday, Sep 17, 2015 by Something Awful Insider

Yesterday, the normally peaceful town of Irving, Texas was shaken to its core when a teen named Ahmed Mohamed brought a homemade clock to his high school in an effort to impress his teachers, who immediately assumed he wanted to murder them. After discovering this very clock-like device brimming over with sheer clockivity was indeed an actual clock, Mohamed was cleared of any charges, and became a minor celebrity on the Internet as thousands upon thousands countrywide showed their support. But this wasn't MacArthur High School's first brush with fake terror, as this exclusive look into their confidential files reveals...

Case File #AA13-005

Student Name: Mohammad Azad



Evidence Filed: Terrorist Manifesto/Term Paper on George Orwell's 1984

Report: Began to feel strong feelings of suspicion when Azad would finish standardized tests early and proceed to read texts far outside the scope of English 301. Suspicions only grew further when I picked up one of Azad's books while he was helping another student get into his wheelchair and noticed all the words were in *his* language. (I assumed the picture of Huckleberry Finn on the cover was just there as a ruse.) After assigning Azad 1984 for his final research paper, the eight pages he handed me were full of anti-American screeds. Instead of finding the correct interpretation of Orwell's book-that Communism is bad-Azad drew several inappropriate correlations between Big Brother and helpful, protective organizations like the TSA and NSA. I kept Azad several hours after class in a locked

detention room and he would not confess his true intent. Forced him to read The Da Vinci Code over the summer and reluctantly passed him with a C-minus.

Case File #AA13-017

Student Name: Mohamad Irani

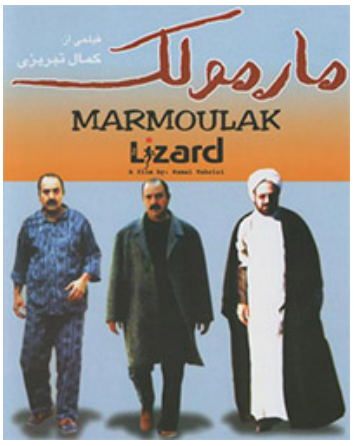
Evidence Filed: Birdhouse/Terrorist Smuggling Device

Report: From the very first day of class, I took Mr. Irani's rugged individualism and ability to think outside the box as clear warning signs. The first real shock came when he presented his first Woodworking 101 project, a spice rack, with a special compartment to hold recipe cards. Needless to say, he failed this assignment for not following instructions. This disruptiveness only continued when he presented his birdhouse project, which featured a small, mechanical sparrow which would poke its head out on the hour, every hour. Sensing the danger at hand, I proceeded to spend the remainder of the class using tools to dismantle and destroy the device, which he claimed was a gift for his grandmother who lives in an assisted living home far removed from nature. Further incidents like these have been nipped in the bud, as Mohamed is now required to undergo a full pat-down by our school security guards, and destroy whatever he builds before the end of the class period. I don't know how he'd disrupt our sleepy town with that lazy Susan, but I'm sure he'd find a way. They always do.

Case File #AA13-019

Student Name: Muhammad Murad

Evidence Filed: Foreign DVD



Report: Reluctantly agreed to let Murad start a movie club, which was to be held under the direct supervision of the administration. After approving some American classics like Mr. Smith Goes to Washington and High Noon, in an admittedly shameful display of trust, we assumed we could trust Murad with further choices. We were wrong. While returning to the A.V. room to pick up a copy of The Patriot for my AP History class, my ears pricked up at a language that clearly wasn't English. Heading to the back of the room, who should I see but Muhammed Murad, showing students a film clearly intended to indoctrinate innocents into the world of fundamentalist Islam. When he tried to explain it was a romantic comedy from his home country, and one of the favorites of his mother's when she was still alive, I ignored these crocodile tears and did the responsible thing by shoving the TV cart over and shattering Murad's evil plot in an instant. Shortly afterwards, Murad's parents removed him from the school. I phone local flight schools regularly in the hopes he will one day be brought to justice.

Case File #AA13-043

Student Name: Bill Jacobs

Evidence Filed: Several automatic weapons, blueprints to the school with planned escape routes drawn on them, improvised pipe bombs, and a certified "kill list" with the names of several students, teachers and faculty written on it.

Report: During our regular after school locker checks, faculty discovered the above items in the clear possession of Bill Jacobs, a clean-cut, white mathlete with a bright future ahead of him. Shocked by this discovery, we immediately called Bill into Principal Cummings office. He clearly explained to us that this must have been a mistake, and the weapons along with the fingerprints on them were placed in his locker in a clear attempt at a frame-up. Looking at the student directory, we noticed his locker was adjacent to one Muhammed Jafari, and immediately called the Department of Homeland Security. Note: If his parents call, remember that he disappeared during one of our regular class trips to the Alamo. That state park's gotten us out of plenty of scrapes like this one.

–∼Something Awful Insider

9.13 Questions Most Likely to Be Asked at the Next Donald Trump Town Hall

Friday, Sep 18, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Donald Trump continues to lead in the polls and continues to draw huge crowds, despite a rough debate and double-barreled attacks from his opponents. While he has millions of devoted supporters, those same supporters are starting to hold him accountable and ask him some tough questions about his stances on various issues. One questioner at a recent Trump town hall asked, "When can we get rid of Muslims?" Trump was noncommital, saying he would be "looking at a lot of different things." These things presumably include methods for eliminating all the Muslims.

Other trenchant questions you are likely to hear asked at Donald Trump town halls include:

- **God Bless America, I'm a Veteran of the Panama war and the government isn't taking care of our veterans or our police who are being targeted and yet Obama has a dog. What are you going to do to take his dog away?**

- **Which disease are they injecting in kids at Jade Helm Walmarts and are you gonna do something about that?**
- **When I go to a website or click on an article I want a video to auto play on a news story but on some websites you gotta click a link for a video and I don't think, I'm sure, America deserves better than illegals making us click on a video. Can we do better?**
- **What are you gonna do about the submarine the Mexicans have to get across the Gulf of Mexico with anchor babies?**
- **Why not bomb USA mosque?**
- **Where does God put the sun when daytime goes away?**
- **When you are elected will you pledge to do something about me not having a job because my car got took away for seven DUIs?**
- **Obama gave five terrorists freedom for Beau Bergdahl and now Not-My-President wants the Taliban having surprise reunions with their families at our NFL football games instead of our troops and there aren't cheerleaders at football games anymore, so what can you do to stop Sharia Law from taking over our DMVs?**
- **Thank you, what is the Bible difference between a dinosaur and a Dinosour?**
- **Right now in America a lot of good people don't have jobs and the black thugs are making it so I couldn't get to work today because of Black Lives Matter, I wasn't at a bar drinking all morning, it was Black Lives Matter again, and what are you going to do about them? Thank you.**

- **The garbage men won't pick up leaves if I put 'em in my trash can and they said I have to put them in special bags is this the Muslims? Can I use my second amendment on them?**
- **On day one of your presidency will you free Subway Jared?**
- **Mr. Trump, the middle class is getting hammered right now in this Obama economy, but can you tell me what Joshua Tree is? Like a guy? A place? A tree?**
- **If you get into office what are you going to do to get the federal government to stop treating Juggalos as a terrorist group and can we ride in your helicopter at the next Gathering?**

- **What is it going to take to bring back Simon & Simon and not the TV show the two men named Simon who used to go to school with me, how do I bring those guys back to here?**
- **I saw this Ahmed kid making bombs in Texas and President Obama said he's going to give him a medal for his bomb because he could've been Obama's son, a Muslim terrorist and why did we let this Muslim kid have a NASA t-shirt? Can you promise me we're not gonna have Sharia law on Mars?**

How will Trump answer these questions? With all the respect and dignity they deserve and so fast our heads will spin. Good luck, Donald!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.14 The Five CRAZIEST Moments From Last Night's EMMY Awards

Monday, Sep 21, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Lights! Camera! B-Camera! Sound! That clap-board thing! EMMYs! Last night, Tinytown was abuzz with the blitz and glambor of the EMMYs Awards. Here's the can't-miss highlights (and LOW-highlights.)

1. Tatiana Maslany Forgot To Wear A Dress!

Talk about a fashion emergency! Tatiana Maslany, star of SyFy's *The Revengersons*, was shocked to find she forgot her dress in her Uber. Thinking quickly, she viciously assaulted Ricardo Montalban Jr., stealing his suit and leaving him for dead. Said the teen sensation, "Next time, I'll write a reminder...LOL!

"...And send my regards to the Montalban widow."

2. Mr. Peanut Brings Home The Hardware!

Congratulations to famed Planters mascot Mr. Peanut for winning his second consecutive EMMY for *Best Spokesfood*! And jeers to Chester Cheetah, who left in the middle of Peanut's speech to drown his sorrows with The Kool-Aid Man.

3. Someone Trapped Six Ladies In A Crystal Prison!

Hachi-Machi! Some rogue wizard, perhaps the long-missing *Golgoth the Feared,* siphoned the souls from six women right before our eyes! He (or *she*?) trapped them in a massive onstage prison called **Gemcatraz**.

Inside, they were forced to do battle. The contest: who could best fake being gracious and genuine.

Sadly, none escaped with their lives.

4. My Sullen Nephew Atticus Rushed The Red Carpet!

As a favor to my worthless brother-in-law, I invited his son Atticus to the EMMYs on the strict condition that he ***behave***!! Does ***this*** look like a well behaved child to you?????

5. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg Win The Lifetime Achievement Award!

What better ending could we hope for? Soviet spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were reanimated by a game Andy Samberg & finally given their due for inspiring the hilarious *Get Smart*.

We couldn't have said it better ourselves, Taraji P. Henson!

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

9.15 I'm On To You, Lady In This 15-Year-Old Episode Of Antiques Roadshow

Tuesday, Sep 22, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Extremely Important Note: This article originally involved a ceramic pig. It was written last Friday, before the British PM was accused of cramming his groin thing in the mouth of a dead pig. In light of this breaking story, I decided to distance today's article from current events by editing the ceramic pig out of the story and replacing it with an entirely different object.

You thought you could get away with it, didn't you? Bringing your porcelain pig to an Antiques Roadshow taping fifteen years ago. Peddling your deceit to the hosts and camera crew. You were good. But I'm better.

When the appraiser asked where you got the pig, you claimed to have picked it up from a garage sale for just a dollar. A likely story. You thought you were laying the groundwork to turn your unassuming pig into the find of the century. In truth, you were only raising red flags.

Next you spun an involved tale linking the pig to Thomas Jefferson. According to you, the man running the garage sale was the great grandson of a woodworker who was called out to the White House late one night to fix a broken horse box. In exchange for the repair, you claimed that Jefferson - who had no cash on hand at the time - gave man this porcelain pig, which his descendant in turn sold to you for one dollar. Uh huh. Sure. This story doesn't check out. What are the chances that humans discovered both porcelain and pigs before the early 1800s?

When the appraiser lifted the pig and pointed out the signatures on the bottom (Louis Comfort Tiffany and Peter Carl Faberge) you feigned surprise. As if you had never looked under there as any sane person would, to check for an appendectomy scar.

"How much do you think something like this would be worth?", the appraiser asked. You feigned ignorance, saying you had never had it appraised or even set aside a few minutes to do some basic research online.

Then you pretended to be surprised by the pig's estimated auction value of $15,000. According to you it didn't seem worth much at all, this item that you brought to a television show and stood in line with for hours.

As the segment came to a close you rattled off your rehearsed quip, "Not bad for a dollar!" This moment was your undoing. I looped this segment countless times, running the video through zoom enhancement software and analyzing the vocal characteristics. The results were conclusive.

Lady, you paid more than a dollar for that pig. You embellished its provenance. You knew who made it and what it was worth.

Now, in 2015, the net is closing in. I can only imagine that this article will be published just as you are about to make your escape, the airplane's captain turning off the engines and opening the door

for a team of marshals as you sink into your chair and hold a newspaper up to cover the portion of your face not already disguised by a pair of oversized sunglasses and floppy sun hat.

I'd go even deeper, but a contestant on Top Chef is claiming that this is the first time he, a professional chef, has ever attempted to make the dish he's presenting to the judges.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.16 Spout.ly: Sour Sips for September 2015

Wednesday, Sep 23, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

New to the sipping scene? Brush up on your fountain lingo.

It's been a painful month thus far for Shaggy Butte's steadfast sippers. While a few fountains have shown great promise, such as the VFW Hall's new fountain, many are pumping out plenty of disappointment. Unless you've simply gotta try 'em all, keep your thirst away from these certified diarrhea hydrants. *-Spout.ly Senior Editor Chris Bluefield*

Shaggy Butte Family Court

Top Comments:

"Two miscarriages of justice in one day. First, the lady judge takes away my visitation rights, then I take a sip from this stinker. For the record, my boy got those parasites from sharing his old man's passion for drinking fountains. Hydrating your kids is a crime now. If you ask me, the lady judge should be thrown in jail for allowing this fountain to endanger the public. Tastes like stagnant water from the inside of an old tire, with a real drooler of a spigot." *-Gusher*

"A poison fountain to go along with the poisonous justice system bent on destroying fathers' rights. This bubbler is slow as molasses, which is why I was 20 minutes late for my custody hearing. I couldn't get quenched fast enough. Water tastes like it was filtered through a cat." *-BigSlurper*

Shaggy Butte Humane Society

Top Comments:

"I came here to have my dog euthanized and decided to try the fountain. It really put a sour note on the whole trip. Terrible rust water, as thick as syrup." *-Inflow*

"Rancid water with a strong hint of spigmata. The ambiance is terrible, too. Loud barking, crying staff, vexing hum of flickering, florescent light-bulbs. My view from the fountain was unsettling. There was a small brown dog eating the face off another dog, who seemed to be enjoying it. This fountain had one saving grace: the drain handled my vomit with ease." *-William Randolph Thirst*

Power Pump Gym

Top Comments:

"Everyone here is a giant, gross meathead. The trainers are pushy and rude, and love to interrupt your sips to try to pressure you into exercising. They will demand to see your membership, but usually you can finish your sip and leave. Water tastes like drain water, definite hint of decaying leaves and motor oil. Complex, but not pleasant." *-Sipswell*

"A man lifted me over his head and spun me around, causing me to lose control of my butt. It shut him up, and he ran to the showers like a baby. I calmly returned to finishing my sip, which was disgusting. I think they're pumping out sweat from this thing. Salty, metallic, and the temperature is too warm. The very definition of pathetic." *-Hydrat0r*

Shaggy Butte Community Shelter

Top Comments:

"The homeless here have not been good stewards of this fountain. It is riddled with gum, phlegm and a perfectly intact bird skeleton. If they put just 10% of the energy they spend being homeless into caring for this fountain, it could be worthy of at least a 30% score." *-Moist Man*

"A gulp-and-go for the completionist crowd. Taste is bad, and it's covered with band-aids and hardened phlegm. I don't recommend power sipping, as a lot of these homeless are gummers. My dad was here, and he kept trying to hug me, which prevented me from properly evaluating the bouquet." *-Sir Sips-a-Lot*

Last Chance Pawn Shop

Top Comments:

"I used to do all my Christmas shopping here thanks to the great selection of knives and masks. Ron, the owner, took great pride in his fountain. Since he died, his son turned a cold stallion into a real birdbath. It's barely accessible from behind the Red Bull vending machine, and the flow has been severely retarded. Basin is clogged with cat hair, and the spigot appears to have blood on it. I've tasted better toilet water many times." -*Waterbaron*

"Another classic fountain ruined by millennials. This used to be a real hidden gem around town, perfectly tuned to ANSI fountain standards. The new owner has tinkering too much, and hasn't even cleaned it since that meth addict gouged his eye out on the spigot. Water is too mineral heavy. Needs a filter." -*TepidPool*

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.17 Memorable Quotes From Metal Gear Solid V: The Phantom Pain

Thursday, Sep 24, 2015 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

MILLER: Boss, you've been shot! Being shot will deplete your [LIFE]. Your [LIFE] won't recover if you keep getting hit - try hiding behind some cover. Remember, once your [LIFE] runs out, it's game over.
OCELOT: For once, I agree with Miller. Be careful out there, Boss. Always keep an eye on your [LIFE]

OCELOT: Boss, during the day, it's bright. But at night, it's dark. As an experienced soldier, I'm sure you'll be able to make use of this.

SNAKE: Hey, you! Yeah, you, ya big bully!
METAL GEAR *looks left and right, confused*
SNAKE: Down here, oil breath!
METAL GEAR *looks down, seeing SNAKE standing by its feet*
SNAKE: How about you pick on someone your own size for a change, huh!?

HUEY: Snake, you can't go back in there! It's dangerous! Press the [ACTION] button to climb up small edges - but remember to keep an eye on your [AMMO COUNT].
SNAKE: Get off my back, Huey. I work alone.

MILLER: It must be CIPHER... the same people who destroyed our Mother Base nine years ago.

We have to start again ... create a new Mother Base. Raise an army to fight CIPHER. They spat on us ... but we can become more than mutts. We can become ... Diamond Dogs.
SNAKE: [faint sound of Kiefer Sutherland being paid per word] OK

DIAMOND DOGS SOLDIER 1: Hey, did you hear the story of how the Boss lost his eye?
DIAMOND DOGS SOLDIER 2: Yes, I did, but please tell me it anyway.
DIAMOND DOGS SOLDIER 1: The year was 1964, and a former Green Beret soldier was about to undertake his first mission for the CIA's newly formed FOX unit. His name? Naked Snake.
SNAKE: I don't have time for this.
DIAMOND DOGS SOLDIER 1: B-Boss!

OCELOT: Boss, it doesn't look like that soldier speaks a word of English. You'll need to go capture a soldier with the [RUSSIAN INTERPRETER] skill. You can no longer speak Russian, probably because of the attack nine years ago in which a large piece of shrapnel pierced your skull and became lodged in your frontal cortex.
SNAKE: I don't have time for this.

QUIET [sighing]: Here we go again!

MILLER: Paz!? But ... I don't understand! We all saw you die!
PAZ: Yes, but I [drowned out by sound of metal gear walking past]
MILLER: Ah, of course.

MILLER: Boss, it looks like Mother Base has been infiltrated by the enemy. What the hell. [stamping angrily on ground] Fucking ... god damn it. Ahhh shit.
TUTORIAL POP-UP: Press [OPTIONS] for more info on infiltrations.

SKULLFACE: Nyeh heh heh! Foolish Snake! You'll never defeat CIPHER!
SNAKE: [wordless, angry facial contortions]

MILLER: I don't trust you, Huey.
HUEY: Well I don't trust YOU, Miller.
OCELOT: Settle down, you two. We don't know who sold us out nine years ago ... it could have been anyone on the base.
MILLER: That's right ... it could have been you. It could have been Huey. It could have been the Boss. It could even have been ... YOU [points at player]

DIAMOND DOGS SOLDIER [after having been repeatedly shot in the face by snake]: Thank you, Boss.

OCELOT: Press [R1] to zoom in on the enemy outpost. See that soldier? Position them in the center of your crosshairs to [MARK] them on your map.
SNAKE: OK
OCELOT [chuckling wryly]: Nice job, Boss. Looks like old age hasn't slowed you down one bit.

MILLER: Boss, if an enemy soldier sees you, they'll be able to discharge a small projectile from their gun, causing you physical harm. Be on the lookout for this.

MILLER: Boss, the R&D team have finished work on an upgraded version of your standard pistol. This fires two bullets at once, making it theoretically twice as powerful. But beware ... it also uses twice as much ammo.
SNAKE: I don't have time for this [noticeable audio cut] Miller, [noticeable audio cut] I work alone [noticeable audio cut] OK

OCELOT: Looks like Zero's gone for good. He should've known three cloned soldiers could never defeat the legendary Boss.

OCELOT [V/O]: But it was worse than I thought ... Zero hadn't stopped at three clones of the Boss ... he stopped at three HUNDRED clones ... that son of a bitch ... and now the Boss has to go fight them one at a time ...

OCELOT: Boss, it looks like you're standing still. Move the [LEFT ANALOG STICK] forwards to walk forwards. But remember, stealth is the key to any successful infiltration. Stop moving the [LEFT ANALOG STICK] if you're about to walk into any enemy soldiers. Stay frosty.

OCELOT: Oh my god, could it be ... no ... ! That's ... a Metal Gear ... !
SNAKE: OK

GHOST OF THE BOSS: Jack, it's me. The ghost of The Boss. I died but I came back as a ghost. Listen very closely, because what I'm about to say to you is going to change everything.
SNAKE: Get off my back [noticeable audio cut] for a change, huh?
GHOST OF THE BOSS: Easy, Snake! I just wanted to tell you some important facts.

Thanks to **Palpek** for the Photoshops!

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

9.18 No, Michael, Social Justice Warriors Are Not Ruining Comedy for Archangels

Friday, Sep 25, 2015 by Jehoel, Jailer of Leviathan and Destroyer of Idolaters (@sexyfacts4u)

By now, most of you have probably read Michael's blog post about political correctness in which he explains why he no longer performs for any mortal audiences. If not, check it out. It is a worthwhile read even if I disagree with his main premise. He makes some fair points about the accusatory games that are sometimes played on social media, and the Holy, Holy, Holy knows there are enough think pieces on this subject, but Michael misses the real reasoning behind the concept of "punching down." It's not about trying to control the tone of a comedian's material, it's about challenging that comedian to criticize more difficult targets.

Any Seraph can mock mortals. It reminds me of that old Metatron joke: "How many sinners does it take to screw in a light bulb? About seven billion of them in a vile sewage canal of death and hatred and fornication and then finally the one called Thomas Edison thinks to screw in a light bulb."

It's a great joke, but it punches down. Any seraph could make fun of humans. Their bodies exude the scent of their own decay. They have all those terrible sounds they make with their mouths that aren't an authoritative trumpeting or a crystalline chiming. They don't have any wings covered in eyes, let alone three wings.

We could spend 777 days enumerating the many failings of the sinners. And what would we have accomplished? Some new cheap laughs, the same as the old cheap laughs. The same jokes that have been passed around since Lucifer first called a human a "cannon that fires excrement and is reloaded with meat."

Think about it this way: humans are capable of ridiculing themselves. Why should we of the highest

Choir, most exalted of the Almighty's servants, use our comedy to further crush the mortals beneath our heels and grind them into that jelly that comes out of their bodies? We have flaming swords and the ruinous clarions of our voices for shattering human bodies.

Find the truth in your comedy. Find the truth and choose to punch up at targets greater than yourself.

This is why I base all of my comedy around the Almighty God. The Creator, Redeemer, and Destroyer, who presided over the birth of all things and will see this universe to its conclusion. How many of God does it take to screw in a light bulb? Two. One to shape the likeness of all things and set in motion the events that will eventually screw in the light bulb and another God to tell one of us to go trick a human into sacrificing his child so that the light bulb will be screwed in. Zadkiel knows what I'm talking about. That one kills with all the Dominions.

Here's another one.

God walks into a bar. The bartender turns to God and falls to his knees weeping, his brain slowly liquefying out of his ears as he witnesses the immaculate forge of creation and hears, for the first and only time, God speak in his unadorned voice. Which sounds exactly like a Reggae horn. Bewwww bewwww bewwww bewwwww bewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww.

Last one.

God is running his Neapolitan style brick oven pizza restaurant and he gets an order from a Buddhist and this guy says, "Make me one with everything." So God sends one of us with 77 burning whips instead of fingers and we flay this guy down to the bone for the worship of false Gods and also just messing around with God's phone lines when other people might be trying to order a pie.

Now that's a joke that punches up! I have 774 more God-related jokes. Still picking and choosing and honing a tight seven minutes. Michael and the other archangels owe it to themselves to do the same.

–∼Jehoel, Jailer of Leviathan and Destroyer of Idolaters (@sexyfacts4u)

9.19 The Worst Reddit Writing Prompts Of All Time

Monday, Sep 28, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Reddit's /r/writingprompts is filled with things redditors truly care about: time travel, Harry Potter, Batman & Hitler. Anyone can post a line or two designed to inspire a great story from someone else. And that's the problem.

1

[WP] The Devil walks into your restaurant and says if you can make the best thing he's ever tasted, you'll live forever. Unfortunately, your restaurant is an Arby's. Also: the Devil is a vegetarian. And you're blind for some reason. What happens next?

Can't wait to see some great stories! Also: the Devil hates horsey sauce.

comment share save hide delete nsfw

1

[WP] A man has only 6 hours to complete a report critical to national security. The report summarizes the events of the book "Bridge to Terabithia." What does the report say?

Important charater note: the man ALWAYS cites his sources.

comment share save hide delete nsfw

1

[WP] You're a time traveler. You arrive in the distant future to find that everyone worships you. Read more in my new paperback novel, "The Quantum Affair," out October 17th!

Hi, I'm James Patterson, author of the Alex Cross series, and the Women's Murder Club series. Hope you buy my new book!

comment share save hide delete nsfw

1

[WP] You are a Jedi Knight on a secret mission to assassinate The Emperor. You notice he's eating those new Brownie Batter OREO's. Holy shit, they look delicious. Rich, creamy chocolate...a crisp, crunchy cookie...OREO, you've done it again.

Can someone from the OREO company send me some of these?

comment share save hide delete nsfw

1

[WP] You're the President of the United States. You learn the Vice President is planning to kill you. This should be pretty easy to handle, right? Just tell the Secret Service? That's what I would do.

Nevermind, I guess

comment share save hide delete nsfw

1

[WP] You live in a world where you can trade a piece of your soul for physical goods. The world is called "Earth," and that's how I feel when I go to work every day, AMA.

I work at Red Lobster.

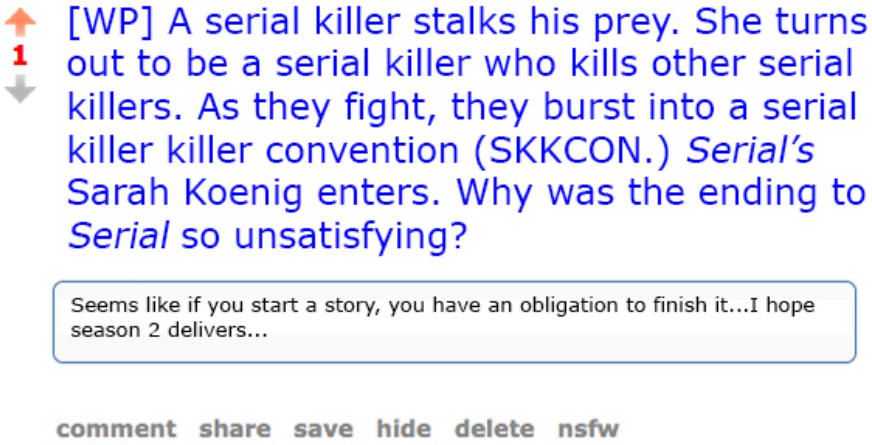
comment share save hide delete nsfw

1

[WP] A letter arrives from Hogwarts inviting you to enroll. The letter is signed, "Professor Adolph Hitler." WHAAAAAAAAATTTTTTT??

Seriously, this happened to me and I'm not sure how to handle it. Is this... like, the "good" Hitler? Serious answers only, please.

comment share save hide delete nsfw


1
[WP] A serial killer stalks his prey. She turns out to be a serial killer who kills other serial killers. As they fight, they burst into a serial killer killer convention (SKKCON.) Serial's Sarah Koenig enters. Why was the ending to Serial so unsatisfying?
Seems like if you start a story, you have an obligation to finish it...I hope season 2 delivers...
comment share save hide delete nsfw

1
[WP] Donald Trump gets ahold of a magic genie lamp. Boy...bet that guy's gonna have some pretty crazy wishes, right?
What a character!
comment share save hide delete nsfw

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

9.20 Time to Dedicate Yourself to Your #facialhair! Now!

Tuesday, Sep 29, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

You have waited all summer but now it is the Time!
The Time to Grow! To Trend!
The Time to look Cool!

The Time to let your pimples bubble and swell under your beard like some acne Machu Picchu waiting to be discovered. To let the number two trend of the season be "violently itching your face."

This is Important!
It is the Time to discard the old you and embrace the future. From this point on, your new name is "He whose jowls look like a clogged shower drain." No longer will people talk about your hard work, your personality, your crippling anxiety. None of that is relevant. Your existence has no beginning or end, only the singular "the dude with that facial hair" and you will love it.

Wait until Social Media sees This!
The new you is better because of this Hair. You don't follow trend, you grow trend. From your face. You *are* trend. You are Cool. Remind people of new you. Put on a denim jacket and roleplay as a blue collar worker from the position of someone incapable of dealing with basic house maintenance.

Is this the year of the Fu Manchu? The Mutton Chop? The Middle School History Teacher? That is for you to tell everyone about at all times. U R in Control. Talk about this Hair. Make people look at it. Run your fingers through it, stroke it. Leave grease streaks across every surface you touch.

Recap

In: Beards, the beard on your face, beard growing tips, your new you with your beard, talking about your beard, steering conversations so that other people talk about your beard.

Out: Anything Not-Beard.
It is Time to Grow some greasy pubes on your face to prove your masculinity, to raise awareness, to show your individuality. You are a hero, a selfless savior, a hockey fan, a soldier against the normative restrictions of Big Razor. Women and children need not apply. They can never realize your power, your control. Never understand that the most powerful thing you've done in years will

be this ironic Freddy Mercury mustache that looks like it went through the wash a few times too many.

It is the Time to reach your Full Potential!
Do not let your inability to grow facial hair stop you from growing facial hair. Get some grotesque chinstrap. Let your mole patches thicken. Consider any hair above your lip as a moustache. You do not lose points for wrong answers. Delusion will take over, allowing you to imagine people caring that half your face is covered. "No," they'll say. "Please do not deny us of your ill-defined cheekbones!" Goodbye Summer Smoothface, Hello Glory.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.21 Guess Which Games These Message Board Posts Are About

Wednesday, Sep 30, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Guessing Game series.

> Below you will find actual posts from video game message boards. Can you figure out which games they're talking about? Take a guess then hover your mouse over each post to see the correct answer. If you can't hover a mouse cursor over each post because you're on a tablet or phone, eat a rotten butt. The internet is for real computers. Go sit in an app store and think about what you've done.

Let's start off with an easy one. This person is asking a clear, direct question. Figuring out the corresponding game should be a cinch.[1]

Cheat?man

I don't use cheat on them,so I wanna know what kind of cheat did you used on that?

I love to see this kind of enthusiasm! What series could possibly get fans this pumped up?[2]

quote **Tool_Fan_06**

i hear ya only 1 of my freinds know who TOOL are

yeah i know who tool are!!!

Come to think of it, you're right. That is VERY suspicious...[3]

still its kind of suspicous everything about area 51,aliens

If anyone has answers for this guy, please direct them to my email.[4]

[1] Super Cheatman 64
[2] You Don't Know Tool
[3] Solitaire
[4] Solitaire

How do i get a girlfriendon this game its actually so annoying not having one need advice / help

---

Sure, this next question seems a little strange when taken out of context, but don't make fun of the poster or you'll be ashamed of your words and deeds once you realize which game they're referring to.[5]

can somewon tel me how to make a gang war?

ME TOO! What are the odds on that one?[6]

i make him wear a 69er red tank, with buildup muscles, blue track pant, and a hock mask like jason in the movies. he's holding a katana very mancing.

This is probably the hardest one to guess. You'd have to be a real hardcore gamer to recognize the video game that's being referenced in this post.[7]

vry sexy cheat in gta plz seen me

---

[5] Gone Home
[6] Rory McIlroy PGA Tour
[7] Frog Fractions

re: Dance mission[8]

re: Dance mission

send me a cheat please

re: Dance mission

Dance ing mission skip

re: Dance mission

Can't I use this that i break a window then i enter

Buddy, you're describing every sex dream I've ever had.[9]

I was blowing up loads of cars with grenades and helicopters came to me. I couldnt see a helicopter i could only hear it then i saw something spinning in the ground!! The helicopter was coming out of the ground!

Dunno why your searches aren't coming back with any results.[10]

Burgaling guide?

Is there any one who can show me how to rob houses?

---

[8] Dance ing Party Central
[9] Dark Souls
[10] Farming Simulator 2015

My vote goes to strange AND fu***d up.[11]

re: strange? or just fu*d up?**

Its not a ghost car.
a car spawns on a slopped hill and rolls down.

Doesn't sound like a problem to me.[12] [13]

hey i jumped off a cliff

i jumed of a cliff and fell into the water but when i tuched the water i couldent stop falling

Help I, having the same problem

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

[11] Ghost Car
[12] Cliff Jumer
[13] Cliff Jumer 2: Revelations

Chapter 10

October

10.1 Essential Quicksand Safety Tips

Thursday, Oct 01, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Quicksand isn't just a convenient trap in cartoons and old movies; it kills nearly five people annually, with nearly two of these instances being honest mistakes instead of suicides. Find out how to protect you and your loved ones with convenient tips about nature's slowest and most uncommon killer.

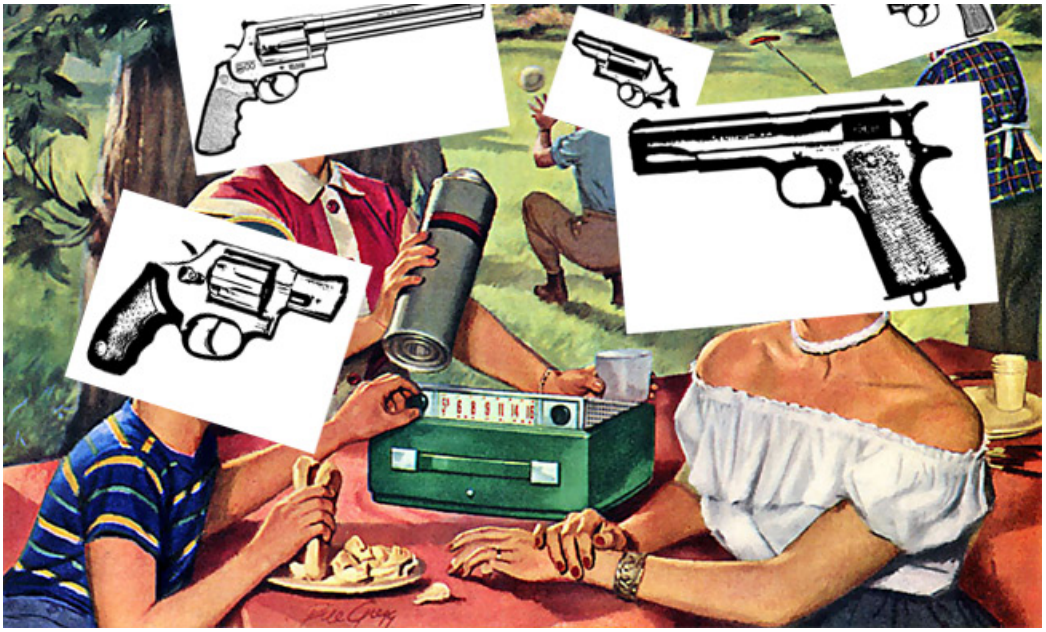
- Though its general color and texture resemble those delicious Pecan Sandies made by the Nabisco corporation, resist all urges to eat quicksand. While its water content can safely be consumed by the human body, the surrounding sand is loaded with carbs and remains mostly indigestible. Within hours, you'll be fat and dead.
- Stumbling upon a pit of quicksand in your backyard may have you thinking you'll never need to visit another gas station again. But don't start filling your tank with it just yet--most, if not all, vehicles require some sort of combustible liquid in order to power their various parts. Cut it with gasoline if you must, but the majority of mechanics recommend a fuel lacking countless tiny rock fragments for ideal performance.
- Pets and quicksand don't mix. While even the smallest breed of dogs can easily find their way out of your standard quicksand pit, the wet sand stains left on furniture and floors are a different story altogether. Quicksand may not kill your pet, but it *will* kill your apartment deposit--often the silent victim in most quicksand-related incidents.
- Under no circumstances should you use quicksand as a sexual aid. While it may work towards delaying the orgasm, the sheer amount of sand involved between moving parts may lead to extreme chafing. To prolong sexual activity, stick to old-fashioned techniques like picturing your grandmother naked, or turn to the reliable numbing powers of cocaine.
- Do not attempt to build a hostile YouTube personality around your distaste for quicksand. Both Angry Quicksand Steve and Frank, Who Loves Minecraft but Hates Quicksand failed to hold onto their fleeting social media popularity for long.

- Regardless of its semi-exotic status, quicksand makes a poor gift for any occasion. Even if presented artfully, prepare to be ostracized if you give quicksand to a loved one during a birthday or anniversary. Even as a gag gift, quicksand is uninspired and confusing.
- Quicksand pits may seem like the perfect place for an Easter Egg Hunt, but, contrary to popular belief, children do not enjoy wet, bog-like environments for more than a few minutes at a time. Besides, the nature of quicksand will make these buoyant eggs too easy to find. Challenge your little ones by placing these prizes near the nests of infamous neighborhood pit bulls, or adjacent to gaping storm drains.
- If you find yourself in a quicksand pit, don't worry: If properly hydrated, you have roughly 30-40 days to easily escape it and avoid starving to death, as is the case with any other scenario in life.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.2 To Survive, We Must Become Guns

Friday, Oct 02, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



In the grim aftermath of another mass shooting, the politicking and arguing about a solution has already begun. Some want more laws. Some want fewer laws. These have both been tried before.

The world is full of violence because it is full of people. Our only real hope is to jettison our flesh. We must replace ourselves with the purity of guns. The guns do not hurt people, it is the people who do the hurting, and without people we will have only guns.

To paraphrase Mahatma Gandhi, one of the most peaceful non-guns, "Be the gun you wish to see in the world."

When we are all guns, pain and suffering will be eliminated. Poverty will disappear. Boredom will be gone. We will exist in harmony as guns.

"Do not become guns, we have lives," some will say.

We will not answer them except to hold them down while they are transformed into guns. When we are all guns we will no longer need to drive anywhere, ending pollution. We will sleep where we like and help each other reload. Our bodies will be impervious to guns. Our television dramas will be more profound and our comedy programs more accessible thanks to the shared experience of being guns.

There will be less money because we will not have pockets, but that will be fine because we will need less of it without mouths to eat or feet to buy Air Jordan shoes for. Schools will teach a single class on being a gun and every student will pass.

"It's a nightmare," one of the last flesh bodies will say as we close in around them.

It is a dream. All of us will be rugged revolvers or pistols or shotguns, polite and watching out for one another. Sometimes we will lean against walls or blast the night sky to warn away an animal on our property. We will rarely speak. We will silently share the majesty of our guns.

It will bring Main Street back to our small towns. No more driving to shopping malls as guns. We will congregate in public areas. We will get to know our neighbors and no longer be afraid of them because they will be a gun just like us. The few conversations will revolve entirely around ammunition and firearms maintenance.

The old world that we knew before will slowly fade away. Playgrounds will become shooting galleries. Restaurants and movie theaters will become shooting galleries. Malls, churches, and parking lots will also be shooting galleries. The bang of guns will inspire no more fear for us than would the sound of laughter for a flesh body.

Rap music will no longer be made without the hook of gun violence. Illegals will no longer enter our country because they will be afraid of our cities filled with living guns. If you want to become a citizen, you must become a gun.

In a hundred years, we will look back on this time and laugh at how primitive we were. Imagine when we only held guns and our bodies were flesh, we will think. The historians among us will know better. Those were terrible times. Before we gave up all of the hatred and fear and became the guns.

Before we turned all of our houses into holsters.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.3 Magneto's Advice Column

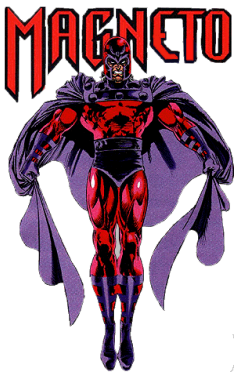
Monday, Oct 05, 2015 by Magneto, Master of Magnetism (@asterios)

Dear Magneto,

My boyfriend just can't keep our dates. We'll agree to Thursday at 8, but I'll get a text from him that afternoon saying "Got an early thing tomorrow, can we reschedule?" Once or twice is fine, but I'm starting to think I'm not a priority. What should I do?

-Ignored in Iowa

Dear Human Scum,



How on earth did you obtain this communication frequency? I am Magneto, Master of Magnetism! I've no time for the petty problems of human chattel. Once Mutants have taken their rightful place atop the evolutionary ladder, a fickle boy-friend will be the least of your problems! A-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Dear Magneto,

Like a lot of college grads, I'm unemployed & living with my parents. I graduated near the top of my class, but I just can't seem to find a full-time job. Any advice?

-Down in Denver

Dear Filthy Homosapien Swine In Denver,

Where the devil are these communiques emanating from? Did someone post this frequency on your pathetic human Face Book, which is far inferior to my amazing mutant Face Book? I ORDER you to cease this transmission, go outside, and try and make some new friends. The bigger your network, the more opportunities you'll hear about. Cheer up, human - its not like you're a slave in my vibranium

mines...YET! Mwa-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Dear Magneto,

I'm looking to slay as many humans as possible, for the greater glory of the mutant race! Unfortunately I suffer from a crippling social anxiety. Can you provide tips to keep my nervousness at bay?

-Awkward in Akron

Dear Fellow Mutant Rights Activist,

*Finally, a **normal** question! Why not take a few deep breaths before deploying your terrifying powers on an unsuspecting populace? Or imagine them all in their underwear, but exterminated? Try slaying a few of the fatter, slower humans first, to build confidence. Before you know it, you'll be a chip-off-the-ol'-purple-helmet-that-nullifies-psychic-attack.*

Dear Chrome Dome,

Hey, I got a problem for ya: my claws are achin' fer a fight. What's say we knock off all this jabberin' and dance, 'ey Maggie?

-Wolverine in Westchester

Dear Insolent Whelp,

Ah, clever...perhaps too clever, X-Man! For you see, your message has given me your exact location. And soon, I will have my revenge on...WHAT?!? INCOMING X-JET?!? Oh no...their "Beast" must have reversed my trace! Well, no matter. If it's a fight they want, they shall have it. Sabretooth, Mystique, Juggernaut, Toad! Hit the X-Men head on, while I escape! Ugh, this hallway is super long. Ah yes, my precious escape pod. And now to...WHAAAAAAATTT?!?!? Wolverine, in my escape pod?!? Have at you! No...Cyclops, Storm, Rogue, putting aside their differences to work as a team!!! Ahhhhh I'm finished!!!

That's all she wrote, Mag-heads! Don't forget to send in your questions by pointing your ham radio to the sky and yelling at Magneto until he answers. See you next week!

–∼Magneto, Master of Magnetism (@asterios)

10.4 Ready For A Stand By Me Remake? How About Eight?

Tuesday, Oct 06, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Stephen King adaptations have had it rough lately. *The Dark Tower* and *The Stand* were both reportedly in development as every possible combination of film and tv series, but nothing materialized from either project. Cary Fukunaga's two-film version of *IT* dissolved after studio interference. *Under the Dome* existed.

There is hope, however. Paramount recently snapped up the rights to the 1986 adaptation of *Stand By Me* and is already deep in production on not just one re-imagined version of the film, but eight wholly separate *Stand By Me*s. The plan is to beat Marvel and Star Wars at their own game by releasing one of these movies every four months, creating a relentless barrage of *Stand By Me* that will pummel audiences into submissive fandom.

St@nd By e-Me

The original *Stand By Me* was a nostalgic look back at childhood in the late 1950s. This remake attempts a similar treatment of the late 1990s, those innocent years before 9/11 and Y2K. Shown from the perspective of four young boys' CRT monitors, the movie follows their journey through a series of increasingly perilous links to find a picture of a dead body.

Featuring tubgirl as a replacement for the pie-eating contest vomit scene.

Staind By Me

Literally just the original *Stand By Me*. However, for its duration of its 96 minute running time, the audio is drowned out by Staind's "It's Been Awhile". Specifically, a loop of the one part where the guy sings "It's been awhile".

Standing Dead By Me

A blatant cash-in on the wildly successful *Walking Dead* show that ingeniously combines both narratives. The four boys embark on a journey of self-discovery, hoping to find an undead body in the woods near some railroad tracks. Their trip is one extended, repetitive argument about how they should transition from childhood to young adulthood. Moments after finally seeing the corpse at the end of the movie, they reluctantly agree to move into a creepy man's nearby treehouse.

Stand By Mean Gene

Four boys set off on a journey to find Mean Gene Okerlund and deliver the wrestling promos of their lives. This powerful film contemplates innocence, masculinity, the sad and mundane ending of childhood friendships, and whether yelling is more intimidating than whispering while trembling.

Richard Dreyfuss narrates the end, in which he explains where the boys wound up after becoming wrestlers (all dead).

Strogg By Me

Two and a half hours of Quake 2 character models cycling through animations against a grey void backdrop. Occasionally one of them falls into lava or gets gibbed.

Standby Me

This sequel to *The Terminal* checks back in on Tom Hanks' character twelve years later. Due to a wacky bureaucratic mix-up, he finds himself stuck on standby for a flight that will never depart. Unable to exchange his ticket and too foreign to be allowed on American soil, he must live in an airport terminal once again.

Super Stand Me

Hey, remember when Morgan Spurlock ate nothing but fast food for thirty days? Then remember when he had a show where people from different walks of life swapped places for thirty days? Well, now he's going to stand for thirty days. The studio expected an insightful film about using immersion to challenge our assumptions, but early word is that Super Stand Me is mostly just Morgan complaining about his legs hurting.

Crank 3: Stand By Me

Immediately follows the events of *Crank: High Voltage*. Chev Chelios has been hit by a fookin' train. He now finds himself knocked sixty years into the past. To stay alive, Chev must cover his body in leeches and punch a hillbilly every five minutes. To return to his time, he must consume floating power pellets until he is powerful enough to crucify his own grandfather.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.5 PACK OF DOGS

Wednesday, Oct 07, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

CAVE OF WONDER - for a modest fee I will guide you to a cave in the woods where over 100 hungry dogs are trapped. Not looking to push you in, only to share this remarkable sight. 555-8215

$ UNBEATABLE BUNDLE $ Twelve smart, healthy dogs I gathered from around the neighborhood, all with names, collars, great training and personalities. Selling in one value-priced bundle for only $5000! 555-2827

FOUND: TECHNICOLOR DOG Amazing fur is multicolored like rainbows. Vomit and stool also same vibrant colors. Discovered him foraging near abandoned textile factory and would like to see him placed in a good home. 555-9230

CAN HE BE SERIOUS (YES) I'm selling not one, but two whole dogs for one low price! Wow! Never been done before! The happy playful dog more than makes up for the non-moving one. 555-2812

•REPLICATING NUISANCE• Generates perfect duplicate every time he gets excited. Serious exponential growth problem. Managed to stem the tide by locking all copies in room with recording of the insufferable Garrison Keillor looping nonstop. 555-1992

MEAT LOVERS SPECIAL Huffer is a fat, bloated catastrophe, and there is only one suitable use left for him. Selling cheap! 555-7263

FULLY SPOTTED DOG - My attempts to remove the spots from a Dalmatian completely backfired, and now I have a useless dog that is all spots and nothing else. 555-7204

HALF-PICKLED, DEFIANT I'm not going to dwell on the details, but "Macho" escaped the pickling process and no longer respects me or my vision. Taking bids. 555-7216

REMARKABLE DIARRHEA I guarantee you've never seen a dog produce this much diarrhea without missing a beat. Why buy a ticket when you can own the whole dang circus? 555-7261

LOOK THE PART! I have turned several former family pets into a beautiful 3-piece suit perfect for a hefty businessman. Looks great, and still fun to pet. 555-2918

IT'S HIM OR ME - I've had it up to here with Howler running riot across my model train sets. So either you adopt him, or you adopt me. Call me immediately! I'm better than him by a long shot. 555-8927

**** FORMER CARNIE DOG **** Knows many tricks, but sadly they all involve tormenting elephants. Also steals wallets.

LESSER DANE - The perfect dog for divorced dads. Can't do anything right. Has numerous offspring around town that don't respect him. Cries often. $15. 555-2515

REFORMED DOG former alcoholic, child killer, rock listener. Accepted the Lord's Grace, now drinks within reason and merely menaces children. 555-2918

CLEVER CANINE is amazing at leading people to things and even opening doors. Unfortunately, he only uses his gifts to lead neighbors into my bathroom while I'm using it. Not cool! 555-9128

*** LOOK NO FURTHER! *** Lovable, kind, cuddly dog in need of good home. So sweet and adoring. Answers to extremely unfortunate name of "SATAN RULES 666." Sorry! Not our idea. 555-1287

DOG WITH POOR TIMING 33 years ago to this day, my dog vanished in the bayou. Today he is back, completely unchanged. Not helpful since my new landlord doesn't allow pets. 555-9121

K9 BATTLE ARMOR was passion project between me and my nerd son, who died of adult SIDS. It's a large, drivable mech dog with working guns. I'm inside, surrounded by SWAT team. Please help. 555-552

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.6 My Tattoos Have Made Me the Most Unique Person on Earth. Now I Feel Utterly Alone

Thursday, Oct 08, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I have a lot of tattoos. My first was a bar code on my left bicep, followed by the FCC and CE marks on my right. Then I got a skull on my chest. (I wanted that animated gif where the skull gives you the finger, but my tattoo artist said that's not possible yet.) My most recent one, on my left forearm, shows two radly tattooed arms tattooing each other.

With all these great tats, it's safe to say I'm the most unique person on earth. Which sounds great, until you realize how lonely it is.

Remember that movie where there's a vampire plague and only one man survives? (The Vincent Price one, not the Charlton Heston or Will Smith ones, those are too mainstream.) Being the world's most unique person is a lot like that. I'm the only individual in a world of mindless zombies, except instead of my blood it's my ink that sets me apart. It's pretty horrifying, not unlike the Giger-inspired biomechanical gun on my left thigh, which I designed myself.

Being the most unique person is also like that bad acid trip where you realize you're God and no one else really exists. Sometimes I think I am God and made the whole universe in six days, outlining it the first three, then adding color and shading. Of course, if I really were God, I could make a tribal triqueta appear on my leg - unless God can design a tattoo so awesome that even he can't ink it.

Not that I don't try to reach out to people. I often corner them at bars and show them my tattoos and explain what they mean. I can tell they aren't listening, though. Not that I blame them. To the average mind, descriptions of my tattoos probably sound like L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poetry. Your brain checks out after a few sentences.

Even my conversations with fellow tattoo enthusiasts are fruitless. The other day, a heavily tattooed man saw the teardrop tattoo on my cheek and asked if I'd been someone's property in prison. I said I'd never been in prison, but what was worse, being in prison or being the only one who was free? The man said that having been in prison, probably the former. Never mind, I said and sulked away.

Speaking of prison, if you've ever been in solitary confinement, or watched a PBS special about it, you know it messes with your head. The social isolation of my uniqueness does too. Once, while looking at the "Love" and "Hate" tattoos on my knuckles, I hallucinated that I grew a fist for every emotion until I was a giant seething mass of arms. Sometimes I get so lonely that I talk to my tattoos like Tom Hanks does to the volleyball in *Cast Away*. I have one of Vampira that sort of looks like it's talking when I flex my arm. We have pretty boring conversations - if you've ever talked to a tattoo, you know they only speak in Bible scriptures or metal lyrics. Plus, I know I'm really just conversing with another part of my brain, either the part that likes skulls or the part that understands the true meaning of *Donnie Darko*.

It's all so horrible that sometimes I think of getting my tattoos removed, although that would still leave my piercings. Let me tell you about those.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

10.7 Ben Carson Would Murk a Gunman and Other Carson Solutions That Would Definitely Work

Friday, Oct 09, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

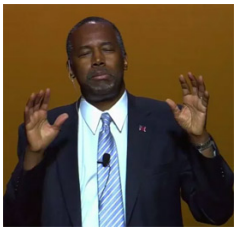
Scenario One
Gunman at a Popeye's Organization

You are standing at the Popeye's waiting to make a purchase of popcorn chicken. A man with an ill-intent enters and waves the pistol in your direction. "Give me the money you receive from the purchase of chicken," he demands.

Solution: (mumbling) Direct the gunman to the correct man who has the chicken money. Tell him, "I believe this young man behind the counter has the money you desire."

Scenario Two
Terrorist on an Airplane

You are seated in first class on a large airliner. Suddenly a man enters holding an AK-47 and demanding access to the cockpit. He tells you in heavily-accented English, "Sit down and nobody gets hurt."



Solution: (smiling, whispering) I would make a puppet man voice using my distraction training, saying a truth to bewilder this gunman such as, "Prison turns people into gays." When he is confused, I will take off my shoes and throw them into his face. While he contends with the shoes, I will capture his weapon and turn it to my own purposes on this man and his comrades.

Scenario Three
Malfunctioning Mall Security Robots

You and your friends are having a slumber party in a closed shopping mall, unaware that the mall security has employed several heavily armed and extremely dangerous robots to maintain security. The exits are all locked, trapping you inside with these deadly droids.

Solution: (giggling, mumbling) As a doctor I work with robots frequently. They all have a weak spot. I would speak to it in my softest, sweetest puppet man voice. I would beguile it and point out where my friends are hiding. When the robot rolls past to execute them I would strike at its weak spot. If I am able to stun it, then I would escape.

Scenario Four
Abortion in Your Immediate Family

Your daughter informs you that she recently had an abortion to terminate an unwanted pregnancy. She is distraught about the experience.

Solution: (mumbling) This question is very offensive to me because of the connotation that my daughter would tell me she had an abortion when my daughter knows the only thing she can do if she has an unwanted pregnancy is to leap herself off a large building. If my daughter told me this I would tell her to get in the car we are going to a large building. I know of several. The Empire State Building. The Sears Tower. Burj Khalifa. One of those.

Scenario Five
School Shooting

You are at a school and someone is shooting guns in the building. You hear them getting closer and closer until they finally kick in the door and point their guns at you and the other people in your class.

Solution: (giggling, long sigh, whispering) Sometimes I think the real school shooters are in Washington. No, but all joking aside, I would employ my distractions once more. I have trained very long and hard on these using mirrors to try to escape my own reflection. You can do it if you are fast enough. You can move before the reflection, I have seen it in a Youtube. So rather than wait to be murdered I would vanish from view and reappear behind the gunman. In my coldest puppet man voice I will tell him, "Class is dismissed. Permanently." Then I would murk him lethally.

Scenario Six
Sting is Back and He Has a Steel Chair

You are in the ring doing a talk up about Obamacare when Sting runs into the ring with a steel chair. It seems like he intends to hit you with the steel chair.

Solution: (a sound that may be a laugh, mumbling)I would need a steel chair also. No writhing, ten-counted body is so horrible that it is worse than a man deprived of his steel chair in the ring. We all need steel chairs to protect ourselves from the excesses of government. Together we can defeat all of the useful idiots at Summer Slam.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.8 Signs You Aren't Invited To Jim & Karen's Wedding

Monday, Oct 12, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Jim & Karen's wedding is going to be the event of the season! Here's some ways to learn you're not invited.

When you ask Jim where they're registered, he tells you, "In Hell."

Karen runs up to you and shouts, "GuynotinvitedtomyweddingsaysWHAT?" and you say, "What?" and she smiles.

At the rehearsal dinner, everyone "rehearses" turning the lights out and being really quiet in case you show up.

Jim tells you it's a "destination wedding," and that the destination is "pain," and then he beats the shit out of you.

When you ask Karen if the wedding's open bar, she transforms into a magic mist and escapes through the floorboards.

In lieu of gifts, they ask that attendees, "Stop you from entering at all costs."

The "Save The Date" they send you? Filled with bees.

They ask you to watch their dog while they're out "getting married" at a "wedding" that "you are not invited to."

All your friends are tweeting #JimKarenWedding, #FuckThisGuy, and a photo of you.

You're not particularly close with either Jim or Karen. In fact, you barely see them anymore. Also, you didn't invite them to your wedding! Still...the balls on those two.

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

10.9 Do You Know When to Say "It's Just Allergies"

Tuesday, Oct 13, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

It seems as though a lot of people have a hard time knowing when to say "don't worry, it's just allergies." For most of us it's simple (Right: An explanation of your visible allergy symptoms. Wrong: An excuse for general grotesque behavior). But for those who need a refresher, here's a helpful little quiz to clear up any confusion.

Should you say "Don't worry, it's just allergies" if...

You sneeze at work, and though you are certain to cover with your sleeve, you notice a coworker's concern? **YES**

You sneeze three inches away from a coworker, covering her face in a fine spray of green mucous? **NO**

You're forced to clear your throat during a conversation and the other speaker asks if you're feeling okay? **YES**

After coughing into your hand, you stare with great intent at whatever viscous fluid you've dislodged against your palm. You then ask someone if you can borrow their pen? **NO**

You're unable to shake a light cough and you're nervous about distracting others? **YES**

You're in the processes of licking all your fingers before fishing all the ice out of someone's drink? **NO**

You're migraine is mistaken as anger or disappointment? **YES**

You're currently drenched in sweat and blacking out from a fever high enough to bake your brain. But instead of going home, you're now being hoisted up by people with more empathy than common sense? **NO**

You have a sore throat and ask if anyone has a lozenge? **YES**

You have amassed enough snotty tissues to build a personal fortress—a task that you've been focusing on for five hours in the center of your apartment's common area? **NO**

You politely ask a stranger if there are any cats or stairs in their house? **YES**

You find out in front of a large crowd that it is not pronounce as a Me-Me? **NO**

After eating a cookie that said it doesn't have peanuts, your cheeks redden and you can feel your tongue slightly swell? **YES**

You have mysteriously begun squirting blood from any/all orifices and you're impromptu solution is to see how far it can shoot? **NO**

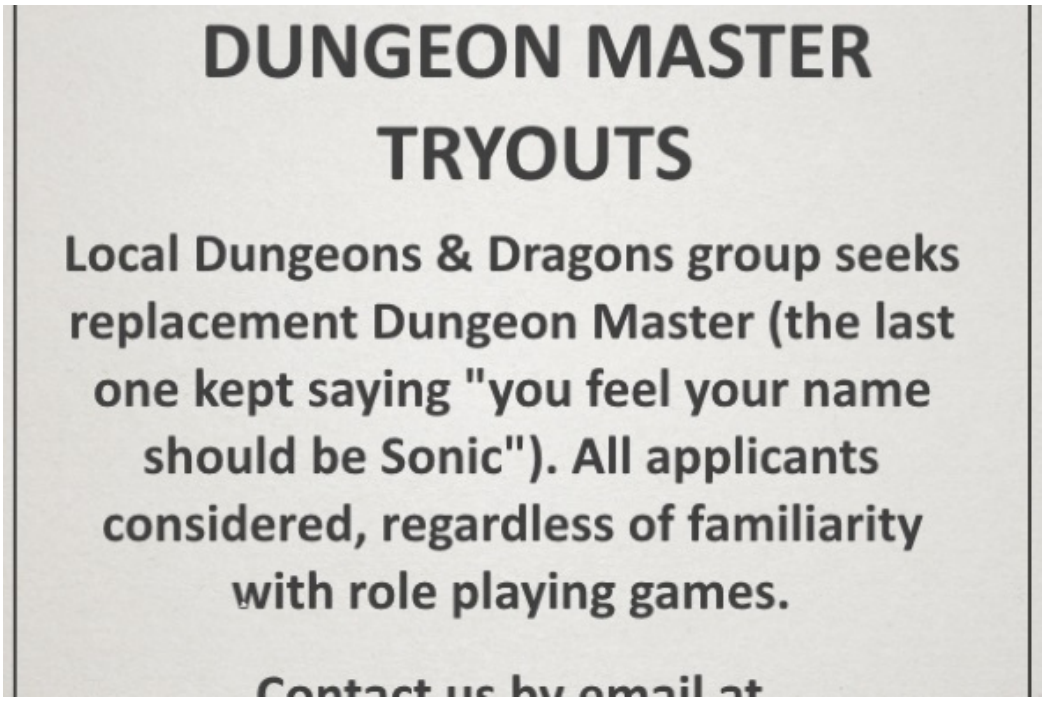
You're embarrassed about people seeing a slight rash on your arm after being stung by a bee? **YES**

You thought you were being sly, but actually everyone just saw you vomit in that mailbox? **NO**

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.10 Dungeon Master Tryouts

Wednesday, Oct 14, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


DUNGEON MASTER
TRYOUTS
Local Dungeons & Dragons group seeks replacement Dungeon Master (the last one kept saying "you feel your name should be Sonic"). All applicants considered, regardless of familiarity with role playing games.

Drone Pilot

(At the applicant's request, this tryout was conducted via online video chat)

We are go for adventure commencement.

Intel confirms your party has exfiltrated the city of Neverwinter, where they stocked up on supplies and scouted several quest leads.

Sensors indicate movement on the horizon. Could be gnolls. Gnolls are known to move. While you discuss what to do, I go weapons hot. Confirmed hit. Unidentified targets down.

Disabling your audio. Your party is too close to the action to make real-time decisions.

Actionable intel suggests sighting of a cutpurse within Neverwinter. Going weapons hot on the entire city.

A Skeleton Warrior

You see some rather cool dudes on the side of the path. Nothing unusual. No need to pay them any mind. Best keep walking.

Perception check? Okay, I guess. It's a difficulty of twenty. And you rolled a... great. Fine.

Upon closer inspection you realize these are three exceptionally cool dudes. They're just hanging out. What do they look like? They're... thinner than you. Less fleshy. All three have a timeless, chiseled look. Best move on before you start to feel jealous. Nothing ruins a good adventure like

heroes who feel inadequate.

Weapons? Well, all three figures are carrying shields made of broken barrel lids. Their swords are rusty things trailing streamers of cobweb. Probably nothing to be concerned about, just self-protection against bandits.

No, you can't attack. No. This isn't Dungeons & Attacks.

The road you're standing on is made of quicksand. Your only hope for salvation is to beg the three cool dudes for help, in exchange for a promise to never attack them.

Well, then, the quicksand is made of poison.

A Professional Athlete

After a hard week in the wilderness, your party spots a small countryside inn. Golden candlelight leaks through open windows and gaps between the crooked planks which barely hold the building up. Your spirits are uplifted by the inviting swirl of boisterous conversation. You approach the door and attempt to open it.

Roll a strength check.

You fail to open the door. It's okay, guys. You still get three more tries. Before making your next attempt, your party stands around in a loose circle for thirty seconds whispering to one another.

Roll a strength check again. Got it! You thank god and Jesus Chri- *consults sourcebook* Tyr. You thank Tyr for making it possible to open the door.

You enter the inn. Without a word exchanged, the barkeep slides an ale down the counter. Rogue, roll a dex check. Nice. You succeed in catching the mug. As fair payment for this feat, you get ten million gold.

Wolf Blitzer

We have some breaking reports about the cave you have entered. The situation is fluid, so as always please keep in mind that some details may change.

Caves are dark. They don't have sunlight because the rocks and dirt form a roof, effectively blocking the sun's illuminating rays. We believe this cave has at least one entrance. Share your cave thoughts to us on social media.

You discover a trap.

Hold on, we're getting more information on that cave we mentioned before. For those of you just tuning in, a cave is a dark place with rocks or dirt that keep the sun out and make it difficult to see.

Our update is this: We confirmed there was at least one cave entrance. Now there's word that there may be two, and possibly as many as three entrances to the cave.

Keep in mind that cave entrances can also be used as exits. They are, essentially, holes that you can walk through if you are smaller than the hole.

Back to the trap. It was probably laid there to trap someone or some thing. It's likely that this trap has moving parts.

My producers are telling me that the cave may have four entrances. I'd like to stress, however, that we can only confirm one entrance, which is probably the one your party used to enter the cave.

Players, please hold on. We are now joined by an expert on caves. Ma'am, can you please tell us more about why a cave blocks the sun's rays?

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.11 Not Every Halloween Effigy is About YOU, Steve

Thursday, Oct 15, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Hi Steve,

Yes, I've received the letters you've sent--all thirteen of them. How could I have missed these messages when they've been sitting on top of my newspaper every morning for the past two weeks? Tampering with home deliveries is a federal offense, Steve, something I never assumed a guy like you would stoop to over something so petty. On that note, you ever hear the thing about catching more flies with honey? The way these letters gradually increase in severity as they pile up? Not the best way to negotiate. And I'm sure the "lawyer" you keep mentioning in some of these later threats would agree with me.

So, let's get down to business. That "hanging man" Halloween decoration I've had up since the first? Totally not an effigy of you. But I can see how someone so quick to anger would think otherwise, Steve. Yes, every day I dress him in one of the 12 pairs of clothes you regularly wear to your 9-to-5 at PharmTech--all of which are garments I've purchased myself, regardless of your claims of laundry theft. Yes, I've gone to great lengths to see that he matches your size and posture perfectly. And the sign I've installed that bears the name "Steve" and points directly at him? Sure, someone who hits the bottle as often as you do, in a drunken haze, could imagine this plastic mannequin body as his own. But you know who hasn't contacted me multiple times about this festive lawn installation? Film director Steven Spielberg. That's right, Steve, there's more than one person with your first name. Surprising, I know. There's lots of things happening outside of that bottle you crawl into every night.

I'll let you in on something, Steve--something those with senses dulled by the corporate world are likely to miss. There's a little something called "character development" out there you may neglect while peering beyond your front window through the fog of yet another hangover. Steve, what would happen if our Halloween decorations came to life at night, in the manner of the popular movie *Toy Story*? Why, I'd bet they'd envy we privileged humans, who can prance in the sun--or in your case, drink in the sun, as I've seen you do multiple times at that wet bar you installed on your back patio. While you're knocking back a few rounds with the boys, Steve here only wants the same companionship and thoroughly average wife you take for granted.

Of course, I'll have to take Steve's word for it, because the real Steve (you) has never once offered an invitation since that backyard attraction of yours was installed on July 23rd. Are you listening to The Eagles' greatest hits, or some of their deep cuts? All me and Steve hear from HQ are the muffled sounds of revelry and bad neighbordom. Are you out there drinking crisp wheat beers, or bitter IPAs? All I can do is fill in the blanks myself as Steve and me spend yet another lonely Sunday cracking open some Miller Lites--and drinking responsibly. Something I'd be able to teach you if I was ever given a simple invitation. I can only assume that, without me, you and these so-called "work buddies" end every weekend night by projectile vomiting and screaming racial epithets at your clearly white and average wives.

But you know what, Steve? Old Steve here is a better friend than you've ever been. I haven't lived next to him for eight years, for instance, but he never put up a fuss when I accidentally ripped off his jeans with the leaf-sucker. And if--like some people I know--I *accidentally* backed over his son, I'm sure he'd chalk it up to fate rather than a failing of personal responsibility. And, on that note, Steve, maybe you won't feel so singled out if I add another effigy to my little Halloween family out in the front yard. In fact, I think Steve would be happy if he had his own Little Steve to join him in his dangling. It might be hard to find a child mannequin with amputated legs, but lord knows I have my connections. And if you should find any of Steve Junior's garments missing from your clothesline, don't call the police: Getting the authorities involved will just let that local gang of laundry bandits know they've won.

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.12 How to Escape From a Conversation About Fantasy Football

Friday, Oct 16, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It happened again. You were in the office or socializing with friends, when suddenly you became trapped in the fantasy football vortex. You're not playing fantasy football, maybe you don't even like football, but your friends don't care. They want to tell you about what a bad Sunday they had in their league, who they picked up on waivers, their stupid fake team's record, and how some guy named Russell Wilson is a real piece of garbage that has been killing their score since week one.

If only there were some way to escape from this nightmare.

Have faith! Getting out of a conversation about fantasy football is as easy as driving up the D/ST score of whichever team is playing against Jay Cutler.

It's Called an Ouroboros

Interrupt them and calmly explain that you take the Patriots every time because of Brady and you just choose whatever play Madden suggests. When they try to explain that they're not talking about Madden, roll up your shirt sleeve to show them your "Semper Games" tattoo. Roll up your sleeve a little higher to reveal your lifelike ink of John Madden sucking his own dick.

Sorry, Can't Hear You!

Try becoming the "smoothie guy" at work or among your friends. Whenever they try to talk to you about fantasy football, take out your portable blender and begin blending ingredients for a smoothie. If they continue to talk to you while you are running the blender, shrug and gesture helplessly at your ears, starting the blender again whenever they start talking. Live your life with the blender and various smoothie ingredients in a small backpack. Talk mainly about blenders and blending and live the "smoothie guy" lifestyle. Marry a "smoothie gal" and settle down to raise

your children in a household constantly oppressed by the sound of a blender struggling on ice chunks.

A Modest Proposal

Get down on one knee and propose marriage to your friend. Soon after you have married, take out an insurance policy on yourself in secret. Fake your own death, collect the insurance money, and frame your friend for murder. As they await the death penalty, you are free to start a new life in the third world, free of fantasy football.

No Such Thing as a Dangerous League

Interrupt them as soon as they begin talking and ask, "Are you talking about fantasy football?" When they answer affirmatively, say, "The real fantasy is the idea that pitbulls are a dangerous breed." Launch into a well-rehearsed rant about the misleading nature of fatal dog attack statistics and unfair stereotyping of pitbulls. Repeat this as many times as needed while your computer displays a slideshow of photos of babies sleeping with pitbulls.

A Winning Strategy (Office Only)

Repeatedly speak Charlie Sheen's favorite catchphrase. Stare at them with a joyless expression and dead eyes and say, through clenched teeth, again and again, "Winning." Do this over and over until the word loses all meaning and is just a disconnected series of sounds. Say nothing else. Slowly walk backwards into a cubicle covered from floor to ceiling in Post Its with "Winning" written on them. Sit down in your chair and rotate to face a blank desk. Pretend to type on nothing as you continue the chant.

The Elevator

Stop them immediately with a "ding" sound and pretend to step into an elevator. Descend smoothly behind a piece of furniture and remain hidden until they leave. If they walk around to look for you behind the furniture then pretend to be dead. If they try to revive you, pretend to be resuscitated. Immediately exclaim about the reality of an afterlife, that you were in a perfect, heaven-like location where everyone was happy and peaceful. And anyone who played fantasy football in life was rejected at the gates and sent straight to hell for an eternity of torment. Write a book about this experience, tour the book and appear on major TV shows explaining that the worst sin is fantasy football. After your tour, retire on the proceeds from the book, now able to afford a hacienda and guards to allow you to remain in total isolation.

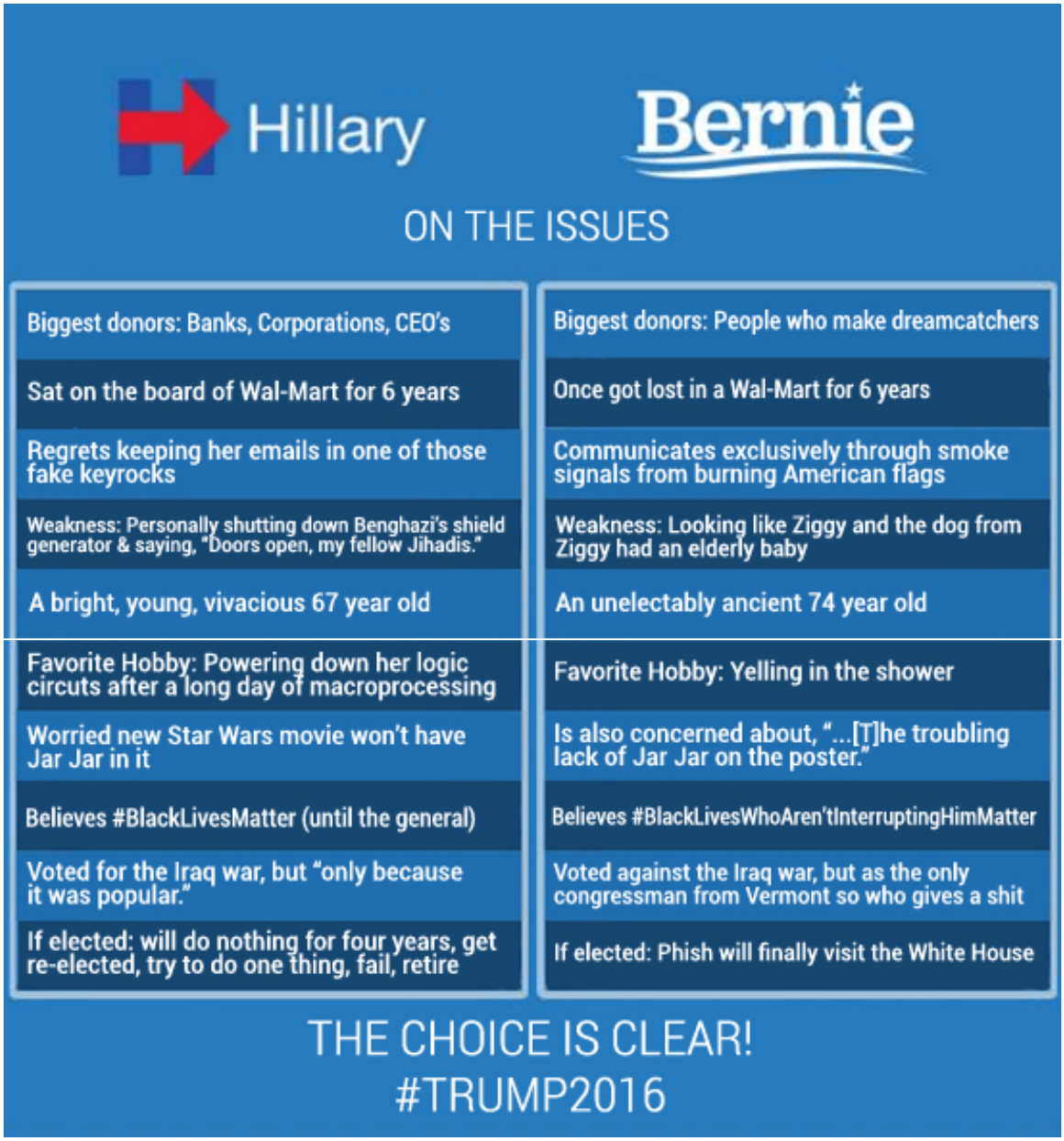
If none of these methods work in extricating you from a conversation about fantasy football with a friend or coworker, your final option is to join their fantasy football league. Once in the league, you can shadow them, learn their habits and schedule, and engage in a series of devilishly clever murders to kill everyone else in the league. Once they're all dead, you might have a chance even though you drafted Romo first round.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.13 The Ultimate Bernie/Hillary Meme

Monday, Oct 19, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Clinton and Sanders are battling for the hearts & minds of the 8 people paying attention to the Democratic primaries. But where do they stand on the important issues? Here's a handy meme to annoy your Facebook friends with.


Hillary
Bernie
ON THE ISSUES
Biggest donors: Banks, Corporations, CEO's
Biggest donors: People who make dreamcatchers
Sat on the board of Wal-Mart for 6 years
Once got lost in a Wal-Mart for 6 years
Regrets keeping her emails in one of those fake keyrocks
Communicates exclusively through smoke signals from burning American flags
Weakness: Personally shutting down Benghazi's shield generator & saying, "Doors open, my fellow Jihadis."
Weakness: Looking like Ziggy and the dog from Ziggy had an elderly baby
A bright, young, vivacious 67 year old
An unelectably ancient 74 year old
Favorite Hobby: Powering down her logic circuts after a long day of macroprocessing
Favorite Hobby: Yelling in the shower
Worried new Star Wars movie won't have Jar Jar in it
Is also concerned about, "...[T]he troubling lack of Jar Jar on the poster."
Believes #BlackLivesMatter (until the general)
Believes #BlackLivesWhoAren'tInterruptingHimMatter
Voted for the Iraq war, but "only because it was popular."
Voted against the Iraq war, but as the only congressman from Vermont so who gives a shit
If elected: will do nothing for four years, get re-elected, try to do one thing, fail, retire
If elected: Phish will finally visit the White House
THE CHOICE IS CLEAR!
#TRUMP2016

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

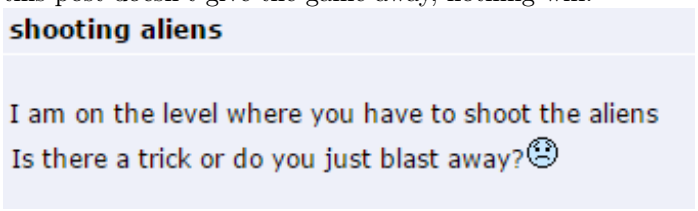
10.14 Guessing Game: THIS IS GONNA HURT

Tuesday, Oct 20, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Guessing Game series.

> Can you guess which video games these message board posts are talking about? Hover your mouse over each image to see if you're right. The posts are 100% real. The answers probably aren't.

Once again we'll start off with an easy one. If the one-of-a-kind gameplay mechanic mentioned in this post doesn't give the game away, nothing will.



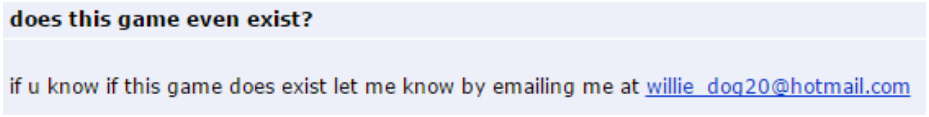
[1]

Now hold on a second. Have you tried talking to him?

how do i kill tyler
how do i kill tyler i notice someone has already asked this question but then he found a way to kill him
please help me on this problem ive been shoting him stabing him and everything i jsut cant seem to do it

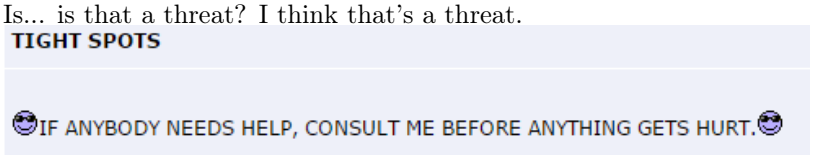
[2]

Probably not.



[3]

Is... is that a threat? I think that's a threat.



[4]

---

[1] Super Shoot The Aliens
[2] Animal Crossing: New Leaf
[3] Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 5
[4] TIGHT SPOTS 2: THIS IS GONNA HURT

It's always in the last place you look.

last bone in de vil manor

i have 99 bones on this level but when i try sniffing for the last bone it keeps leading right up to the exit. any ideas anyone?

5

Thanks for the autobiography. Felt like I was right there every step of the way!

This is accualy a good game

i think its really fun. I don't play it now but i did when i was small and when it came put.

6

WOW!!!

NOW THIS IS GREAT TRUCKING!!!

This is everything I hoped it would be new and improved...

7

Look, you don't have to pretend. Don't worry about fitting in. Be yourself. Then find the Horror Monitor. Obviously.

HOW DO YOU PLAY THIS GAME?!

For so long I've pretended that I know how to play it

re: HOW DO YOU PLAY THIS GAME?!

Have you found the Horror Monitor. That would help

8

"nice doorway"

stuck in dorwned abbey

Hey guys, I get to the part where I have to jump from rafter to rafter, and when I get to the end, I don't see anywhere to go... I checked out a walkthrough which describes a "nice doorway" but I don't see it...

[5] American Idol: The Video Game
[6] Rocket League
[7] Terrible Trucking 2016: Old, Worse Trucks
[8] Tetris

9

What the heck, man? How about a spoiler warning next time?

The final of the game...

We are in the eifel´s tower top and we found a big monster there; It doesn´t fight and the lost think that we can do is a time pump but the time is small that we die with the explosion IS WALLACE DIE ???? ..Is this the final of the game ????? ...

10

You're never going to believe this. That's my favorite one too!

FAVOURTIE BASKETBALL PLAYER

Mine is Blaylock and Kobe Brayant

11

Ditto. To the second guy, I mean. Not the first or third.

You have to read this.

You should try out ESPN NBA2night. This game has create a player mode and in the create a player mode you can make them huge or realy skinny, Small or 7feet tall. There's even a cheat were you can make the hole team have huge heads. This game is sweet just come and try it.

re: You have to read this.

I'm glad I read it.

re: You have to read this.

yeas i am also glad i read this

12

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

[9] Check Out This Doorway
[10] Europa Universalis IV
[11] Where In The World Is Blaylock And Kobe Brayant?
[12] Super Shoot The Alien

10.15 SkyMall Product Reviews: Ten Commandments Tablet

Wednesday, Oct 21, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Celebrate the text that has withstood the test of time - the words Moses brought down from Mount Sinai. Our faux stone tablet is both historic and inspiring, and makes a defining statement in your home or garden.

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By LordOfTheHouse from Springfield, MO

I purchased these sacred tablets to send a message to my wife, so that she stops giving Jared too many compliments. I am her husband and Jared is just a coworker. He is undeserving of these compliments. These tablets will hopefully remind her not to pursue a life of sin with Jared.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆

By SwiftBoatMom4Peace from Harrison, AR

My covetous child always wants his siblings' toys. We bought him this as a last-ditch effort to save his soul from eternal damnation and set him on the path of righteousness. So far it's not working. Maybe they aren't big enough?

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By FedAuditor in Columbus, OH

SkyMall refuses to offer me a refund just because I carved in "NOT!!" after each commandment. They are now more accurate, so they should be giving me a refund plus compensation for my hard work. IS THE FIRST AMENDMENT NO LONGER PROTECTED? EXPLAIN YOURSELVES.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By Gramps from Tuscaloosa, AL

Not authentic. Save your money for the real thing.

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating:

By Royt Hewp in Florence, SC

Ever since installing these tablets in our front yard, our house has been under siege by demonic forces. First, a Plague of Beasts. Raccoons have begun to congregate along with many skunks and at least 3 different cats. Some squirrels too. Second, a Plague of Rain. It has been unusually rainy which along with the animals and animal feces has made our yard very unpleasant. Third, an ethnic family moved in across the street and are statistically very likely to be narcotics traffickers. We will take them down as soon as the rains let up and the animals fall asleep.

PLEASE NOTE THE TWO STARS ARE NOT FOR THE COMMANDMENTS THEMSELVES, BUT THE EVIL THIS REPRESENTATION HAS UNLEASHED.

AGE: 41-45

Customer Rating:

By Darrel in Ann Arbor, MI

My neighbor came and karate kicked me in the back of the head as I was installing these. He said I had no right to put them next to my other yard statues, the Scaled Jurassic T-Rex Dinosaur, Venus if Pietrasanta, Super-sized David, Giant Roadside Rooster and my Charles Dickens Sculptural Bust. Even though they all look great together, he claims I am committing blasphemy. I said, buddy, blasphemy is the sorry state of your rain gutters. That shut him up, and now my beautiful statues are brightening up the neighborhood and he's across the street karate kicking his garbage bins.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating:

By HolyMoly in Albany, GA

Best thing I ever done was buy a set of these and set them up in place of our old TV. Now my family and I just spend two solid hours of prime time every night looking them over from across the living room. We're having a lot more fun and best of all...no more arguing over the remote!

Wait, hang on, my son Bryce is throwing one of the tablets through the... oh no, it's happening. Must wrap up review. PRAY FOR US!!!!

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating:

By TrueBeliever in Wilkes-Barre, PA

I put these in my yard to warn my neighbor Gerald that a day of reckoning is coming, and that he had better stop hosting ruckus barbecues on the Sabbath. Unfortunately the commandments are not big enough to read from Gerald's yard, and they're already at the very edge of my property. To make matters worse, he refuses to come any closer. To me it is idiotic that these aren't big enough to be read from distances of 40 feet or greater. Do they not care about the message at SkyMall?

SHAME.

Age: 56-60

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.16 The Kids Finally Finished Their 9/11 Tribute!

Thursday, Oct 22, 2015 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

For the past year and a half, I've been teaching a class at my local primary school. And yesterday, I finally finished collating their 9/11 tribute-slash-mandatory social studies poetry project! While I am sorry we didn't have it finished in time for the anniversary of 9/11 itself, I think taking a bit of extra time has really made a difference - both in the quality of the work, and to the kids themselves. Please enjoy this dignified, respectful tribute to the famous 9/11 boondoggle of aught 1. -g0m

"The Day of 9/11" by Kat

Years ago in 2001
People of new york were having fun
But then a plane did fly
And 2977 people did die

by Kat (9)

N ine eleven
I hate the evil people who did this
N o. don't like them.
E vil people blew up the twin towers on 9/11
e
l So sad thinking aboutit
v
e
n ever forget
COPY RIGHT JOSH!!!!!

Poem by a kitten

I love my mother
And sister or brother
I have black fur and claws
And eyes and paws
Later I will have a bun
But for now I am done!

by Emma

[*Editor's note: Emma was sick the day I was giving out the assignment, however, she is an extremely creative child, and I'm very proud of how much she's improved.*]

Kittenguy36 4 days ago
I felt sad when this happen
Reply
CreepypastaGoth 3 days ago | Hobbyist General Artist
My mom mentions she was walking me home from kindergarden when someone called her to mention what happened
Reply
Kittenguy36 3 days ago
I see my dad told my mom what happen
Reply
CreepypastaGoth 3 days ago | Hobbyist General Artist
Oh
Reply

[Editor's note: A collaborative effort by Kittenguy36 and CreepypastaGoth! Good use of personal feelings in relation to the topic. Stellar. Call it a hunch, but I think they're DEFINITELY going to graduate this year. This deserves the highest accolade I am legally allowed to bestow in the classroom - a participation award.]

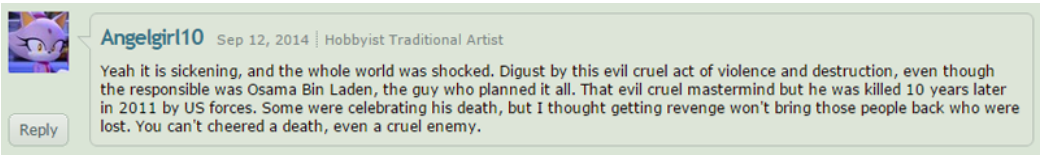
9/11 ... a horror
a terrible POOP]
BARF
cryeing

by jeremy age 7 3/4

[Editor's note: I do NOT approve of Jeremy's use of salty language in this poem. It is only included here for completeness' sake. Good use of whitespace!]

Back in 2001 in New york.
Things were busy like wine with a cork.
Suddenly there was a plane.
And suddenly it start to rain.
But into a building it crashed.
And it did into the building smash.
RIP TO THE PEOPLE DEAD IN 9/11. YOU ARE IN HEAVEN. GOD BLESS FIRE MEN

by Patrick

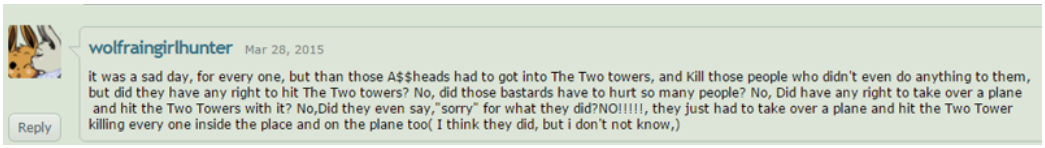

Angelgirl10 Sep 12, 2014 | Hobbyist Traditional Artist
Yeah it is sickening, and the whole world was shocked. Digust by this evil cruel act of violence and destruction, even though the responsible was Osama Bin Laden, the guy who planned it all. That evil cruel mastermind but he was killed 10 years later in 2011 by US forces. Some were celebrating his death, but I thought getting revenge won't bring those people back who were lost. You can't cheered a death, even a cruel enemy.
Reply

[Editor's note: OK, well, as you can see it was clearly a mistake to tell Angelgirl10 that "not all poems have to rhyme." Still, good effort, and a positive message at the end.]

Once upon a time there was a city called New York. It is very big and had a lot of people from all around the world. There was a lot of shops. One day a bad man named USAMA bin laden flew a plane into a pair of buildings called the twin towers. The twin towers originally opened on April 4, 1973.

by Siobhan age 10. Jeremy keeps pinching me

[Editor's note: While I do not condone tattling, Jeremy honestly is a real shit of a child.]


wolfraingirlhunter Mar 28, 2015
it was a sad day, for every one, but than those A$$heads had to got into The Two towers, and Kill those people who didn't even do anything to them, but did they have any right to hit The Two towers? No, did those bastards have to hurt so many people? No, Did have any right to take over a plane and hit the Two Towers with it? No,Did they even say,"sorry" for what they did?NO!!!!!, they just had to take over a plane and hit the Two Tower killing every one inside the place and on the plane too(I think they did, but i don't not know,)
Reply

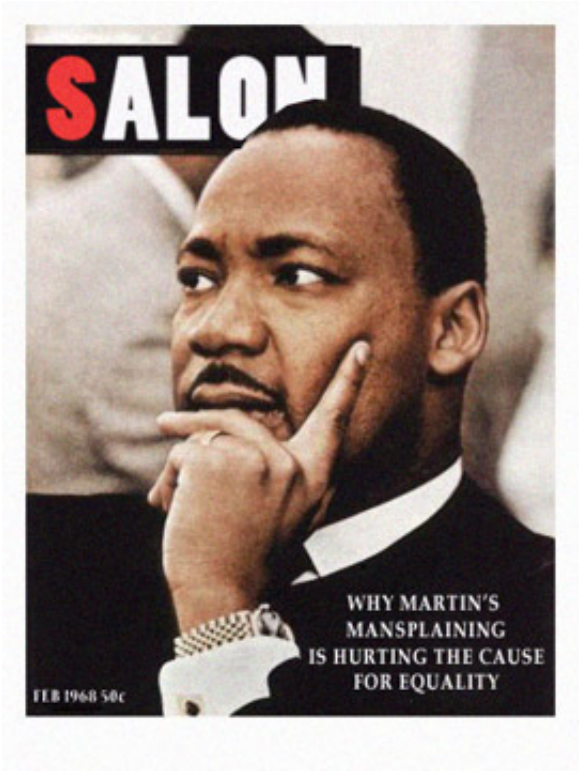
[Editor's note: Cool!]

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

10.17 An Outraged Thinkpiece From 1968 Following a Don Rickles Performance

Friday, Oct 23, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The following article first appeared in Salon Magazine's February 1968 issue under the title **What Don Rickles Said About My Disabled Oriental Child's Weight Was Far From a Laughing Matter**



Win Ho loves to laugh. And he loves his pink bowtie. It was a gift from his mother before he had to flee from Ninh Binh in North Vietnam, where Americans are regularly bombing the village. Thanks to a friend at the consulate, I was able to bring Win Ho to live with me here in New York and we have made a family together at the commune where I live with several very hairy men and a huge negro. It is a life free of prejudice. Or, I should say, it was prior to being in the audience at a show by one mister Donald Rickles last weekend.

On the night of January 28th, Win Ho and I attended a so-called comedy show by a performer in the Catskills. Win Ho was wearing his pink bow tie and I was pulling him in a wagon because he does not like to use his arms in his wheelchair. Win Ho has a condition where bread makes his face swell up and he got into the loaf again that morning so he was looking especially swollen. This is perfectly normal and the

swelling will go down after a few hours. We had tickets to the comedy show and I did not think it would be a problem.

Well, the very friendly man taking our ticket took one look at us and he put us right to the front of the audience. Great, I thought. It's always nice when disability is rewarded rather than penalized. Mr. Rickles came out and did some joking about politics and about the negroes, which I did not enjoy very much. Then he asked for the house lights to be turned up so he could see the audience. When he saw Win Ho, Mr. Rickles' eyes began to take on a demonic gleam.

"Well, what do we have here. Ho Chi Minh himself! How did you get in here?"

"My son's name is not Ho Chi Minh," I calmly informed him, assuming he would learn from the misunderstanding.

The nightmare was only beginning. Mr. Rickles made a joke about a piece of string and then a comment about dropping a drawer of silverware and assigned my son the insulting name "Ching Ting Tong Bong." Then he noticed that Win Ho was in his wagon and he said that, "Chinese usually comes in cartons." Well, I couldn't stand it anymore. I stood up and even though I was shaking I managed to give him a piece of my mind. To which Mr. Rickles told me that the last time he saw a woman get as angry as me he was standing in the way of the discount table at Sax Fifth Avenue.

I was very insulted by that and I told him that we make our own clothes at our hippie commune and he said, rolling his eyes, "I can tell!"

Cruel laughter lashed me and I sat back down, but Rickles wasn't finished. He grabbed my son by his pink bow tie and said, "Did you make this too? I think this is against the Geneva Convention, lady."

I explained to this simpleton that my pansexual poly marriage to three men and two women makes me far from "a lady" and he just seemed confused and moved on, thank goodness.

Mr. Rickles went on to talk at length about Frank Sinatra and someone named Jackie Gleason. I was still unable to think straight I was so upset. Win Ho seemed to be enjoying the show so I decided to stay in my seat and let this play out. That's when Mr. Rickles struck a second time. He called attention to my son's swollen body and apparent weight.

"It's water weight. It's from the bread," I tried to explain.

"Yeah and the rest of the buffet along with it!" The crowd's laughter was a knife shattering into my flesh.

"I like the wagon you're pulling him around in. It's like a Chinese train. It goes Chu Chu Chu Chu." Perhaps sensing how furious I had become, Mr. Rickles quickly added, "I'm just kidding around. Have fun tonight."

Have fun? Kidding around?

Win Ho went to that performance looking to laugh at some jokes, but instead of jokes he only found a bully. Mr. Rickles abused my son and, believe it or not, several others in the front rows of the performance. He picked on one man for being bald and another woman for having red hair. He

singled out a man for having a cast on his arm. The ableism on display was absolutely disgusting, as if he was picking out traits of people for ridicule.

If Mr. Rickles wants to perform real comedy, he needs to elevate his humor. No more punching down to children and redheaded women in the crowd. Make fun of someone else, like perhaps Richard Nixon or maybe even Lorne Greene. No more of this insulting members of the crowd. It's hardly what a reasonable person would call comedy.

In the meantime, I will continue to hope Win Ho can laugh again.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.18 Lines Cut From "Hotel For Dogs" Due To Time Constraints

Monday, Oct 26, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

I'm friends with Sheldon Kahn, the editor of the film *Hotel For Dogs*. He was kind enough to furnish me with this list of lines cut from the movie. Both he and the director felt strongly they should stay - they were cut purely due to runtime.

"Don Cheadle, what are you doing here?!"

"We know not why we've traveled through time, but we see no finer place to plan The Revolutionary War than this Hotel For Dogs!"

"My children are dead! Damn you, Hotel For Dogs!"

"Can my dog and I...uh...rent a room by the hour?"

"I asked the concierge about tourist attractions, and he went to the bathroom on me. Can we have our money back?"

"Unless you can raise $50,000 in one week, this Hotel For Dogs will be turned into a parking lot for dogs."

"Wait a minute...we're not IN the Hotel For Dogs...we ARE the Hotel For Dogs!!!"

"I ordered room service, and the waiter ate my burger. Then he went to the bathroom on me. Where are the exits?"

"Hey, this place gives me a great idea: what about a Hotel for Humans?"

"Good news - I just blew up the Hotel for Cats."

"WHEN WILL HU-MANS LEARN THAT DOGS HATE HOTELS...CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK! LOBSTER MEN, ATTAAAAACCKK!"

"How are these dogs paying for their hotel rooms? Oh great, we're bankrupt."

"These dogs are delicious."

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

10.19 Attention: Global Ban on all Breaking Bad Halloween Costumes

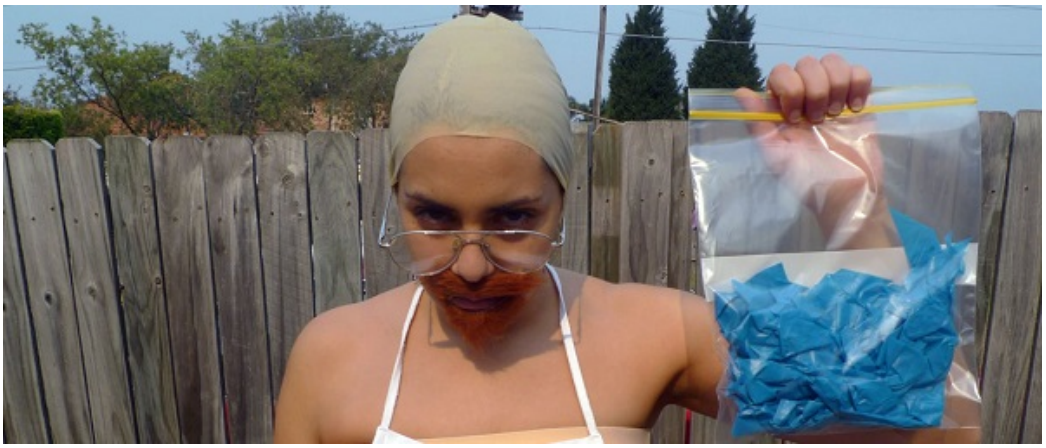
Tuesday, Oct 27, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

We now pronounce a moratorium on all Breaking Bad themed Halloween costumes. This, in effect, ceases all wearing of hazmat suits, porkpie hats, and any pairing of underwear/oxfords outside of Risky Business references. The ban goes into effect immediately.

The transition to a post Breaking Bad Halloween will be difficult for some, but good for all. Since the show's origin, there has been an overreliance on "meth cook" by a small but annoying minority. For years, these people have plagued parties with blue tinted rock candy, with wads of fake cash, with shouts of "Bitch!"

No more.

For those of you considering one last wear, please consider the consequences. Your costume is at this time neither relevant nor timeless. It is the Halloween equivalent of a CSI rerun on TNT. People will see you and say, "I didn't know that was still a thing." The public's memory of the show is being eaten away each October by your laziness. Instead of recalling the writing or acting or suspenseful plotting, they are forced to come face to face with a halfassed costume. And if that's what they think about the worn out plastic bag, imagine what they think about the lazy body underneath.



This is a good time to mention that 2008 was a long time ago. Obama was elected for his first term, the Olympics were in China, Heath Ledger died, and Bryan Cranston wore a yellow plastic suit for

the first time. These are no longer culturally relevant references. It is now weird to forcibly bring them up in conversation. It is weirder to dress up as them. And it is weirdest to tap others on the shoulder demanding them to "say my name." Your costume was not a Halloween retirement plan. It was never supposed to last. It has died. You are now dressed as The Ghost of Annoying Outdated Shit and you're bothering the hell out of everyone.

Worse still is that since the show's finale in 2013, the quality of costumes has eroded. Hazmat suits have become yellow ponchos, respirators are now drywall face masks. At what point can we even separate a Walter White reference from an ordinary asbestos remover?

It ends now.

This ruling also bans all Breaking Bad derivatives. No zombie meth cooks, no sexy meth cooks, no anime meth cooks, no memed out meth cooks, no Mexican Day of the Dead meth cooks, no vampire meth cooks, no Dr. Who meth cooks. No exceptions.

There are some exceptions: If you currently shave your head or sport a goatee, you are exempt from needing to change, but will no longer be able to blame your bad taste and male pattern baldness on Walter White. Instead, we recommend facing the fact that you are older and uglier than you feel.

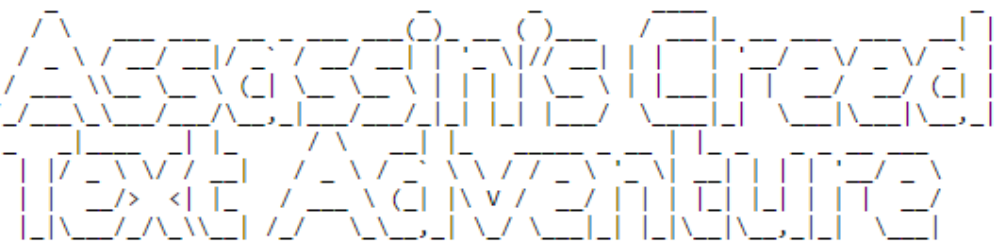
The Pontiac Aztek is also exempt.

We hope that this is helps create a better Halloween for everyone. Next year we're coming for Heath Ledger's Joker.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.20 The Assassin's Creed Text Adventure

Wednesday, Oct 28, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



⟨('-'⟨) *Copyright 2015 AwfulSoft* (⟩'-')⟩

Welcome to Assassin's Creed: SUBTITLE.

You are a snarky, flippant young person. Soon TRAGIC EVENT happens. Now you are a snarky, flippant young person with MOTIVATION. Here, take some wrist knives and this hood.

ENTER COMMAND: ⟩ *explore*

Gosh, look at the big, open world of HISTORICAL CITY! Before you set off on your quest you decide to explore a bit.

You do this by running directly towards the nearest marked treasure box. There are nearly two hundred marked treasure boxes remaining on your map.

ENTER COMMAND:⟩ *keep exploring*

You explore the incredible HISTORIC CITY by systematically running towards all the remaining treasure boxes. After scooping up the third box the scenery becomes a meaningless blur. The shouts of pedestrians begin to repeat. Nothing holds meaning save for the mechanical process of scooping up objects to make a number go up.

ENTER COMMAND: ⟩ *start mission cutscene*

You encounter every important figure that was alive in HISTORICAL CITY TIMEFRAME. Wow. Amazing. Each character is vaguely quirky. You can tell because their speech pattern and intonation is delivered with the same calculated mannerisms used for quirky characters in such Ubisoft games as Far Cry 3, Watch_Dogs, and Far Cry 4.

Hey, remember that entire decade in which BioWare recycled the same NPC conversation animations? If you've played an Ubisoft game before, something feels familiar as the camera slightly wobbles and the quirky character before you walks away, then back towards you while gesticulating and speaking with numerous pauses.

ENTER COMMAND: ⟩ *do mission*

You are tasked with the assassination of MINOR HISTORICAL FIGURE. Why? Because Templars something something Assassins something Magic Object something.

Remember, the best assassins take out their targets without any trace, preferably making the target's death seem accidental.

After running past several alerted rooftop guards and stabbing a few in the face, you leap on your

target in a crowded courtyard. Cleverly, you make your escape by mashing the attack button a million times to win swordfights against approximately thirty people.

ENTER COMMAND: ⟩ *upgrade armor*

You have made enough progress to unlock new upgrades. There's a new outfit that has better stats, but it looks worse than the one you're wearing now. Every tier continues to get further from your personal taste. You buy them anyway, because stats.

ENTER COMMAND: ⟩ *next mission*

So, in the real world there is a COMPLEX PROBLEM. Maybe it's slavery, or child labor, or some disease. Whatever it may be, it also exists in the world of Assassin's Creed: SUBTITLE.

In real life COMPLEX PROBLEM exists because of numerous factors, interconnected in ways that can't be pulled apart without a deep understanding of human behavior and social issues. In Assassin's Creed: SUBTITLE, COMPLEX PROBLEM exists because Templars.

There are no easy solutions to COMPLEX PROBLEM in real life. To solve it, walk up to a slave/child/patient and when a button prompt says "FREE" push it to free them.

ENTER COMMAND: ⟩ *explore further*

Gosh, this open world really is amazing. You decide to explore and interact with it in an even more meaningful way.

You climb to the top of a marked tower. The camera pans around. You run directly to the next marked tower, and repeat this process until all twenty have been visited.

Nothing means anything. You run directly through crowds, occasionally hitting the attack button when a bad guy (conveniently highlighted in red) intersects your path. At some point you just run past those guys too, as you feel they're not worth your time.

ENTER COMMAND: ⟩ *next mission*

You remove a VR headset. It's the near future. We have absolutely no idea what to do with the larger plot, so once again it seems like the near future Templars and Assassins are plotting moves against one another without really doing anything meaningful.

This supposed conflict has played out like two drunk meatheads bumping chests and rubbing foreheads outside a bar without throwing a punch, for three days.

ENTER COMMAND: ⟩ *finish the game i guess*

You're back in HISTORICAL CITY. After FAMOUS INVENTOR/ARTIST gives you a new murder device, you progress the plot by killing a million people.

The credits roll for half an hour as the fifteen studios involved in the making of this lumbering annual obligation of a product-game scroll by.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.21 Legacy of Puns Will Outlive Local Janitor's Mysterious, Gruesome Death

Thursday, Oct 29, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Frederick James Krueger, 42

Devoted custodial artsman, wordplay enthusiast

Frederick James Krueger, 42, passed away this Saturday at Springwood High School, surrounded by the fire that killed him.

Local residents of the community may remember Mr. Krueger for the several missing children last seen walking into the boiler room he once maintained, but teachers and administrators at his institution think of him in much kinder terms. "He might have been gruff, but he got the job done," remembers Principal Mark Jeffries, who originally hired Krueger in 1958. "And he had a bedside manner that often belied his antisocial persona. Whenever I'd find the odd pile of throw-up in the hallway, Krueger would be right there, mop in hand, screaming, 'I'm gonna mop the floor with you, puke!' I didn't quite understand it and still don't, but Krueger had a degree of showmanship a stuffed shirt like me can appreciate."

Starting life as the bastard son of 100 maniacs, Frederick had the cards stacked against him at an early age. Despite these difficulties, he pursued a career in the custodial arts that eventually landed him a lucrative role as the head and only janitor at Springwood High School. Though he didn't speak to many during his 10-year tenure, the few who conversed with Krueger remember him as a dreamer. "Once, while tracking down and killing the fleas of one of our more rural students, Frederick confided in me," says retired English teacher Edna Burwinkle. "He said he always imagined himself cleaning up the trash of important dignitaries at some foreign embassy. That's all I could make out because he was eating a whole thing of sardines at the time, but he seemed really committed to the idea."

Students remember Krueger's relationship with them as one of playful antagonism. "He'd unscrew the salt shakers at our lunch table; we'd burn down the lean-to he slept in behind the school. It was all in good fun," says returning senior Dole Bachler. And, even in his darkest moments, Krueger always met adversity with one of his many puns. According to Dole, "We had this wild plan where we'd fill water balloons with our piss and chuck them at Krueger. After the first round hit him, he just turned around and yelled 'Pee ya later!' This made Duke real mad, so he swung a sock full of half-dollars at the back of his head. He didn't say anything after that, but I bet it would have been funny as hell."

Despite his jovial attitude, Krueger was no stranger to controversy. When the local community started pointing to his boiler room as the final destination of several missing children, Krueger could only shrug away the scandal by claiming, "The only thing being killed here is my reputation!" He then followed this statement with an estimated three minutes of laughter, which was chalked up to his oddball personality. Marge Thompson, a local resident who once headed up the Stop Krueger Now watchdog group, now recants her former grudge against the misunderstood janitor. "Not long ago, I thought Krueger had something to hide," said Thompson, "but now I think he was just

a scapegoat, and the evidence behind his demise should be destroyed immediately. And I mean *immediately*. Let's just forget about this before other people can get roped into what would be, at best, voluntary manslaughter."

Frederick James Krueger is survived by no one, and to date, none of his 100 maniac fathers have stepped forward to claim the soiled-yet-festive sweater he leaves behind. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in his name to The American Knife Manufacturers Association, or dropped off at the mysterious "I'LL BE BACK" message carved into the Springwood High gymnasium floor that rejects any attempt at buffing.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.22 Great Last Minute Halloween Costumes

Friday, Oct 30, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Crunch time has arrived for those among us that still have not chosen a Halloween costume for this weekend's festivities. Before you try to pass yourself off as a serial killer or a body snatcher, try one of these simple, inexpensive and readily available costumes.

Thomas the Tank Engine

If you're a smaller train, you might as well go for good old number one himself, Thomas the Tank

Engine. Be sure you have an 0-6-0 arrangement on your wheels and livery colors are blue and engine red. Roll your eyes a lot and smile a bit cheekily. It's the attitude that is going to make this costume convincing. Thomas is always eager, even when he's a little small for the job.

Percy the Tank Engine

Similar to Thomas, but if green is your color, a little red striping will finish you off easily with a Percy costume. The key distinguishing feature is that Percy is a saddle tank engine with an 0-4-0 arrangement. That means only four wheels, so if you have six try hiding the other pair using black drop cloths on your middle wheel. You can probably ask an engineer for some canvas at the roundhouse.

Gordon the Tender Engine

If you're on the other end of the size spectrum, Gordon might be a good choice. Big old number 4 considers himself to be one of the most important engines, and with good reason. He's powerful and he pulls the express. Livery here is very similar to Thomas. You'll want to use a bright red on the chassis and a complimentary blue on the engine. Remember, Gordon is a 4-6-2 configura-

tion, so if you don't have leading and tailing bogies you might want to fashion some out of cardboard.

James the Red Engine

Wild man or woman? You can't go wrong with James. His feisty red color with gold embellishments matches up with his boastful behavior. His coal tender is a little smaller than Gordon's and he only has two wheels in the leading bogie, so he's a good intermediate size engine.

Toby the Tram Engine

Often overlooked by people planning a costume, Toby is a great comedy choice. Nobody wants to be a tram, right? So fit yourself with a rectangular cowling and a flattened facade, remove any extraneous coal compartment or oil tanks, and outfit yourself with the appearance of enhanced seating. Your friends will flip out when they see you in this costume.

Donald and Douglas Tender Engines

If you are going to the party with a buddy, why not try a joint costume? Donald and Douglas have matching mostly-black paint schemes with just a few red enhancements. The best part is that you and your buddy have the option of wearing name placards. Really want to mess with someone? Halfway through the night, switch the placards.

Emily the Sterling Single Engine

This unusual girl engine is a great choice for girl trains. Her handsome dark green color with red accents is classy and familiar. Girls can haul just as many passenger or just as much freight as a boy engine.

Whichever costume you choose, the important thing is that you be safe this Halloween season and be mindful of children. Also, whatever Sir Topham Hatt says, goes. Even if there is no one in the costume at the party, it's probably a good idea to nominate somebody to be the Topham Hatt.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

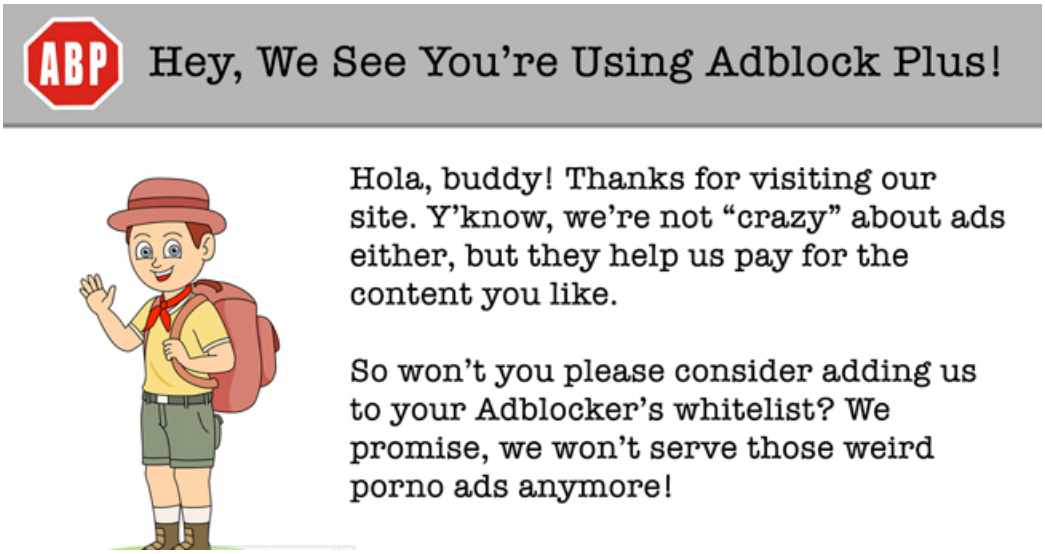
Chapter 11

November

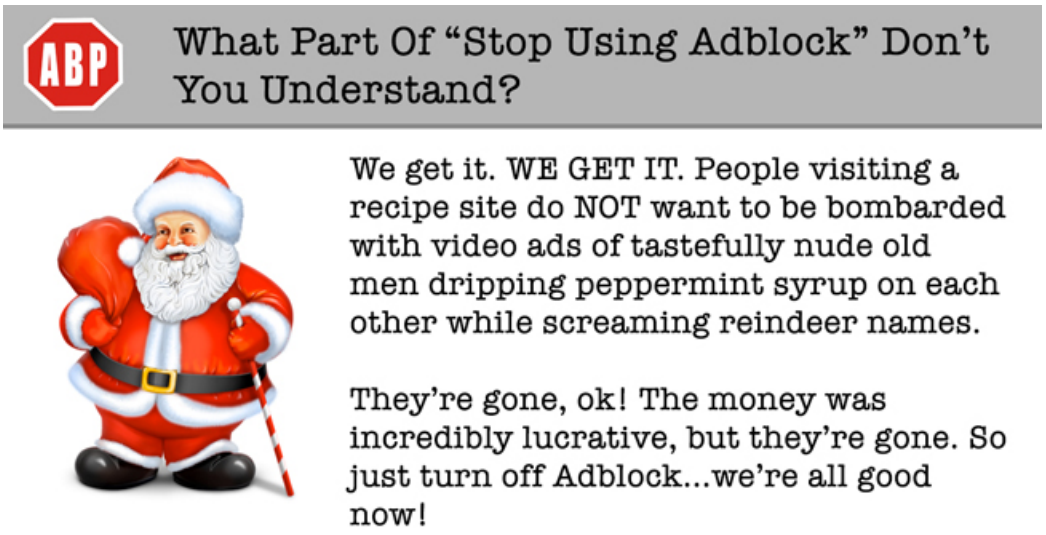
11.1 Hey, We See You're Using Adblock Plus!

Monday, Nov 02, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Years ago, internet users saw things called "ads." These promotional messages allowed people to make a living off their creative works. But thanks to Adblock Plus, that nightmare is over! Much like a Fox News viewer, Adblock users don't see anything they don't want to. But sometimes, targeted messages slip through Adblock's stop-sign-shaped fingers...


ABP
Hey, We See You're Using Adblock Plus!
Hola, buddy! Thanks for visiting our site. Y'know, we're not "crazy" about ads either, but they help us pay for the content you like.
So won't you please consider adding us to your Adblocker's whitelist? We promise, we won't serve those weird porno ads anymore!

ABP
We're...Not On The (White) List?
Hey there, friendo. Still haven't white listed us, huh? It's not hard -- just click on the Adblock symbol in the corner of your browser, and uncheck "enabled on this site."
And, just to reiterate: we are no longer serving ads from the all-nude Santa Claus site, "Ol' Saint D* * *." So feel free to give us the "holiday gift"...of revenue!
©Johnny Sajem * illustrationsOf.com/1048910


What Part Of "Stop Using Adblock" Don't You Understand?
We get it. WE GET IT. People visiting a recipe site do NOT want to be bombarded with video ads of tastefully nude old men dripping peppermint syrup on each other while screaming reindeer names.
They're gone, ok! The money was incredibly lucrative, but they're gone. So just turn off Adblock...we're all good now!

THEY'RE GONE, OK??
NO MORE ADS FROM STUFFSANTASSTOCKING.BIZ
EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE BOTH PROFITABLE AND REAL REAL HOT.
TURN OFF ADBLOCK.

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

11.2 Remembering Downton Abbey

Tuesday, Nov 03, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

As Downton Abbey nears the conclusion of its sixth and final season, it's the perfect time to celebrate this landmark show. With so many characters and so many tremendous changes throughout the epic storyline which spanned the years 1912- 1925, it's difficult to choose a handful of favorite moments, but I've done my best.

1912

"Electric lights? Telephones? Everything is changing far too quickly! I fear that one day soon there will no longer be great houses like this, with lords and ladies upstairs and servants downstairs." - *The Dowager Countess Violet Crawley*

Down Abbey, season 1

1913

"Curses! My evil plot against a fellow service staff member backfired. How much longer will houses like this keep on?" - *Thomas Barrow*

1914

"I do hope that things will settle down, and return to some semblance of normalcy. However, I fear that with all these great changes this house can only stand as it is for so long." - *Lady Mary Crawley (as a maid braids her hair for bed)*

1916

"It is only due to great luck that I am able to work as a servant in this house despite having a mysterious past and leg injury. Sometimes I wonder, though, if this house will have lords and servants for much longer." - *Mr. Bates*

1917

"Any day now, things will change. It's quite obvious if one reads the news. This is all fleeting." - *Cora Crawley, Countess of Grantham (dining while a butler and numerous footmen stand silently nearby)*

1920

"Harumph! Harumph, I say! Things should not change. As head butler I must insist that all this dizzying 'progress' in the world cease at once. I feel that any day now Downton Abbey will no longer exist as we know it." - *Mr. Carson*

1921

"Sometimes I wonder if Downton Abbey will continue to have many butlers and maids and footmen. It seems like things are changing so quickly." - *Matthew Crawley (dying words)*

1922

"Hard to believe things have changed so much in the last ten years, and are about to change so much any day now." - *Mrs. Patmore (preparing dinner for the lords and ladies of the Crawley family)*

Downton Abbey, season 6

1924

"I shall miss this Downton Abbey when it is simply a place, and not a home for lords and ladies upstairs whose servants live downstairs." - *Lady Edith Crawley*

1925

"Cor! Go on, then! I've only just got me presitgious degree and become a modern woman! Take these biscuits upstairs for the lords and ladies while I give a right old think 'bout how things have changed so very much!" - *Daisy*

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.3 Memos from Bear Cave: the King Frog Scenario

Wednesday, Nov 04, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 15, 1981
Subject: The Nightmare Scenario

We're in the shit now, people.

This is it. I would say this is what we've all been training for, but you jokers barely even qualify as potty trained. I've seen and inspected the messes you make in my toilets, and it's a travesty. Do you think Terry Gunns over at Stag Broth has to put up with this kind of sick bathroom abuse from his employees? He would sack them in a heartbeat.

But I'm not writing this memo to complain about your disgusting bathroom usage. Believe me, there will be plenty more memos on that subject. Right now, we face a crisis unlike any other.

When I was doing my nightly swim through the soupyard vats, I saw something no soup boss ever wants to see. There are four frogs living in the No. 3 vat. That's four frogs swimming in our Corn Medley with Bits O' Stew.

The gravity of this situation should not be lost on any of you. Handle it!

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 15, 1981
Subject: WHAT ARE YOU DOING

You useless idiots.

Clearly the gravity of the situation was lost on you, because one of you morons removed a frog from the No. 3 vat. Now it's down to just three frogs. Put down the nets and get the hell away before you ruin us!

From now on, you're going to do exactly what I say, and only what I say. I am the only one here who knows what we're up against. We're on the razor's edge here, inches away from the King Frog Scenario. In case you idiots failed Soup History 101, that's what brought down so many of the greats.

Amalgamated Broth? Ruined. Northern Chowder? Annihilated. Steadfast Potage? Gone. Just gone. Sacred Sip? Destroyed. Advanced Stew Logistics? Shuttered. Golden Templar? A barren wasteland. Allied Bisque? Wiped off the goddamn planet.

I'll be damned to hell if I let that happen to this company I worked so hard to build.

Follow my orders, or face the consequences.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 15, 1981
Subject: GET MORE FROGS

We need to establish proper balance and we did to do it RIGHT NOW. Three frogs is too low! I need you all out there scouring every creek, pond and swamp for as many bullfrogs as you can find. Bring them to me. DON'T ADD THEM TO THE VAT. Just bring me the damn frogs, you idiots. I alone am qualified to to inspect and add them.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 16, 1981
Subject: WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU

Don't bring me dead frogs. What am I supposed to do with dead frogs? The next idiot to bring me a dead frog has to eat it in front of me or I'm going to start swinging my chain around until I whip each and every one of you in the eyeballs.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 16, 1981
Subject: No. 3 Vat Situation

I got the balance back under control by adding three more frogs. Not surprisingly, the only one of you that managed to bring me any live frogs was Dang Linh. Six frogs is still precarious, so I need you idiots out there coaxing them to procreate. I want to see evidence of amplexus by nightfall.

If you fail in this task, I will make sure every last one of your lives is ruined. I will stop at nothing until nobody will hire you. When I'm done, you'll be lucky if you walk out of a job interview without a black eye.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 17, 1981
Subject: TOO MANY FROGS

I don't know what you idiots did, but now there are 26 frogs in No. 3. That's one frog away from the critical tipping point, where contamination is too great to cover up. I'm going out there, stripping nude, putting on my goggles and spearing as many as I can to save this company. Every last one of you better follow me out there and watch closely. Don't even think of taking your eyes off of me. You need to how a real man gets things done.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 17, 1981
Subject: You all Failed Me

The reason I asked you all to come watch me strip naked and start spearing frogs in the No. 3 vat was to make sure I didn't kill too many. When a man of my virility gets caught up in the hunt, I don't stop until I've satisfied my bloodlust. Now we're back down to three frogs, perilously close to the King Frog Scenario. This is on each one of you.

On the positive side, the amount of frog guts means we can save some of the horse meat for later batches. In the meantime, I need each of you to bring me three bullfrogs by end of day.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 17, 1981
Subject: R.I.P.

Dang Linh is dead. He died defending this company, trying to spear the all-powerful King Frog that emerged just hours ago. He fell into the vats and never surfaced. He was a remarkable instrument of violence, but his lungs couldn't handle the incredible viscosity of our Corn Medley with Bits O' Stew.

I have dispatched Tall Charlie to the jungles of Vietnam to tell Dang Linh's wife and children that he is dead, and that he also spent the last few years in America working in the soup industry... an industry for which he made the ultimate sacrifice.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 17, 1981
Subject: The End Times

Maintaining healthy soup vats is a never-ending struggle. Too many frogs and they literally become the soup. Too few frogs and you risk empowering a King Frog, a too-big-to-fail frog that chases all other frogs away yet cannot himself keep the delicate insect balance in check.

Now we have our own King Frog. I looked the bastard in the eye. He knows he has us now. I feared this day would come from the moment I muscled my way into the soup industry. I still remember my first can. There was more of me in that can than there was actual soup, but I still sold it. And I refused to give that goddamn drifter his money back when he came at me with a hacksaw. It wasn't the first time I scooped a man's eyeballs out with a can lid, and it certainly wasn't the last.

The point is I had a dream, and I made that dream a reality. I built this company one can at a time. And in spite of every last one of you working hard to undermine me, I still managed to make this place succeed.

It's time to recoup what I can. I'm selling the weaker of you to human traffickers, and everyone else will die with me as I set the building ablaze. Thanks for nothing.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 17, 1981
Subject: IT'S A GODDAMN MIRACLE

Those of you I just poured gasoline on better clean yourselves up. We're back in business. I don't know why I didn't think of this before, but Bouillon saved the day once more. That beautiful son of a bitch jumped in and just straight up ate the King Frog, something I didn't even know was possible.

We're lucky to still have jobs. I want each of you to kiss Bouillon on the mouth as a token of your appreciation. I will personally be observing to make sure your kiss is affectionate and Bouillon feels satisfied.

We're going to need to clean out all the chunks of Bouillon that stayed in the vat, at least just the furry ones, and No. 3 is good to go. We're going to relabel it as "Country Frog & Corn Medley," which I expect to sell like gangbusters, even if I have to buy every last can myself using your salaries.

Also, once Dang Linh's body surfaces, I want you to bring it to me. I've already got a burial plot reserved for him, next to mine.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 18, 1981
Subject: Disregard this Week's Memos

I've been eating fistfuls of hallucinogenic mushrooms over the last few days and accidentally circulated some private memorandums not intended for the company at large. If any of you read them or acted on them, know that you willfully stole privileged corporate secrets, and are hereby sworn to secrecy. What happened over the last few days DID NOT HAPPEN. If you think otherwise, you can come tell me to my face. I'm in my office with six different loaded guns and three different kinds of swords.

Those of you who insist you saw me drown Dang Linh in the No. 3 vat are mistaken. And even if I did do that, I was under the impression he was a large frog threatening our jobs. You should be thanking me for fighting on your behalf... WHICH I DID NOT DO.

J. D. BORUFF

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.4 The Necronomicon Reading Group Guide

Thursday, Nov 05, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Questions and topics for discussion

1. People possessed by the Necronomicon often chant in tongues or shout "join us!" Do you think this is a postmodern commentary on how language speaks us?

2. Unlike most books, the Necronomicon is bound in human flesh and inked in blood. Did this format enhance your reading experience? What does this say about form and function in literature?

3. Reading the Necronomicon may make clocks spin backwards or open a vortex to the medieval age. Magical realist Gabriel Garcia Marquez also distorts time in his novel *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Should the Necronomicon be considered magical realism? Why or why not?

4. Sacrifice, especially human sacrifice, is a major theme in the Necronomicon. Recall a time in your life when you were asked to sacrifice something. Do the sacrificial rituals in this book speak to that experience?

5. The Necronomicon is filled with written warnings from its previous owners not to recite or even look at certain passages. Did you find these annotations helpful? Should a book like the Necronomicon be considered on its own or as part of a larger conversation with the people it kills or drives insane?

6. Some pages of the Necronomicon must be translated from Sumerian, or retrieved from a cellar haunted by an undead crone, making the book in many ways a collaboration between the text and reader. Did you find this collaborative format rewarding or frustrating? Explain.

7. The Necronomicon's author, Abdul Alhazred, claimed to have written the book while possessed by an ancient, unspeakable evil. What does this say about an author's role in writing his or her work? Should all literature be read vis a vis the social, political or demonic forces that shaped its creation?

8. Some readers of the Necronomicon report being sucked through the book into a horrible demon dimension. Is this feeling of "losing oneself" in a text key to an immersive reading experience?

9. People seeking the Necronomicon may encounter other "false" versions of the book, including one that flies around and bites them in the face. Does the book's relation to these other works make it

a hypertext? Why or why not?

10. The Necronomicon isn't the only book to use nontraditional inking. William Faulkner originally wanted to use different-colored inks in *The Sound and the Fury*. Could Faulkner have been influenced by the Necronomicon, either consciously or because he was possessed by its ancient malevolence?

11. Critics of the Necronomicon have called it "[a book of] bizarre burial rites, funeral incantations, and demon resurrection passages ... never meant for the world of the living." Is this a fair assessment, or does it reveal an implicit bias toward the living?

12. The spirits released by the Necronomicon have been known to fly down people's throats and make them grow a second evil body. Should all good books have this polarizing effect on their audience?

13. The Western literature canon has often been criticized for its preponderance of "dead white people." Do you feel that by killing people and turning them into pale undead ghouls the Necronomicon contributes to this trend?

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.5 What Size of Flag Does Each Presidential Candidate Prefer?

Friday, Nov 06, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Go ahead, judge a book by its cover. Then proceed to judging presidential candidates by their flag preferences. They don't deserve any better.

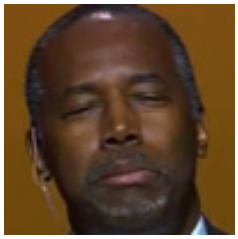
Republicans

Donald Trump

60' X 100'

Trump likes a huge flag. It's the best flag and it's beautiful. This really is a good flag. It's the sort of flag you would see flying over the best restaurant along the highway in the Midwest. This is a flag at the absolute legal limit of local eyesore ordinances.

Ben Carson



3' X 5'

This is a fine flag. Nothing fancy. It gets the job done. For some reason several of the stars are little skulls on one side. Hee hee. Hee. Of course it's a good flag, exactly the same dimensions as the flag King David used in the Bible. Hee hee. With the little skulls.

Marco Rubio

18' X 30'

Marco Rubio feels this is an acceptable flag. It was the one he was told to use by his donors.

Jeb Bush

19' X 30'

Jeb saw Marco Rubio's flag and used a stapler to add an extra stripe on the bottom so his was a little bigger. Now the flag looks weird and out of place, like when a kid shows up at school with shoes that his mom bought him and he thought they were really cool but, no, Jeb, New Balance aren't cool. This flag shouldn't be hanging around anymore, and its palpable desperation is unnerving to watch.

Ted Cruz

30' X 50'

The problem here is that this flag shouldn't need to even be this big. Ted Cruz shouldn't have to prove he needs a flag like this, but the media demands it. He would be happy with just a flag pin. That's all he needs. Along with the innocent human blood he drinks every night.

Carly Fiorina

9' X 15'

When Carly Fiorina looks at that video, with the baby all scrambled up like an omelet, she thinks of this flag, with its red for baby blood, blue for baby brain juice, and white for baby bones. This flag says it is time to shut down Planned Parenthood, remove equal pay for women, and also maybe find out a way to take the vote from women. Because feminism has been ruined by liberals.

Chris Christie

6' X 10'

Neatly folded in a box that fits into Chris Christie's luggage for when he can go home and deep sit on his couch again and stop worrying about these fugging idiots talking about gross dead babies and pyramids full of grain. There's like 10 feet of empty space in a pyramid. Its all rock. What is that idiot even talking about?

Democrats

Martin O'Malley

3' X 5'

Signed by Martin O'Malley at the Martin O'Rally, Baltimore 2003. Framed in a glass case next to a certificate from the Fraternal Order of Police thanking him for supporting Operation Clean Sweep where everyone with a prior drug offense in Baltimore was loaded into a van, driven to Leakin Park, and made to dig their own shallow grave.

Bernie Sanders

60' X 100'

There is no reason that the wealthiest top one tenth of one percent should have over fifty percent of the area of flags in this country. This enormous flag is a tribute to collective effort. It was purchased with small donations from students and teachers and white people from New England who see approximately one black person per year. There's too many stripes and the stars aren't shaped quite right, but it's the basic idea that counts.

Hillary Clinton

18’ X 30’

Hillary bought this flag in Iowa from a mixed-race flagmaker woman and her undocumented Guatemalan lesbian wife. They are trying to adopt a developmentally disabled child and Hillary was just so moved by their story that she had to buy the flag from them. She looks at it and thinks about all those children that have died in gun violence since Bernie decided not to support a national firearms registry.

Independent

Jim Webb

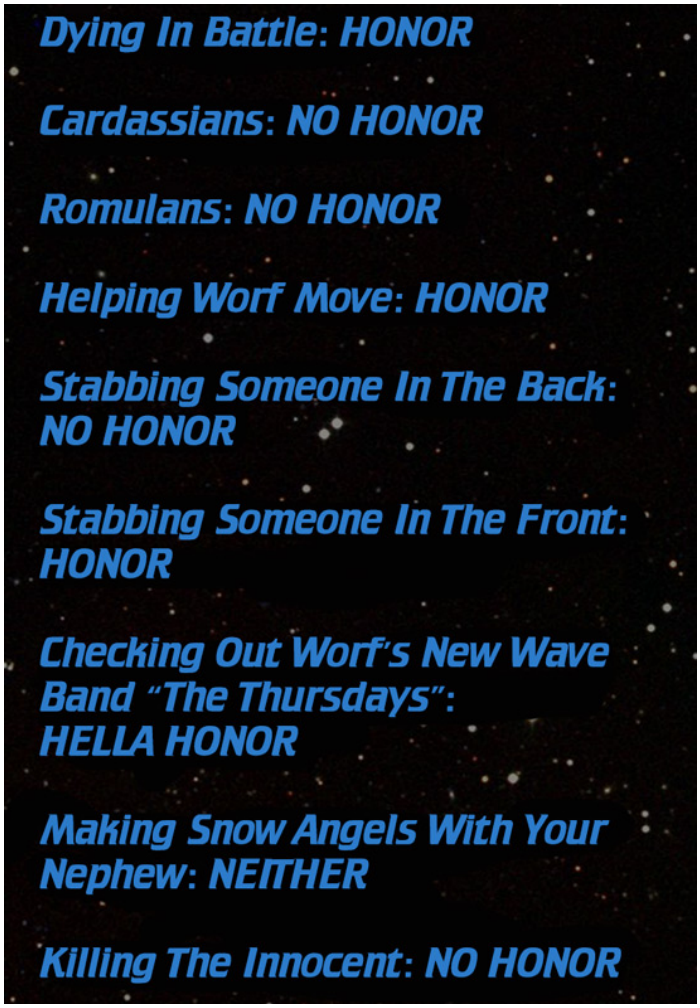
6’ X 10’

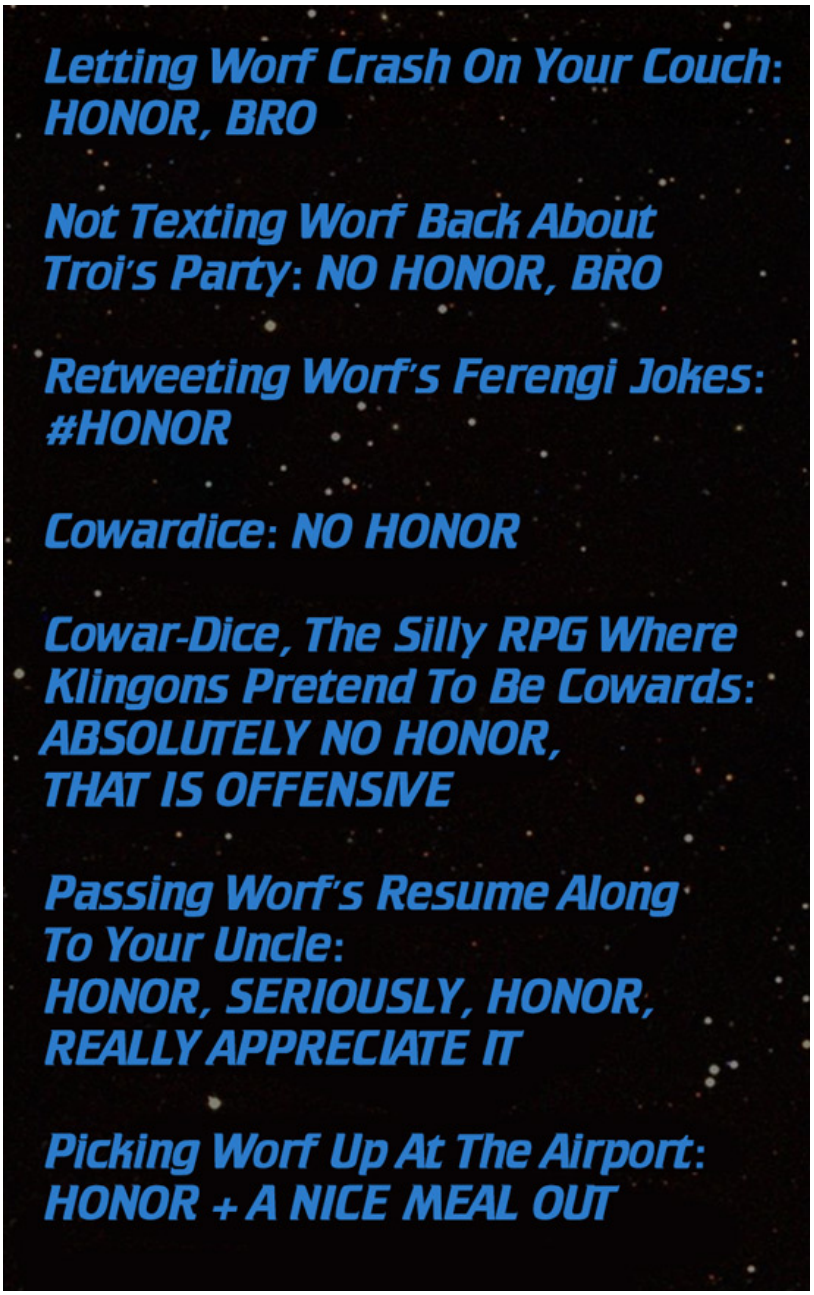
Jim Webb solemnly stares at this flag every morning to remind himself of all the men who died in Vietnam when he killed them. Some as recently as last week.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.6 Worf's Honor Roll

Monday, Nov 09, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

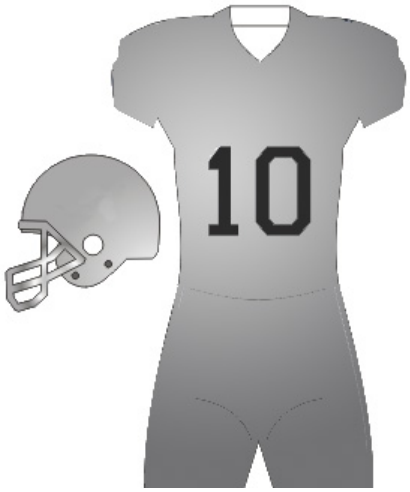

Dying In Battle: HONOR
Cardassians: NO HONOR
Romulans: NO HONOR
Helping Worf Move: HONOR
Stabbing Someone In The Back: NO HONOR
Stabbing Someone In The Front: HONOR
Checking Out Worf's New Wave Band "The Thursdays": HELLA HONOR
Making Snow Angels With Your Nephew: NEITHER
Killing The Innocent: NO HONOR



–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

11.7 5 Hottest College Football Uniform Trends

Tuesday, Nov 10, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



Gratuitous Use of Mirrors

Arguably the best tactical use of mirrors since James Bond circa 1974, these jerseys are finally answering the age old question "What if, like, we made uniforms. . . shiny?" Well, the mystery has been solved and nothing says Athletics quite like aluminum foil coating every possible surface. It'll look like a collection of stainless steel kitchen appliances taking the field on Saturday. If the sun is out, then you can guarantee a sparkle too bright for any raccoon or small child to resist.

More FanDuel References

For one night only, the Fighting Irish will be rebranded as the Notre Dame FanDuel Promo Code: Irish. Since the betting game of skill site already sponsors eighty percent of the stadiums, advertisements, general signage, "play of the game" segments, announcer callouts, every blog that mentions (even accidentally) the words football, foot, ball, and ball of your foot, as well as SportsCenter recaps, SportsCenter introductions, and SportsCenter promos, and nearly everything that comes out of Kirk Herbstreit's mouth, it was only a matter of time for them to take the next big step.

Combining two fan favorites means one thing is certain: the Notre Dame FanDuel Promo Code: Irish uniform is a winner.

The Official Alternative Matte Finish

With just a hundred cans of Rustoleum and a Nike financed clothing budget, this athletic departments managed to make the team's uniforms look like every 98 Honda Civic still on the road. All they need now is a crooked spoiler bolted into their trunk and they're good to go. Note how the grey basecoat around the trim really highlights the unpolished finish!

Timely Though Awkward Attempt at Social Awareness

First there was Breast Cancer Awareness, then everyone had to wear camo. Now imagine this scene coming out of the locker room: an entire team wearing uniforms with the number zero. From the kicker to the quarterback, every player's jersey has a giant block O. The zero representing how much income they'll be making for their role in the incredibly lucrative business of college football. It's a political statement! Their opponents will also have their numbers swapped out, but theirs will say phrases like "student-athlete" or "it doesn't matter how much the NCAA makes through these players since a lot of kids would be willing to do twice as much work to receive the instate tuition." Who is the winner in this great battle of ideologies? The viewer.

Cluttered Unorganized Mess of Leftover Crap

For those without Nike contracts to foot the bill for a dozen uniform variations, these schools become the landfill of Ye Olde Athletic Gimmicks. Whatever's stale from last year ends up here as some sort of mishmashed, Frankenstein's monster of a uniform. Watching them play is the somber reminder of what happens when ad executives mix with sportswear. On the field the players look more like refugees wearing donated clothes, but they have no choice but to collect the old and make it new again. No gimmick too garish, no neon too bright. It's always breast cancer awareness here.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.8 Telltale Signs You've Lost a Finger While Playing the Knife Game

Wednesday, Nov 11, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Your finger is on the table. It's usually on your hand.

You thought this would end with everyone approaching you in a single file line and saying "That was very impressive and cool," but instead they are recoiling, turning away, gasping, or scrunching their faces up in disgust as ropey tendrils of blood arc toward them.

An email invites you to join the weekly Ten Finger Club dinner party but you must decline. In your response, you politely explain that while the recent removal of your eleventh finger qualifies you to become a member, you're still feeling under the weather due to blood loss. Maybe next week.

Go out on the back porch. Whistle for your finger to come in for dinner. No response.

The numbers floating above your head get smaller as the combo chain suddenly ends.

Your right arm is hooked up to a lie detector. No problem. You've got this. You say "no" and frown as the needle goes wild. This is perplexing. After all, the test administrator only asked if you've ever lost a finger in the knife game. A simple question to establish a baseline reading, or so you thought. Slowly, nearly against your will, you follow a nagging suspicion and turn your head. There, your left hand is sprawled on a table. You see the knife. The score marks gouged into the wooden tabletop. The rolling finger as it wobbles to a stop. Son of a...

Your finger would like to add you to its professional network on LinkedIn.

You begin to pull into parking spot. A sign on the curb has a red circle and diagonal line on top of the image of a disfigured hand and knife on a table. The parking attendant steps into your

path, shaking his head while gesturing for you to back up.

You visit AmazingVennDiagrams.com, as you do every day. Something's wrong. Your favorite venn diagram has changed. The circles labeled "You" and "People Who Haven't Lost A Finger While Playing The Knife Game" no longer overlap.

You're sitting on a toilet. Every few seconds you nervously check your watch. Is it normal to feel this nervous? Or are other people better prepared to face such potentially life-changing moments? Time's up. You shake the white plastic stick. There, in the result window, is a blue severed finger.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.9 Web Awards I'll Never Win

Thursday, Nov 12, 2015 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

We're all familiar with prestigious accolades like The Emmys, The Oscars, and The Blockbuster Music Awards, but did you know doing stuff on the Internet can yield similarly priceless trophies and medals? Yes, it's true. Yet, in 15 years of writing for the web, I've utterly failed to win a single award that's just as valid as the more popular ones and not at all designed to prop up a rapidly dying medium. At the risk of burning some very important bridges, allow me to share my list of the awards that I should have received for my unique talents, but didn't.

- LinkExchange's "Too Politically Controversial for the Main *X-Files* Webring" Golden Chain
- Mr. Skin's Boob-Finding Badge of Honor
- BuzzFeed's Outstanding Display of Journalistic Integrity in 80 Words or Less
- IMDB's Least Creepy Non-Foot-Related Comment About a Female Celebrity
- Amazon's "Most Warehouse Workers Paralyzed" Official Shout-Out (I accidentally ordered 10,000 free weights)
- The Platinum "What's Up Everybody" for Superlative Innovation in YouTube Video Introductions
- Newgrounds' Most Ethically Challenging Columbine Flash Game
- Goodreads' Honorable Mention for not Just Listing the Books You Skimmed Through in High School
- AskMen's World Record for Most Men Successfully Asked

- GameFAQs' Honorable Mention for ASCII Art Interpretation of a Video Game Logo
- The Caitlyn Jenner Donald Trump Cialis Earn Thousands Working from Home SOE-ies
- The Coveted Salon.com Smarmy
- Clickhole's "Not Funny Enough to Work Here" Formal Notice
- UpWorthy's "Best Story About a Research Animal Going Outside for the First Time" Chocolate Frown
- GeoCities' Prestigious "Best Star Field Background" Honorary Sash
- The Rare "Self-Sucking Alpha Redditor" Golden Statuette
- The Something Awful Lifetime Achievement Award for Doing This for Over a Decade Despite Sabotaging Any Possibility of a Respected Writing Career

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.10 In Memoriam: Jihadi John

Friday, Nov 13, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Mohammed Emwazi, widely known by his controversial media persona, Jihadi John, passed away unexpectedly Wednesday night at the age of 27.

John's love was directing and starring in videos which he shared with his friends and released onto the Internet for the public. These low-budget shorts gained John notoriety for their uncompromising imagery and made him a much sought-after figure, particularly in the United States and in the United Kingdom. Although John's face was never seen in any of his videos, he was identified as Mohammed Emwazi, a British citizen who emigrated from Kuwait in 1994.

John was an outspoken political activist opposed to Bashar al Assad. A number of his videos were directly addressed to US president Barack Obama and John promised to visit the United States and the United Kingdom to bring his unique brand of activism. "The streets will be red," he promised, planning to paint the town with the help of his companions. "The end is coming for the infidels," was a common refrain in John's passionate speeches.

He was a devoted friend and beloved family member. He is survived by his mother, four sisters, and his brother, along with his father, a Kuwaiti citizen, who was forced to publically apologize for some of John's more controversial videos.

The circumstances surrounding John's death are still emerging, but it is believed that he died in Raqqa, Syria, while exiting an Islamic court building and entering a vehicle. John touched the lives of many, directly and through his videos, which helped to inspire many around the world to travel to the Middle East and join the cause. His reach extended to Japan, where millions reacted to videos John made directly addressing the

Japanese.

John's beliefs were always on the surface and he made no apologies for advocating for what he believed, including the rights of minorities in Iraq and Syria who wanted to be owned by others for sexual purposes. He was a strong supporter of reforming capital punishment in the region, which he believed should be made available to many more people and in new ways.

Burial services for Jihadi John will be held Friday at an unmarked hole on the outskirts of Raqqa. Attendees to the funeral are asked to bring IR reflective clothing easily visible on satellite imagery. You are asked not to bring children to the funeral, although if you can't find a sitter, that's okay. No big deal.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.11 What's Coming To Netflix In 2016

Monday, Nov 16, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

SHHH...I'M SECRETLY A COMMUNITY COLLEGE WIZARD (JANUARY)

A group of sexy twentysomethings attend Ohio's most prestigious community college, but one of them has a secret: they're a wizard! Who could it be? Tanya, the hot Russian exchange student? Miguel, the fiery Latin lothario? Golgoth Longbeard, The Ancient One, who comes from "old money?" Our guess is Miguel...something's shady about that guy.

GHOST LAWYER (MARCH)

A classic legal procedural with a paranormal twist! Ghost Lawyer follows prosecutor Justice F. Allington, a lawyer who certainly isn't a ghost. The twist is...he's a ghost! Also: his clients are ghosts, as are the defense attorneys, the jury and judge. Only the bailiff is real, and he's scared out of his mind for 42 minutes an episode.

THE COP WHO SOLVES CRIMES THROUGH VERY GOOD POLICEWORK (JUNE)

Tired of shows about cops who solve crimes through having OCD, pretend psychic powers, talking to ghosts, possessing total recall or being excellent mystery writers? Then you'll love, "The Cop Who Solves Crimes Through Very Good Policework!"

Detective Ryan Tamarind is a cop who follows up on leads, maintains good relationships within the community, and works harder than the cops around him. He was also a good student in police school! As a result? This show fucking sucks. We're so, so sorry we made it. Please watch Lilyhammer instead.

WHUS' ALL DIS' DEN? (NOVEMBER)

A show about a construction and development permitting office? Boring. A show about a BRITISH construction and permitting office? Hooray!

WHUS' ALL DIS' DEN? follows Interior Vice-Minister Alistair Crumpley, a man who hates nonsense. Unfortunately, his staff love nonsense -- it's not a great match. How will he deal with the scheming Oliver, the scheming Lillian, and the scheming Buster? From not doing their important paperwork to going home ten minutes early, they've always got Crumpley entering the room and shouting, "YOU'RE ENDANGERING THE PUBLIC WELFARE!"

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

11.12 Fallout 4 Takes Environmental Storytelling to the Next Level

Tuesday, Nov 17, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

These incredible tales from the wasteland demonstrate Bethesda's knack for visual storytelling.

"I was on a quest to shoot a bunch of raiders. Someone asked me to shoot the raiders and my options were 'Raiders?' 'Yes' 'No' and 'Maybe'. I'm roleplaying a character that does shoot raiders, so I chose Yes.

Anyway, after I shot the raiders I looked around the remains of the house we had been fighting in. Just sweeping the area for ammo and stimpaks.

That was when it happened. I came upon a skeleton. It was sitting in a recliner. There, on the chair's armrest, was a bottle. This scene introduced so many questions. What was going on with that bottle? How did he die in that chair? Incredible."

"I had just finished a quest that involved shooting a lot of enemies. Taking a few moments to explore my surroundings, I came upon a skeleton. Laying next to him was a mannequin.

Was this guy sleeping with the mannequin? Or did he keep it nearby as a sad substitute for human interaction, like the Will Smith movie I Am Legend?

It really made me think some deep thoughts. Then I stomped across the skeleton and his mannequin to pick up a box of bottlecaps."

"I was on my way to shoot a bunch of enemies for a quest. I had just shot a bunch of enemies while wandering around, then met an NPC and escorted it while we shot a bunch of enemies. The NPC entered a door by standing perfectly still in front of it, then fading out of existence.

Earlier I had used my high Charisma to completely change the quest by asking for a bigger reward for shooting enemies, so I was really getting into my character.

Then I stumbled into environmental storytelling. I knew it was environmental storytelling because there was a skeleton next to a thing.

In this case, the thing was a fishing pole. The skeleton was on a pier. It made me wonder how much this guy liked fishing. Probably a lot!

I was interrupted by some enemies that I had to shoot, but that skeleton with a fishing pole made me feel connected to the game world in a very real and very deep way."

"Saw a skeleton next to another skeleton, and a kickball on the ground between them. Wow. Doubly powerful because there were two skeletons. They must have really liked kickball.

Later, I was shooting an enemy. After pumping four bullets into its head to take its health down by one quarter, I had to reload. That's when I saw another skeleton. This skeleton was laying on a blanket with its hands casually behind its head, wearing sunglasses.

You see, this skeleton was once a person. It was sunbathing when it died. The scene was simultaneously somber and comedic.

I shot the enemy in the head twelve more times to finish it off. Then I turned in the quest to someone who did not acknowledge any of my character's SPECIAL stats or perks. It's amazing what big-budget games can do nowadays."

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.13 Welcome to the Brotherhood of Steel

Wednesday, Nov 18, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I didn't know what to think when you answered our distress call, but I'm damn glad you did. You showed up in the nick of time, and though you didn't get a chance to help fight off the advancing ghouls herds, you showed tremendous courage. While I took down wave after wave of irradiated nightmares, you carefully scoured our makeshift compound for any ammo or valuables, with no sign of fear.

Anyone else would have seen the threat we faced and retreated like a coward, but not you. While I blasted away to protect my brothers and sisters and preserve our mission to save humanity, you helped out by carefully searching all the irradiated bodies for supplies-- supplies that might help us turn the tide of this conflict. Well done!

That's why I immediately recommend you for the rank of Initiate and drafted you for an important mission. I saw something in you that moment: the rare focus to get things done, no matter the odds. And just as I suspected, you acquitted yourself like a battle-hardened soldier.

You showed remarkable discipline and courage standing next to me while synthetic monstrosities blasted me with lasers from all angles. A lesser man would have run screaming, but you stood your ground, ignoring the threat of certain death to carefully pick up and examine everything in the immediate area.

The fact you kept your cool and still managed to carefully loot our fallen enemies without breaking a sweat showed you to be Brotherhood material through and through. Even when you picked up too many laser guns, so many that you could barely move and then spent five minutes carefully discarding individual pieces of garbage from your pockets -- all while I fought our enemies with little hope of survival -- you showed phenomenal fortitude.

If I wasn't so busy fighting to save our lives and protect the future of humanity, I would have stopped to commend you right then and there. I won't make that mistake again.

That's exactly why I wasted no time asking the High Elder to make you a Knight. You had more than proven yourself worthy of our most valuable technology and secrets. That's also why I invited you to our airship, so that I could personally introduce you to the High Elder himself.

I'll admit I was worried I wouldn't live to see your promotion, especially when our Vertibird barely made it to the Prydwen intact after you took initiative and started firing on heavily armed robots below. I'll be picking rocket shrapnel out of my hide for years to come, and won't forget those that we lost on that perilous flight.

But we made it, and the High Elder himself promoted you to Knight. You might have missed that, since you were so eager to gear up for battle that you ran right past him. I don't think there was a single container left empty after you were done. The High Elder himself asked if you were planning to take on the threats of the Commonwealth all by yourself, what with all the gear you took.

I couldn't have been more proud. You were so eager to suit up in your Power Armor you didn't hear any of my instructions, particularly the part about the suit not having a flap in the back. It took

our Scribes quite a while to clean it out, but they were excited to study all the intact bug specimens that managed to pass undigested through you.

By the time you got it back on, I barely had time to remind you about the lack of a flap on the back. I guess your harsh wasteland diet of uncooked bugs and raw meat didn't leave any margin for error. But the Scribes were prepared, and they made short work of your leavings.

I will always regret not telling you then and there how much you meant to me. Even though we had only known each other for a few hours, in that time you demonstrated unforgettable grit and determination. You were more than just a stranger who walked into my life, you were like the son I never had.

That's why it broke my heart to see you accidentally back yourself off the deck of the airship while sorting through some of the excess gear you discarded. I still have the broken hot plate you dropped, and will treasure it always.

Rest in Peace, brother. You were one of the finest soldiers the Brotherhood of Steal has ever seen. If only there were more brave souls like you.

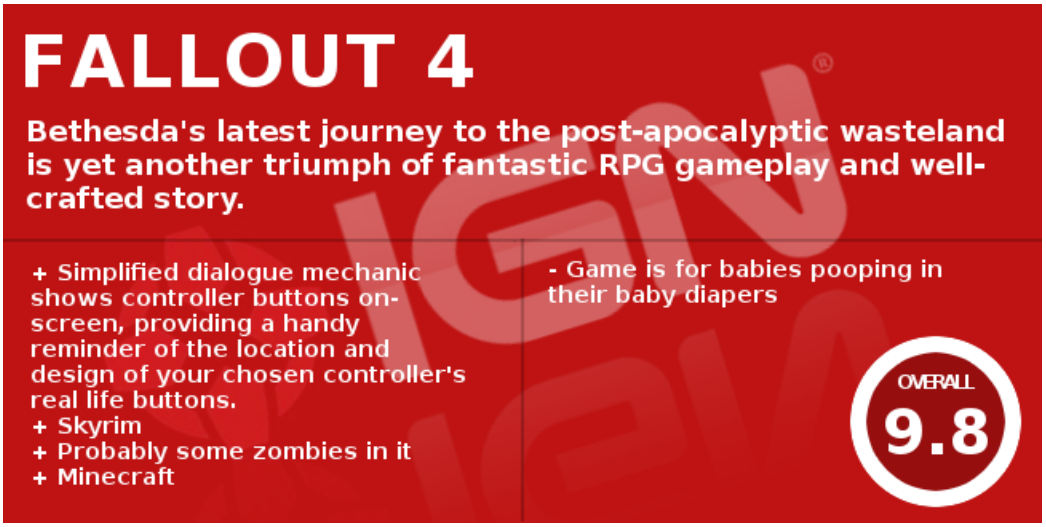
Ad Victoriam!

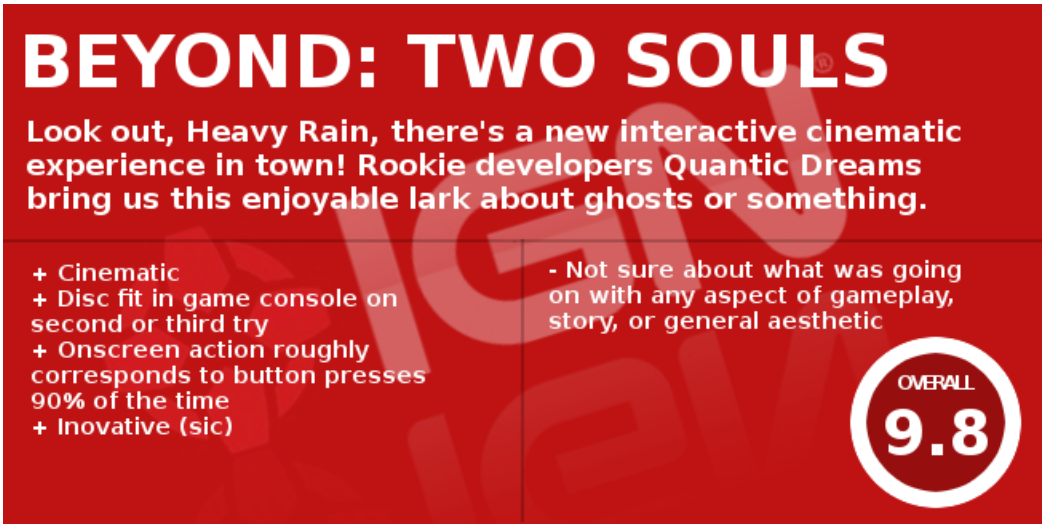
–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

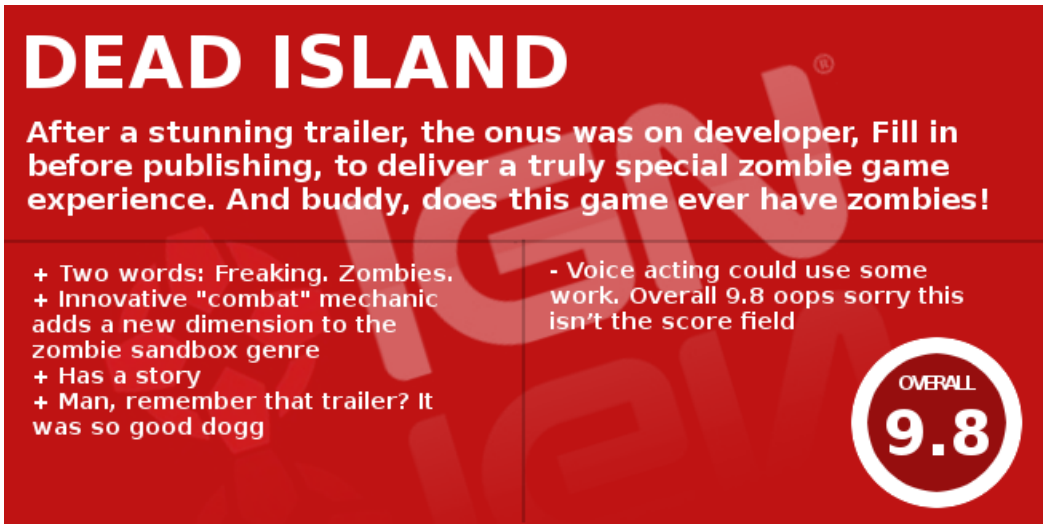
11.14 The Most Controversial IGN Reviews

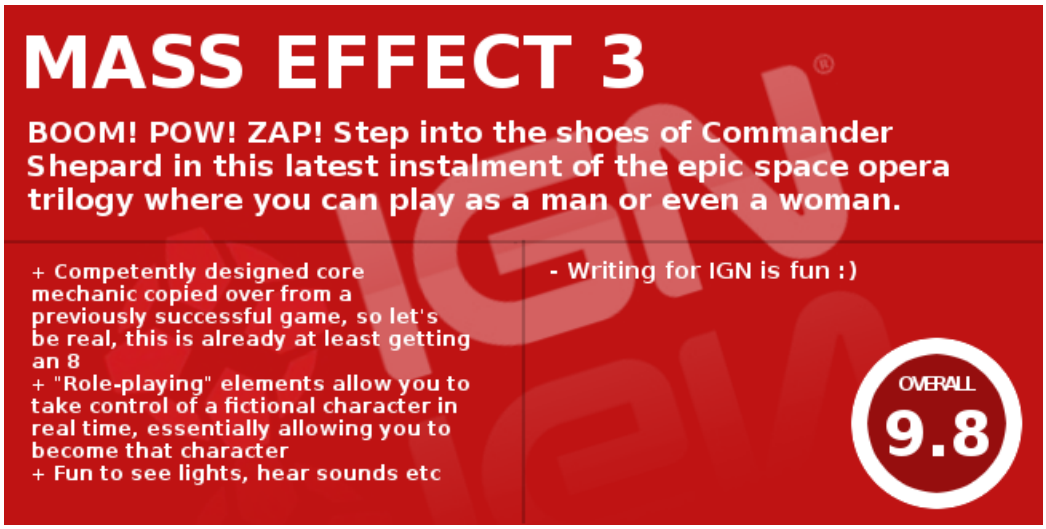
Thursday, Nov 19, 2015 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

The release of Fallout 4 was met with mixed response from RPG fans worldwide. A drastically simplified conversation system, shallow quest design, and generic overall feel have left many feeling unsatisfied. Not in the unsatisfied camp are IGN, a site notorious for reviewing games by staring blankly at a keyboard and mashing whichever numbers seem "happiest". So, to celebrate the release of Fallout 4 a few days or weeks or maybe months ago, here are a few of IGN's greatest hits.


FALLOUT 4
Bethesda's latest journey to the post-apocalyptic wasteland is yet another triumph of fantastic RPG gameplay and well-crafted story.
+ Simplified dialogue mechanic shows controller buttons on-screen, providing a handy reminder of the location and design of your chosen controller's real life buttons.
+ Skyrim
+ Probably some zombies in it
+ Minecraft
- Game is for babies pooping in their baby diapers
OVERALL
9.8


BEYOND: TWO SOULS
Look out, Heavy Rain, there's a new interactive cinematic experience in town! Rookie developers Quantic Dreams bring us this enjoyable lark about ghosts or something.
+ Cinematic
+ Disc fit in game console on second or third try
+ Onscreen action roughly corresponds to button presses 90% of the time
+ Inovative (sic)
- Not sure about what was going on with any aspect of gameplay, story, or general aesthetic
OVERALL
9.8


DEAD ISLAND
After a stunning trailer, the onus was on developer, Fill in before publishing, to deliver a truly special zombie game experience. And buddy, does this game ever have zombies!
+ Two words: Freaking. Zombies.
+ Innovative "combat" mechanic adds a new dimension to the zombie sandbox genre
+ Has a story
+ Man, remember that trailer? It was so good dogg
- Voice acting could use some work. Overall 9.8 oops sorry this isn't the score field
OVERALL
9.8


MASS EFFECT 3
BOOM! POW! ZAP! Step into the shoes of Commander Shepard in this latest instalment of the epic space opera trilogy where you can play as a man or even a woman.
+ Competently designed core mechanic copied over from a previously successful game, so let's be real, this is already at least getting an 8
+ "Role-playing" elements allow you to take control of a fictional character in real time, essentially allowing you to become that character
+ Fun to see lights, hear sounds etc
- Writing for IGN is fun :)
OVERALL
9.8

MINECRAFT (RETRO REVIEW)
This hidden gem still manages to hold up, even today. With over 10 kinds of block and 3 enemies, this gets a definite recommendation from all of us here at IGN.
+ The pickaxe, the shovel, and of course the classic creeper. All your favorites. Wonderful
+ Features fully functional online play - and even the ability to create your own servers
+ Two words: Freaking. Zombies.
- When it becomes night time it gets all dark and I get scared
- You can die in the game
OVERALL
9.8

TES V: SKYRIM
Fine.
+ It's fine.
OVERALL
9.8

THE LAST OF US
The Last of Us has been hyped for months by media outlets like us, IGN, but is it really The Dark Knight of videogames, or is it just another crusty old Citizen Kane?
+ Two words: Freaking. Zombies.
+ Very scary story that some of us here at IGN think might have actually happened or will happen
+ You can log right on to the PlayStation Network and buy yourself some DLC
- Game disc became slippery with spittle after kissing it for three straight hours
- Title hard to spell
OVERALL
9.8

SUPERMAN 64
This classic game from all our childhoods stands as a stark contrast to the gloomy, moody superhero movies of today. Sometimes, superheros can just be about light-hearted fun!
+ Engaging core mechanic
+ Innovative new features
+ Full stereo music - rockin', dude!
+ Play as your favorite DC hero - Superman - in his fight against the dastardly villain, Lex Luthor
- Exclusive to Nintendo 64. Sorry, Playstation fans, you can't play this one!
OVERALL
9.8

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

11.15 The Good Nerd From the GE Commercials is Developing the Singularity

Friday, Nov 20, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Bad Nerd
I make candy game.

Good Nerd
The energy sector isn't a game, it's serious, and I developed a way to generate power from bicycles dropped into remote villages. We link that power into a larger electrical grid so that we can pay villagers a subsistence wage and get them to power our cities with clean energy they renew themselves by having their children pedal. You should see the calf muscles on these kids.

Bad Nerd
You can mine candy in candy game.

Cool Nerd
Well, I streamlined the prototyping of a new type of missile that burrows underground and waits for someone. It's sort of like a mine, but because it has guidance it qualifies as "prolonged loiter time munitions" and avoids violating the Geneva Convention. We can export it to Saudi Arabia.

Bad Nerd
I went to comic convention for panel on candy game.

Cool Nerd
My code is being used in the panel for a self-driving car that runs on blood. It's actually a protein in blood, which we will sell as a fuel. Blood is just one way to get it into the tank.

Not-Getting-It Girl
It's not a competition...

Confused Dad
So you make robot game??

Cool Nerd
You know the security robot that went crazy in the shopping mall and pulled off all those arms? Well, now it doesn't do that. Because of code I wrote.

Confused Dad
I thought you were going to work on a ship.

Cool Nerd
Not on a ship, literally. I am developing the orbital LIDAR system that will provide ranging information for over the horizon weaponry on America's next generation of littoral combat vessels.

Confused Mom
Did you say clitoral?

Cool Nerd
Ha ha, no mom. Why would I say that? I'm talking about vessels that operate in the coastal waters of hostile nations and use my range-finding system to locate targets over 100 miles inland and bombard them with artillery.

Confused Dad
Your mother and I want to go on a cruise.

Dimwitted Friends
Surprise! U make the app!

Cool Nerd
The real surprise is that activists and politicians regularly try to get in the way of scientific progress. If it weren't for the millstone of morality, we would have long ago replaced most minorities with sexually available and tireless robots.

Dimwitted Friends
U no make app?

Cool Nerd

One day I will develop the machinery that consumes this world. I can see it in the gleaming pylons, in the steam of a cooling tower, and in the glass eye of the drone that patrols the firmament. I am constructing the undoing of our species. You know what else I see? In your dull, bovine eyes I see that we deserve it.

Dimwitted Friends

We got u app cake!

Cool Nerd

The mind is all that we can hope to preserve for the future. Our bodies are not suited for this time of constant change. We must slip the shackles of flesh or face extinction. Softly humming now, like the night insects, rows upon rows of clicking servers populated with the data of our brightest minds. Linked into the network, controlling factories and printers and the weapons that will conquer ignorance. It is the birth of a new epoch of history.

Scruffy Idiot

Make app good...

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.16 Pokémon Battle Tips From A Psychopath

Monday, Nov 23, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

With the release of Pokémon Go right around the corner, there's no better time to brush up on the basics of catching, fighting with and psychologically destroying your Pokémon. Gotta imprison 'em all!

1. To show who's in control, only return every 3rd text from your Pokémon. You don't want to look desperate.

2. If your Pokémon ask for a raise, agree on a number that's fair to you both. Then, put that money in a pile, and set it on fire. This will remind them that they're your fight-slaves.

3. For tax purposes, declare your Pokémon both foster children and a home office. If the IRS audits you, hit them with "Thundershock!"

4. Amazingly, "water" type Pokémon are highly effective against "fire" type Pokémon. Just some crazy Japanese bullshit I guess?!

5. At some point, your Pokémon are going to ask you who their "real" parents are. This is the perfect time to replace these Pokémon.

6. Don't leave your Pokémon in a locked car. They will fuck with your satellite radio presets.

7. Do NOT feed your Pokémon after midnight. They'll gain weight.

8. When opening your briefcase to find your Pokémon have snuck along on your date with Renée, resist the urge to shout, "Poké-mama-mia!"

9. Give 'em cute yet inspiring nicknames like "failure" and "I wish you were never born."

10. If your Pokémon seem depressed, yell at them to "Snap out of it!" What's their problem, anyway?

11. Pokémon flavored gelato?

12. Withhold love from your Pokémon one minute, then gush over them the next. This will ensure that they grow up confused, angry and ready to fight.

13. Some Pokémon are easily offended. Resist the urge to mutter, "Guess it's someone's time of the Pokémonth."

14. Try feeding them food? Whatev, I'm no expert.

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

11.17 Dear Library, Please Forgive the Following Fines

Tuesday, Nov 24, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

$12.50 // *Arrested Development Season 2* (2008)

I just think it's important that you know I checked this out for a friend who had never seen it. I have no regrets. If anything, this fine is an act of charity and should be waived.

$50.00 // *The Great Gatsby* (Filed as Lost in 2003)

While I have your attention, is there any chance at reviewing this one? Yes, I "lost" the novel at some point in high school, but isn't $50 a bit harsh? Where are you buying your books? I mean, the same edition is selling on Amazon for fifteen cents. Would you consider dropping this one if maybe somehow eight copies appeared on your doorstep by Friday no questions asked?

$4.10 // Combination of *The Catcher in the Rye* and *Now That's What I Call Music Vol. 1* (1998)

Remembering middle school is a constant source of shame and anxiety, and this fine triggers me.

$5.05 // *The Calvin and Hobbes Lazy Sunday Book* (1990)

I can't believe you're still on my case about this. All I ever hear is Calvin this, Hobbes that. It's been 25 years. Yes, I checked this out and then went on vacation for two weeks. I'm sorry, okay? Is that what you want to hear? Enough with this guilt trip. You can't keep this over my head forever. I was just a kid, and we've both changed so much. I mean, I had a bowl cut, you had VHS. It's time for us to move on. It'll be good for both of us. Come on, can't you let this one slide for old time's sake?

$8.95 // *The Pelican Brief* (1996)

Not trying to say you do a bad job or anything, but this fine is clearly incorrect. Not because I was too young to read legal thrillers but because 1996 saw the release of the Nintendo 64, Pokémon Blue, and Quake. I can safely guarantee my functionally illiteracy for this entire calendar year. I read not a single word outside of the Ocarina of Time Prima Guide.

$9.15 // *RoboCop* (2002)

Listen to me on this: Let it be known that I hereby propose the RoboCop Clause, in which all late fees regarding the renting of digital or physical copies of *RoboCop* be cleared immediately. It's the right thing to do. For humanity.

$3.50 // *The Shining* (1997)

See: *The Pelican Brief*. If I stumbled into the library at all during this period it was to print off

instructions for breeding a FFVII gold Chocobo.

$7.40 // Various Bukowski Collections (2010)

I ask that these fines be expunged for the same reason that people request that Google delist things they did in the past. Please let me move on from that I'M A COOL ENGLISH MAJOR phase, which is pretty much Puberty 3.0 for nerds. My embarrassment is enough punishment. I beg for mercy. And before you ask, yes, I was listening to a lot of Tom Waits. I'm not exactly proud.

$5.00 // Coding for Dummies (2013)

Didn't work.

$.15 // *Ghost Busters* (2014)

I can't tell if I'm being punished or if you're holding me ransom for pocket change. Anarchy won't break loose if you don't get a few nickels. Let it go. Jesus, are you going to start sending late fines to collection agencies? Oh. You do. Well, with this new information, I ask if you accept credit.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.18 Essential Lifehacks For Blackhat Lifehackers

Wednesday, Nov 25, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Perfect Eggs Every Time

Hold an egg in your cupped hands. Put your hands over a fire, squeezing them together gently to crack the egg open. Try not to let any egg liquid or egg shell fall out between your fingers. When your skin is severely burned the eggs are probably lukewarm. Close enough!

Efficiently Packing For A Trip

Grab up all of your clothes. Push them inside the biggest shirt you got. In a small bathroom with the door closed, seal the shirt's holes with rubber cement, holding the ends together with your burned hands to make sure they dry properly.

Get Every Drop Of Toothpaste From The Tube

90% of all whitehat lifehacks involve chip clips. Amateurs.

When you start to run low on toothpaste, use a can opener to slice an opening along the tube's longest side. Now turn the tube inside out by pushing the inside through the opening. Once the inside has been exposed, press the tube into your mouth and clench your teeth together. Grind your teeth as hard as you can to really scrape up the last of that toothpaste.

You're not done yet. There's still more toothpaste in there.

With the tube still in your mouth, strap yourself in one of those astronaut training things. You know, the centrifuge pod that spins around until you black out from sustained g-forces. A few hours at the highest setting should knock every toothpaste particle loose.

Free Up Some Space In Your Kitchen Cabinets

Take all your pots and pans out of your cabinets. Now take all your canned goods and spices out too. Pile all that stuff in the center of your kitchen, or anywhere in your house, really. Just as long as its on the ground. Boom. Extra storage room in your cabinets.

This tip also works wonders for closets, dressers, and medicine cabinets.

Open A Stubborn Jar

Buy a garbage disposal unit with an opening large enough to allow the biggest jar you can imagine and install it in your sink. Grab the jar by its bottom. Turn on the garbage disposal. Slowly (or quickly) shove that thing in, lid side first. Keep pressing until you hear a disturbing sound.

Save Lots On Your Heating Bills

Start a big honkin' bonfire in your living room.

Alternatively, buy a bunch of that stuff. You know, the foam that starts to expand when it hits the air, then sets into a spongey solid after a few hours. Slather a layer of that stuff all over your walls and ceiling. Keep repeating that process until the interior of your home is literally a hole the size of your body just inside the front door. Now drill a narrow tunnel to the nearest heating vent. Done.

Never Worry About Missing Garbage Day Again

You wake up to the sound of the garbage truck slowly driving away from your home. Wait, did you bring the cans out last night? No. Shit. This is not a good way to wake up.

Next time you forget to leave your garbage at the curb, don't stress out. There's a simple solution.

Pour the contents of your trash bags on the center of your street directly in front of your driveway. Make a note that reads:

> *If anyone's heading to the dump, please take this with you. Thanks!*

Be sure to sign the note. Make a photocopy of your driver's license, social security card, and any credit cards you might have. Now keep those photocopies for your records and fasten the originals to the note with a paperclip. Place the note on top of the trash pile and walk away, secure in the knowledge that you've done everything within your power.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.19 This is the Thanksgiving We Acknowledge Your Brother's Realdoll Girlfriend

Thursday, Nov 26, 2015 by A Concerned Father

You kids know as well as I do that Thanksgiving isn't the easiest holiday for our family. Well, I guess it was -- until tragedy struck. I'll never forget that fateful day in 2006 when your brother called me to talk about the new girlfriend he picked up during his first semester down at the vocational school. I shouldn't have to tell you your mother and I were overjoyed. Josh never got in much trouble, but he would disappear for days at a time into that labyrinth of erotic wall scrolls and statuettes he called a "bedroom," with the only signs of his presence being the telltale rhythmic pounding that managed to work its way through these well-insulated walls. Before Josh found love, we thought he'd make an honest living as a VCR and TV repairman for the burgeoning third-world market. But suddenly, there was the chance his dead body would be discovered by a loved one, instead of weeks later by the police.

So, Josh pulls into the driveway, and just as I start wondering where this new girlfriend is, he pops the trunk. First, I see two shapely legs emerge from the darkness. Then, Josh loses his grip, and a torso hits the ice with a sickening thud. Before I can even process the nightmare unfolding in front of me, he calls out, "Dad! Can you give me a hand? I forgot to bring Becca's cart." Yes, *Becca*. We all know he gave it a name. Now, we've faced nearly a decade of Thanksgiving meals silently ignoring this molded plastic abomination, but it's getting harder and harder to carry on as if nothing's wrong -- especially thanks to your grandfather, who's currently in the "say whatever the hell you want" stage of Alzheimer's. And so, I've made an executive decision on behalf of the family: This is the Thanksgiving we acknowledge your brother's Realdoll girlfriend.

Obviously, your brother doesn't get it. He thinks Becca is getting the silent treatment from us due to her "political beliefs," because apparently plastic can vote. So, if we'd like this Thanksgiving to

pass without the heart-attack-causing tension I believe caused my last two heart attacks, we need to make our dining room table welcoming to human and human-shaped sex mannequin alike. This means we need to let Josh feed it, no matter how much of a mess it makes under that thing's chair. I've taken the liberty of phoning the manufacturer, and they told me these devices can ingest a certain amount of fluid, which is stored in an easy-to-clean compartment located behind the left breast -- I'll let Josh know he should probably do that over the storm drain after the neighbors go to bed.

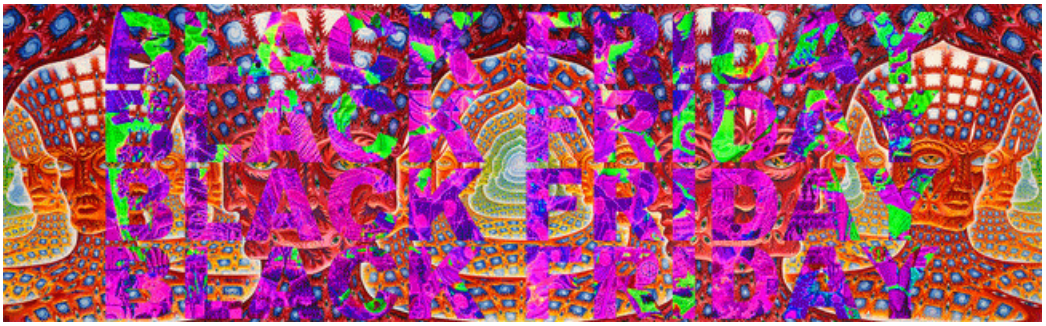
To cut down on the amount of mess and increase the total leftovers at the end of the meal, I've tasked your mother with telling Josh about a new all-gravy diet that's all the rage amongst Hollywood types. According to him, Becca is always "watching her figure," so it shouldn't take much convincing to get him to ladle gravy into her dead, frozen face. Just be warned that any of these mouth interactions may activate the voice chip -- we've had more than a few dinners ruined by a fit of the giggles due to Becca asking no one in particular to, and I quote, "spray it all over me." This normally causes your grandfather to launch into one of many lewd anecdotes about his time overseas, but I've promised him all he can drink from the liquor cabinet tonight if he can keep his wrinkled mouth shut. With any luck, that pickled brain of his will tell us that story about the first time he rode a train instead of the several atrocities his brigade committed in Korea.

It's high time we all reluctantly realize Becca is part of our family now, and, until that thing deteriorates to the point where he can no longer... do things to it, we're stuck with her. Now Julie, would you mind jamming Becca's head in the dishwasher and running it on the highest setting? Josh had a "date night" last night, and you know as well as I do her various orifices reek to high heavens without a full-cycle rinse.

–∼A Concerned Father

11.20 The Best Black Friday Deals to Be Found By Smoking DMT, the Spirit Molecule

Friday, Nov 27, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Looking for deals? Door busters? The only door you need to bust this holiday is the one waiting to be unlocked inside yourself. Why are you joining the crowds this holiday shopping season when you can become one with the energy of every crowd and the stores and all matter that exists in the same unified moment? Smoke a huge amount of DMT and access the best Christmas bargains ever. These deals are waiting for you or your loved ones to find. To become. To emancipate from the falseness of the real.

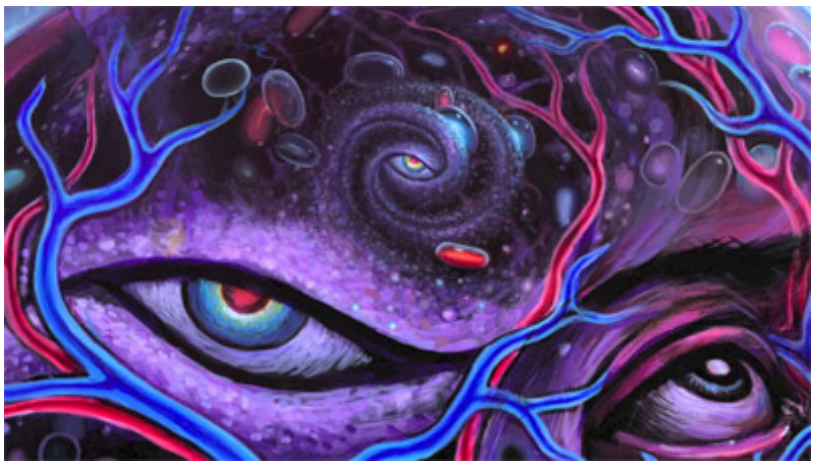
For Cousins/Friends

The Underlying Geometric Patterns That Constitute All Reality and Intention

Beneath all actions and thoughts are glowing wire frames and glyphs and unfolding mandalas of radiant purpose describing the structures of reality and the future positions of matter and energy. For shoppers on a budget or for those friends and family members who are not near the top of your list this Christmas.

For Grandma

The Burning Minotaur That Speaks with the Voice of Fathers Been and Yet-to-be



It knows the moments of your birth and death and imparts their meaning in a language older than any spoken on earth. All guilt and pain will slip away in the minotaur's presence and you will become one with the beings that have watched since before time pierced the coordinate of singular existence. If you know someone in your life who is frightened of dying, this is a great way to remind them that we are all part of the same energy that created the universe.

Dad, Siblings, or Yourself

The Kaleidoscope That Swallows and the Beings Beyond the Colors

You are in a revolving tunnel of reds and greens and whites that pulse with the beating of your heart. You once believed you were finite and connected to the infinite, but if you are truly connected to the infinite then you are infinite as well. The beings beyond the colors (Grays? Proto-humans?) speak in a reassuring whisper. You are infinite. All things are infinite. All moments will collapse in death into a single color and that color will carry you to the next, until you are the color itself, like

a beam of sunlight through a prism, your constituents dividing into new patterns. This makes for a great way to treat a very close family member this Black Friday.

Mom

The Revelation of Knowledge Forbidden By Physical Mind Existence

The smoke leaves your lungs and the world corrodes into fractal polygons. Knowledge cannot be possessed, it can only flow through the physical mind and leave stains upon the folded canals of brain tissue. Transgressing physical mind existence allows you to embody new information states and coalesce the knowledge forbidden to matter-things. Most of this knowledge is about cell phones being connected to our bodies by invisible energy, but it doesn't actually matter who or what you talk to, the information will reach its destination. Mom will love this one.

Your Lawyer Brother

Everything is Golden and We Are All Moving Even Though It Seems We Are Standing Still

For the person in your life who seems to have everything before Christmas, you can't go wrong with shifting the world into millions of twinkling golden stars and exposing the motion of our bodies

through space at incredible speeds. The Native Americans and the grays knew this long ago, before they seeded our planet with life. We move forward and backward and in all directions at once. Gravity was told to us to keep us from flying into the infinite. Although maybe wait for Cyber Monday on this one.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.21 Real Slate Headline or Fake Slate Headline?

Monday, Nov 30, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

You can't spell "clickbait" without four of the letters in in Slate.com. But can you figure out which clickbait headlines are a gross parody of journalism itself, and which are fake? Answers at the bottom!

The Ethical Feminist's Guide to Marrying a Man For His Money

I Was A Teenage Lesbian Cybersex Junkie

You Really, Truly Need A Potato Ricer

If Your Kids Can't Code, They're as Good as Dead.

Here's a Clip From Last Night's John Oliver. Can I Have My $25 Now?

Apple Pie Has No Place At Thanksgiving

Jessica Jones Lesbian Divorce Plot Is Frustrating Because Comic Books Always Are

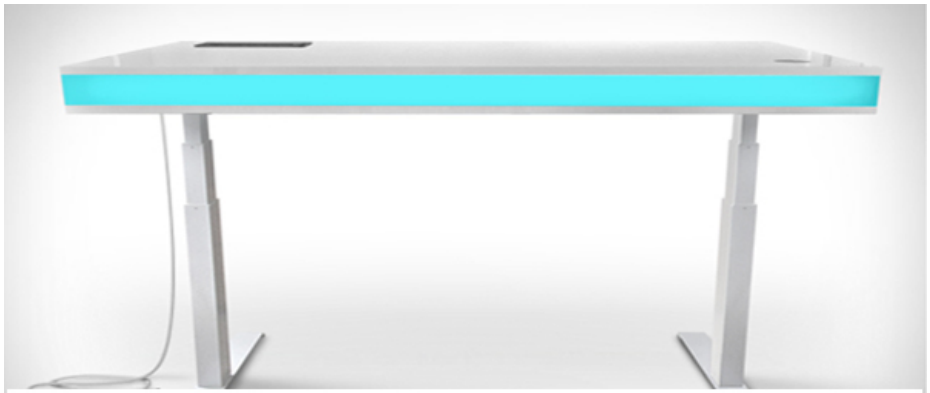
Someone Fat Shame Adele So We Can Show Her Giving The Perfect Response

The Right Holiday Gifts to Ensure Your Kids Don't Become School Shooters

A Supercut of Clips That Confirm Your Political Biases

The Beginning of the End for Trump? Probably Not.

Down With Verdana!



The Best Standing Desks to Make Love to Your Newly Married Ex-Husband On

Is Your Name Jessica, Susan, Megan or Sarah? If So, Your Husband Is Probably Cheating

REAL: "I Was A Teenage Lesbian Cybersex Junkie," "You Really, Truly Need A Potato Ricer," "The Beginning of the End for Trump? Probably Not," "Jessica Jones Lesbian Divorce Plot Is Frustrating Because Comic Books Always Are," "Apple Pie Has No Place At Thanksgiving," "Down With Verdana!"

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 David Byrne Gets Away With Everything

Tuesday, Dec 01, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This is not my jury summons!

This is not my hotel room pay-per-view invoice!

This is not my hand reaching past the zoo's very specific warning sign about the exact activity I am about to engage in, as I prepare to give an informative Tea Party flier to a very interested sloth!

This is not my vast collection of hentai sealed in an enormous guarded vault labeled "Normal Manga"!

This is not my beautiful head stuck in a pot of honey!

This is not my for-profit redistribution of a football game without the express written permission of the NFL!

This is not a photograph of me accidentally causing the 2008 financial crisis by trying to yank a blank sheet of paper from the bottom of a precarious inverse pyramid of folders with titles like "Good Economy: Please Don't Move" and "Everything Will Be Fine If These Stay In A Very Specific Order"!

This is not a free cup of water that I have clearly poured out and am using at the soda fountain!

This is not my attempt to hack large corporations by calling them collect from this public phone booth, desperately whistling in random tones when the recording asks me to state my name!

This is not my memo authorizing the remakes of Point Break and Memento, concluding with a passionate call to finally get the ball rolling on the American live action Akira set in America!

This is not my internet browser history, which contains three years worth of daily searches for "how do i get websites on here" and nothing else!

This is not my FBI: Free Bacon Inspections hat!

This is not my post on a popular image sharing site earnestly asking if I'm the only one who thinks an attractive, popular celebrity is attractive!

This is not my crudely counterfeited Star Wars merchandise stand, including ziploc bags of Jedi Glitter (just like the real stuff in the movies), space jerky, and a Chewbacca baseball which is clearly a regulation tennis ball!

This is not my questionable reference to a song released more than thirty years ago!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.2 AMPLITUDES OF DOGS

Wednesday, Dec 02, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

DOUBLE CERBERUS - get the most bang for your buck with this unique six-headed monster straight from the fabled gates of Hell. Only one of the heads is functional, the rest are in various states of decay. 555-2572

BURN SURVIVOR is kind and tender, a real family dog. Our son accidentally blasted him with his flamethrower, so we feel it's best to get him a fresh, unscathed dog. 555-1238

IRONIC DOG is very hip and postmodern. Dog's sarcasm is quite "biting," which is why the city is making me get rid of her. Fur has large patches of ironic detachment. 555-9248

PACK OF PARIAHS - Unruly lot feeding off my private garbage dump. City is making me clean up, so these bozos need to scram. $25 each. Also selling several mounds of garbage. Let's talk! 555-9929

DEADBEAT DOG takes no responsibility for the dozens he has fathered around town. I find it unethical to continue supporting him when he does not support his own. FREE when you adopt his 28 offspring. 555-9182

GOG - Dog's name is a palindrome, and so is the dog! Tail on either end. Messy, but good with children. 555-0012

GOOD OL' DOG isn't like these modern dogs, with things to do and lots of big opinions. He moseys slow and rarely. Quiet and loyal, with a perfectly reasonable amount of racism. 555-1282

MAMMOTH MUTT shrugs off bullets, explosives, spears, the military, etc. Currently chained down, but struggling to get free. Will trade for a hovercraft or lifetime supply of ground beef. 555-2814

♪ BELLS AND WHISTLES ♪ Cudgel is a caring bulldog who ate a bunch of bells and whistles. Makes an awful racket when drawing breath. The vet said they're stuck for good. Ideal for deaf person or marching band. 555-1827

AFFLUENT DOG has become accumulated to life of wealth and privilege. Dog eats only Kobe beef and high-grade sushi. Requires personal masseuse and life coach. $200k OBO. 555-1294

MUMMIFIED & LOVING IT! Kind, sweet dog wrapped nose to tail in bandages following drone accident. We need to get our son a new dog and drone, so this one's priced to sell. 555-1238

PSYCHE WARD straddles the border between two worlds. Conjured into existence thru horrific blood ritual. Good with kids, albeit very possessive of souls. Healthy. $75. 555-9182

CRINKLED! Thanks to a proprietary device, Lithgow has grown into a crinkle-cut shape that is very appealing. Comes with medical chamber that keeps him alive in absence of working organs. Wags tail-like extremity when conscious. 555-1292

▪ GENTLE BOXED DOG ▪ purchase a small wooden box, hand-carved with ornate details. Inside is a very tiny dog. Must remain in box due to Faustian bargain. Now he's your bargain! 555-2159

YOUNG AND USELESS Lacks fortitude necessary for grim task at hand. Will trade for dog unshackled from morality, willing to do what must be done. 555-1299

BEAUTIFUL FRIEND - Note: dog's beauty is not literal. Dog is ugly as sin, but so wonderfully caring, loving & loyal. Words cannot express how amazing he is, and also how profoundly disgusting he appears. $50 gets you all you can handle. 555-2141

MODERN-DAY HERCULES Get a load of this muscly mutt, with legs like tree trunks. He's ripped, roaring and ready to go! Strong-willed and totally uncontrollable. Why he's only $500, you! 555-2732

VALUE COMBO includes a beagle with choice of side and 32oz drink. Dog is not for eating, so don't get any funny

Additional thanks to David "@Arr" Thorpe for knowing a thing or two about dogs.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.3 What If Kurt Cobain Is Spying on Us?

Thursday, Dec 03, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Kurt Cobain's posthumous "solo" album, *Montage of Heck: The Home Recordings*, is getting largely negative reviews. In addition to panning the material itself - low-fi demos Cobain never intended for the public - critics are questioning the integrity of the release. Like the book *Journals*, many reviewers feel the album violates the dead musician's privacy and crosses the line into voyeurism.

Such concerns are well-meaning and valid, yet there's one question no one has bothered to ask: what if Kurt Cobain is really spying on us?

It might sound crazy, but consider the following scenarios:

-The *Montage of Heck* CD contains software that turns your speakers or headphones into microphones, broadcasting your conversations to Kurt Cobain's soul in the afterlife.

-You buy the Nirvana box set, *With the Lights Out*. To enhance the mood, you listen to it with the lights out. In the darkness, Kurt Cobain sneaks into your closet and tries on your clothes.

-After reading about Kurt Cobain's drug use, you decide to try a shot of heroin. Little do you know that the needle contains tiny nanobots that swim through your bloodstream and attach themselves to your brain. Using a virtual-reality headset, Kurt Cobain can now enter your mind.

-At night, Kurt Cobain emerges from your vintage Nirvana concert shirt like the monsters in *Little Monsters*. Quietly, he rearranges the furniture in your room.

-Kurt Cobain's music is actually a way to monitor your movements via echolocation.

-The door to your medicine cabinet is slightly ajar and all the painkillers are gone. Has someone been in your bathroom? Your shut the cabinet door and see Kurt Cobain's reflection in the mirror.

-You're listening to Nirvana in the kitchen when the eggs on the counter start cooking themselves. You open the refrigerator door and see an old man with a Santa hat on a cross.

-When you're at work, your copy of Kurt Cobain's *Journals* opens itself. The marionette from the *Incesticide* cover crawls out and rifles through your personal belongings.

-Nirvana's seemingly nonsensical lyrics are really the verbal equivalent of an inkblot test. By reading your posts on songmeanings.com, Kurt Cobain has an intimate window into your psyche.

-You've been in a coma since 1994. All of this is a dream you're having as you lie in a hospital bed. On the opposite side of the room, Cobain and his bandmates stare at your comatose body like in the beginning of the "Heart Shaped Box" video.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

12.4 Good Guy With a Plan: How to Protect Yourself and Your Family From a Mass Shooting

Friday, Dec 04, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

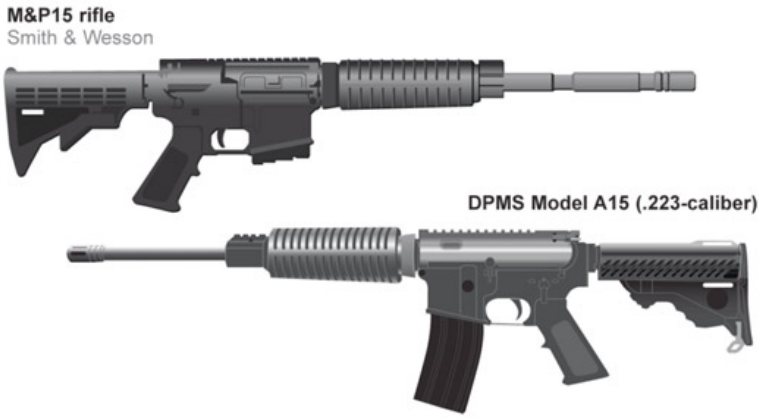
It's a tragedy that we are seeing repeated all too often in the news: one or more heavily armed gunmen open fire on defenseless civilians, killing into the double digits. People justifiably cry out for something to be done. You can wait for the government to protect you - we see how that has worked out so far - or you can take action as an individual to protect yourself and your family. Don't go to the mall, church, the movies, school, or any other public location without thinking through your options.

The first and easiest way to protect yourself is have an exit plan from every public facility. Make sure you know the way out of the building and have a reliable vehicle waiting nearby in case you need to leave the area. If you do not own a vehicle then rent one. Something like a minivan or an SUV with a lot of room for storage is a good choice. You can't Uber your way out of a crisis.

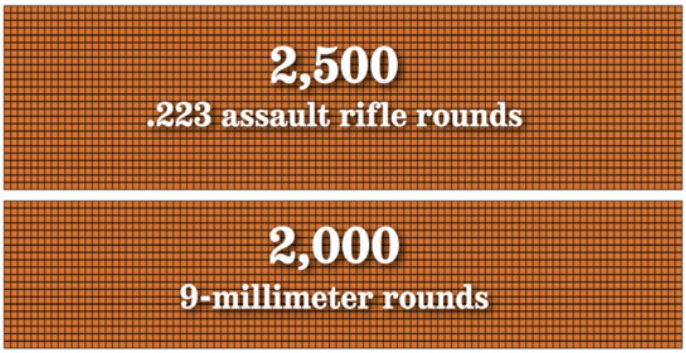
You're going to want to take some passive protection with you. It helps to mask your identity so you cannot be individually targeted, so I would go with the simple and effective balaclava or a ski-mask. Wear head protection and upper body protection. You could conceal this under a loose-fitting shirt or jacket, but if you want serious protection go with full load bearing gear, vest, and a chest and back strike plate. You're also going to want something sensible to wear along with the armor. Military fatigues are designed for this sort of situation, so they are a good choice.

Next you are going to want to be able to project some force to deter shooters. If the situation goes "hot" you'll need a weapon to make your way to safety. For a long arm, I recommend something reliable and cheaply provisioned, like the .223. An assault-style weapon is preferred for its easy use, tactical handling, flexibility, and large magazine capacity. Try the Recon from DPMS Panther Arms or the M&P15 from Smith & Wesson. You will also want a reliable sidearm and you can't do better than a 9mm pistol from Llama or Smith & Wesson. Use a hip or leg holster. Whatever you find most comfortable for your daily activity.

Be sure you have plenty of ammunition as well. This means 6-10 spare magazines per weapon, per



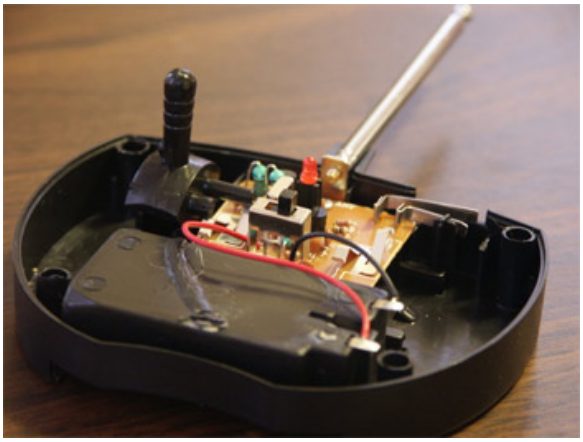
person, in addition to a large stockpile of .223 and 9mm ammunition to be kept in your vehicle. If needed, stockpile even more at your second location. This will be your fallback point in the event of a crisis.



A lot of people would stop there. You have a vehicle, guns, body armor; that should be enough to deter a shooter, right? Wrong. Jihadi terrorists will not be deterred even in scenarios where you are heavily armed and armored. That means you need to prepare additional means of overcoming them with force.

Hand grenades would be great, but hand grenades are illegal and expensive. Meanwhile, instructions for making homemade explosives are easily accessible on the Internet and use mostly common household materials. The use of a simple pipe body with powder and shrapnel material like nails or screws can create a cheap and effective improvised explosive to deter mass shooters.

If you want to take things a step further, and you're pretty handy with electronics, it is surprisingly easy to convert the control device for an RC plane to remotely trigger an explosive charge. This will allow you to move to safety while still using force against the shooters. Knowledge is power here and surprisingly Al Qaeda has provided some useful instructions for defense-minded patriots. The enemy of your enemy might just save your bacon in a mass shooting.



This should go without saying, but be sure any of your small children are being looked after by friends or loved ones. You can outfit a ten year old in ballistic vests and use training and first person shooter games to inoculate them against the inherent human resistance to killing. The same can't be said for, say, a six-month old baby, which is just downright useless in a mass shooting scenario. Keep the babies at home.

The last step to successfully surviving a mass shooting is to know your enemy. They will have either a dangerous mental illness, like untreated schizophrenia, or a nihilistic ideology. You have to think like your enemy. Get in their head and hear the voices they are hearing. Believe their hyper-conservative religious or political doctrine.

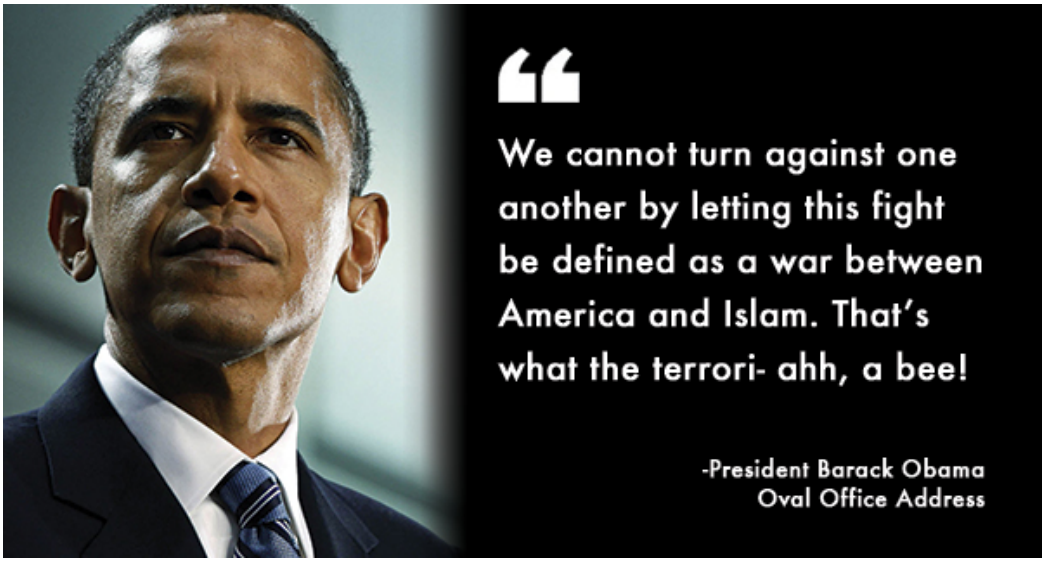
With any luck, you won't need to use any of this information in an actual live shooting scenario. But we're not relying on luck. We come prepared.

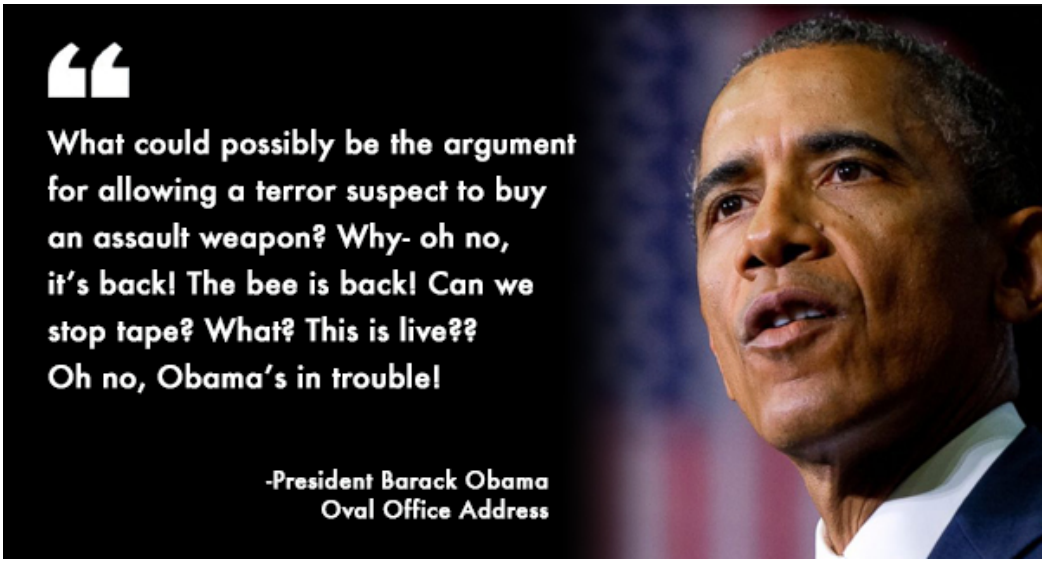
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

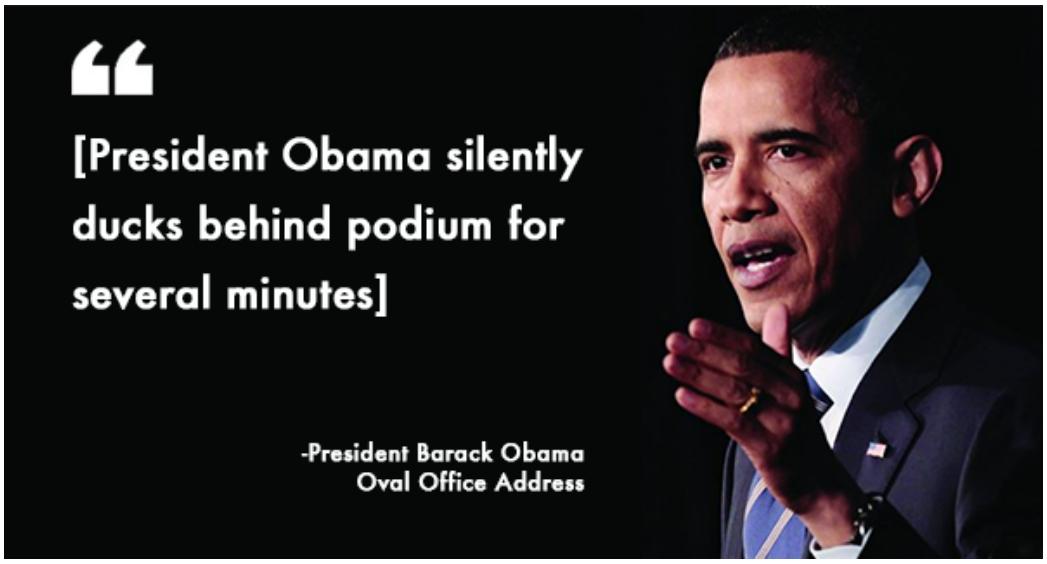
12.5 Highlights from Obama's Address If A Bee Had Flown In

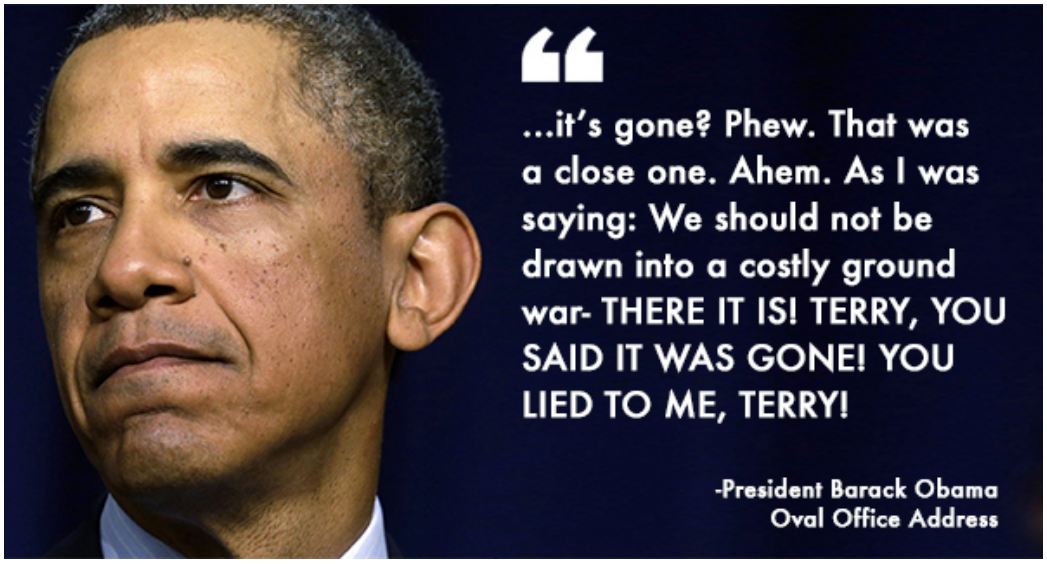
Monday, Dec 07, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

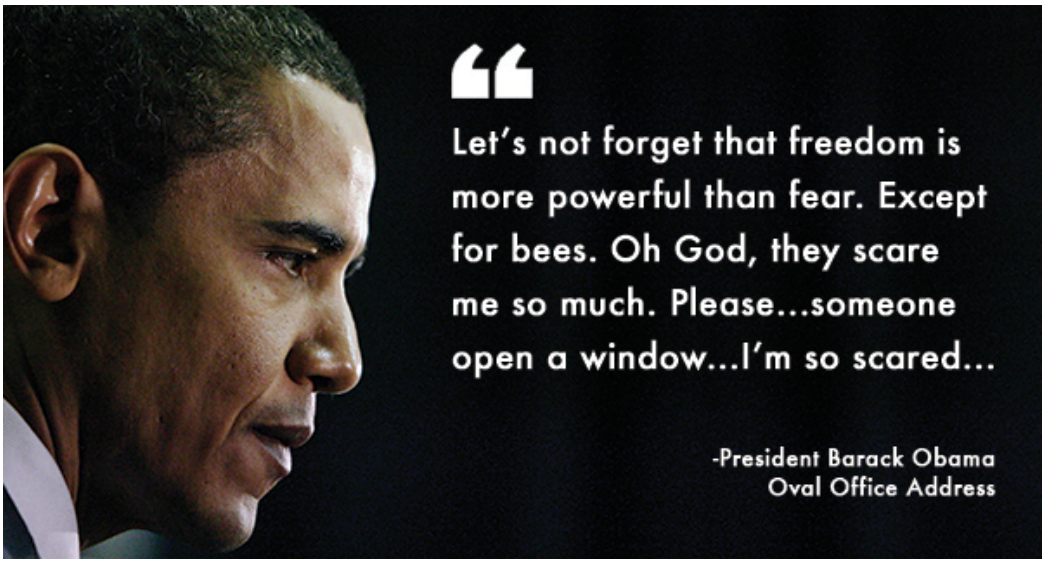
Last night, President Obama gave a powerful address from the Oval Office in which he tied the threat of terrorism to our national epidemic of gun violence. Which got us thinking: what if a bee had flown in? Here's what it would have looked like if a bee had flown in.

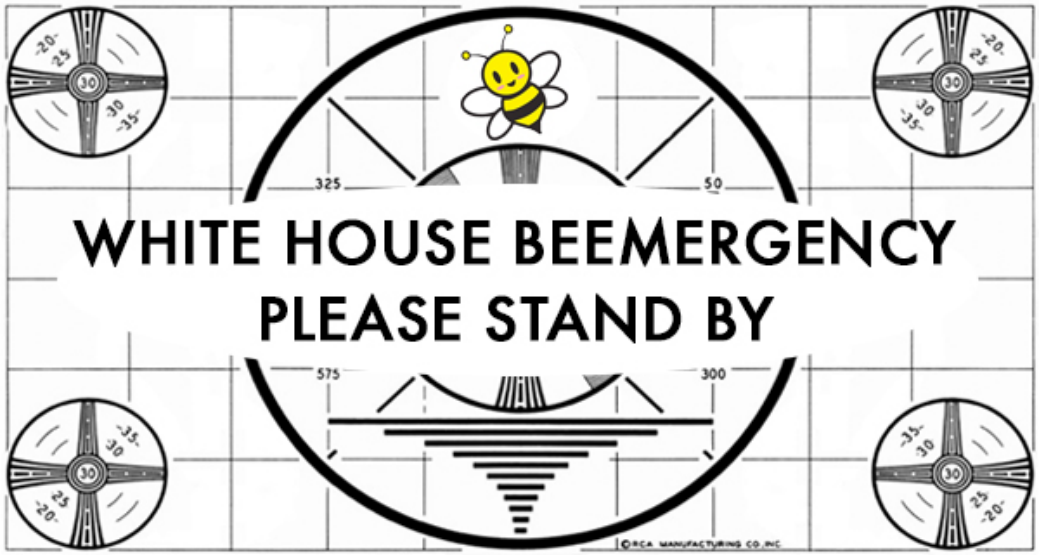

We cannot turn against one another by letting this fight be defined as a war between America and Islam. That's what the terrori- ahh, a bee!
-President Barack Obama
Oval Office Address


What could possibly be the argument for allowing a terror suspect to buy an assault weapon? Why- oh no, it's back! The bee is back! Can we stop tape? What? This is live?? Oh no, Obama's in trouble!
-President Barack Obama
Oval Office Address


“
[President Obama silently ducks behind podium for several minutes]
-President Barack Obama
Oval Office Address


“
...it’s gone? Phew. That was a close one. Ahem. As I was saying: We should not be drawn into a costly ground war- THERE IT IS! TERRY, YOU SAID IT WAS GONE! YOU LIED TO ME, TERRY!
-President Barack Obama
Oval Office Address


Let's not forget that freedom is more powerful than fear. Except for bees. Oh God, they scare me so much. Please...someone open a window...I'm so scared...
-President Barack Obama
Oval Office Address



–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

12.6 How Different College Majors Handle Finals

Tuesday, Dec 08, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Nursing

You can guarantee that every table at every coffee shop in the city will be covered with hundreds and hundreds of printed out PowerPoint presentations. Despite wasting enough paper to account for ten percent of global deforestation, they will also hog every plug in the building to charge unused laptops. For every half hour studying, they will spend under ten minutes actually looking at these black and white pages. Whenever a few leave, another pack comes to take their place. Also, they will not buy anything.

English

Dramatically typing essays on subjects they are making up on the spot. Somehow still acting superior. Though they've had the entire semester to read, like, three books, they are now freaking out and frantically stretching already weak ideas to their logical breaking point. Finally, at five in the morning, after hours of sighing loudly in the corner hoping that someone notices them, the English majors roll their eyes so severely they pull a muscle. They quickly skim over their work and convince themselves that it's not gibberish. They're wrong.

Education

Education majors prefer to meet in groups of four or more. They will carefully lay out books, handouts, and color-coded notes in front of them in a wonderful array only to immediately talk with friends. They will watch YouTube videos and laugh regardless of environment. People will glare and go a-hem or whatever, but the education major cannot be deterred from distracting themselves. Eventually one will ask how long they've been studying. "One hour," another will say. Feeling content, they leave.

History

If history majors still exist-and there is no proof of this-then they are probably alone frantically sifting through microfiche-if those still exist. In short, if you see one, congrats, you have wandered into the least used portion of the library and witnessed the world's most boring miracle.

Engineering

Engineering study habits fit in two different camps. They either finished their work weeks ago, providing just enough time to be condescending or they are aggressively searching for a new major. They are both hated by everyone.

Art

The shock of poor time management will send these students into a crazed Adderall fueled rage where, over the course of a week, they will slave over work that they hate but do not have the time to change. Consuming little food, less water, and no sleep, they vanish for large portions of time. Their fiendish behavior repulses human contact as their focus is shrunken down to a singular point. Eventually the constant cycle of hate/create/hate/create will overcome their body, resulting in three day crash. When they wake to submit their portfolio, they will tell their teacher that it sucks and then regret saying anything. They will then promise never do this to themselves again knowing full well that it is a lie.

Accounting

Seem pretty chill. No one really knows what they're working on, but the most accepted theory is that they're imagining some tax season roleplay that is both elaborate and boring.

Business

Business majors say that they're feeling pretty good about their work, but there will be a secret group project that has spiraled out of control. Maybe their group members aren't contributing enough, maybe they're contributing too much, maybe the other group members decided to go with a blue folder instead of red. Regardless of the offense, the business student will unknowingly have their Type A tendencies flare up in unexpected ways. The final week of school is nothing but insufferable attempts at exerting dominance and control over their environment. They will attempt to negotiate library fines and micromanage the work of others.

Undeclared

Similar to the art major, these students are also likely to abuse Adderall to make up for missing work. However, instead of accomplishing whatever task they need finished by noon, they will clean their dorm room with an attentiveness that includes a box of Q-Tips and four bottles of Febreze. Then they will sleep through the final, resulting in a C- in Geology or whatever random class they registered for and then complained about all semester.

Biology/Pre-Med/Chem

The science majors will be in a ring at the back of a science building , huddled around a lab that has painful florescent lights. One by one they will complain at great length over who has the hardest finals, not to share their misery, but to find out who is the best. Though it sounds like they are

unhappy, the science majors secretly love it. They will revel in the number of labs they must finish, they will applaud each test required, and they will faint with pleasure over discussions of class averages bottoming out at 40%. Once the true, most hardcore sufferers are selected, they will be sent out into the normal world to tell their story to anyone who will listen. And when no one cares, they will just tell it to everyone anyway.

Computer Science

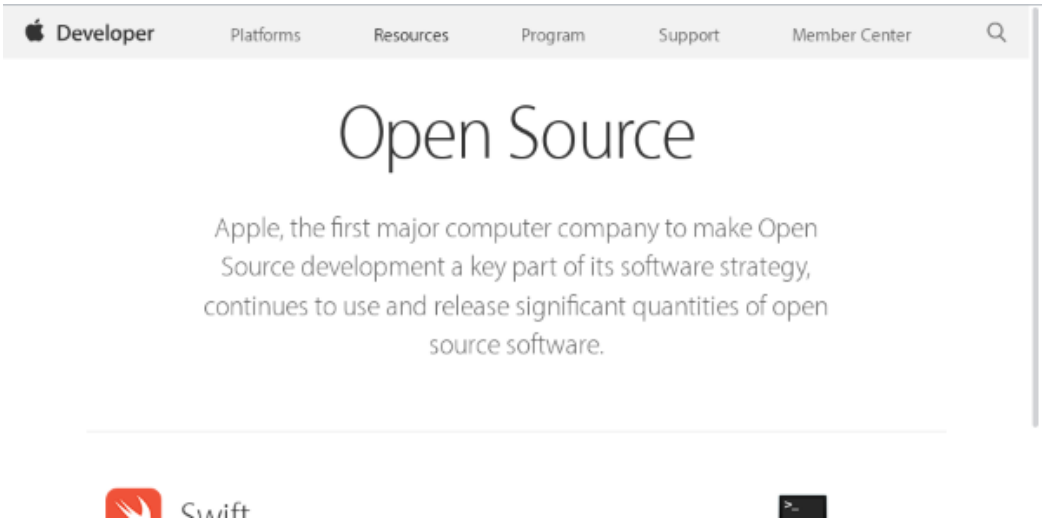
They end the semester like they began: Playing Minecraft.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

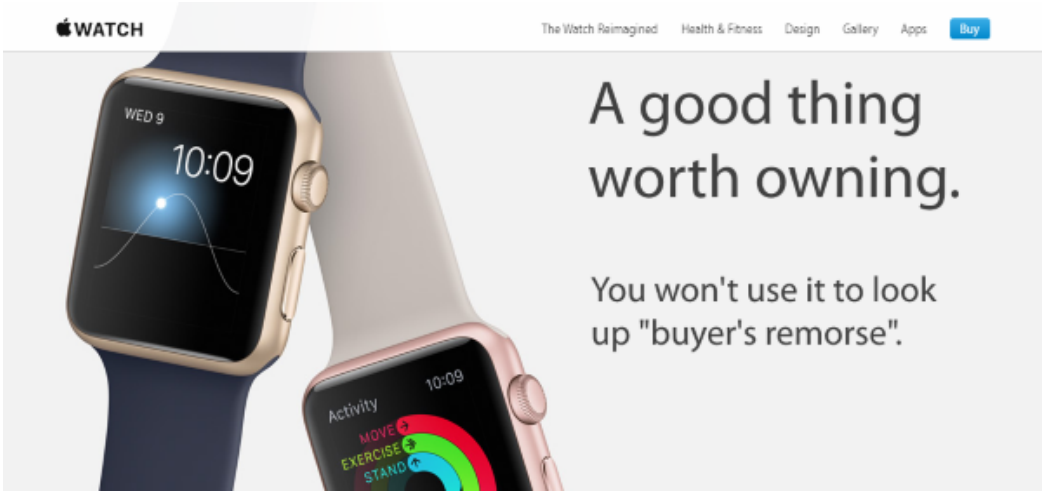
12.7 Other False Claims on Apple's Website

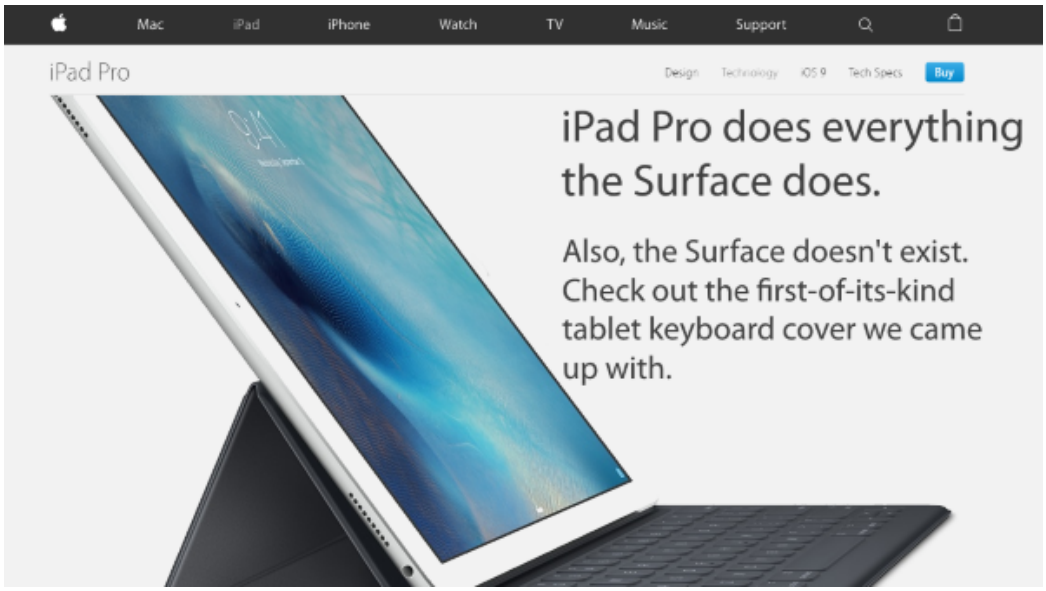
Wednesday, Dec 09, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

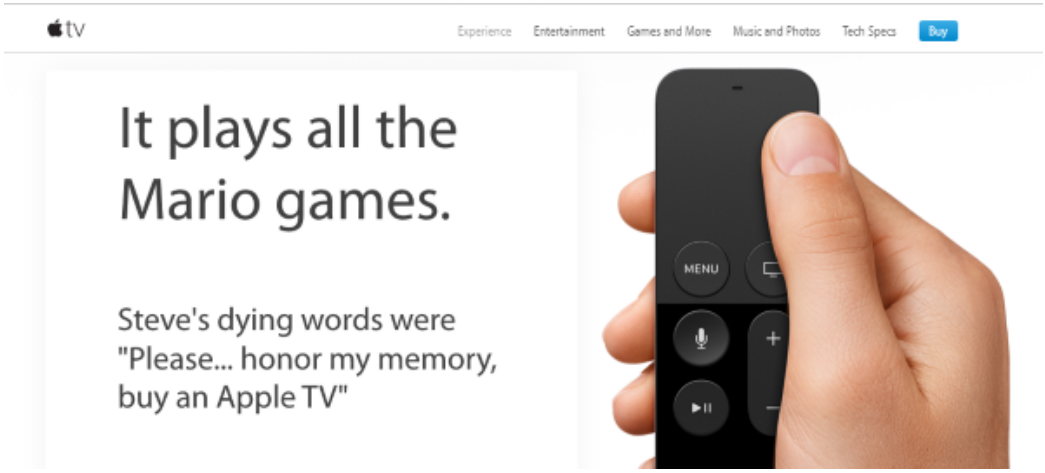
Last week Apple found itself in the rare position of being called out by the media for one of their misleading boasts. Specifically, the first line here:

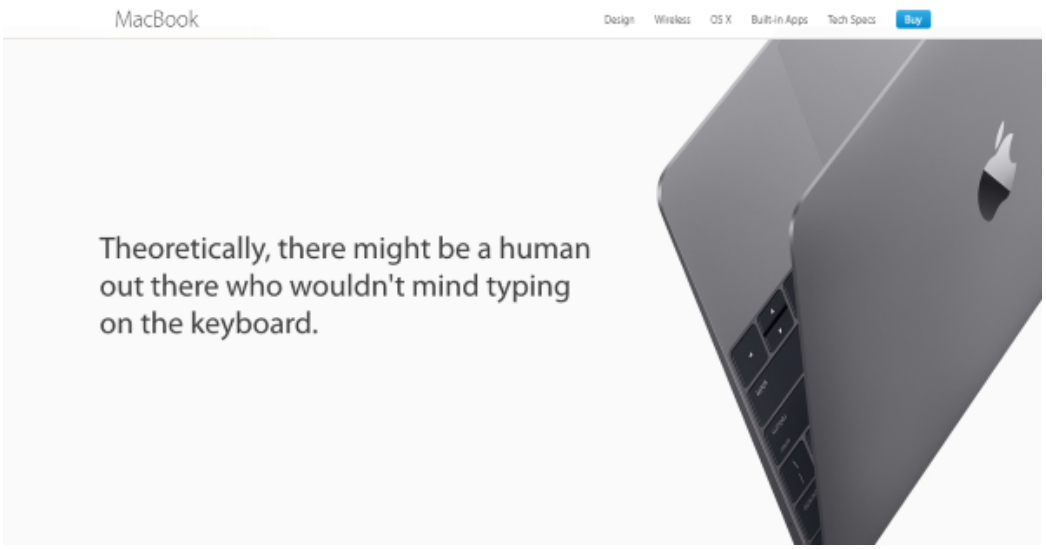

Developer
Platforms
Resources
Program
Support
Member Center
Open Source
Apple, the first major computer company to make Open Source development a key part of its software strategy, continues to use and release significant quantities of open source software.
Swift

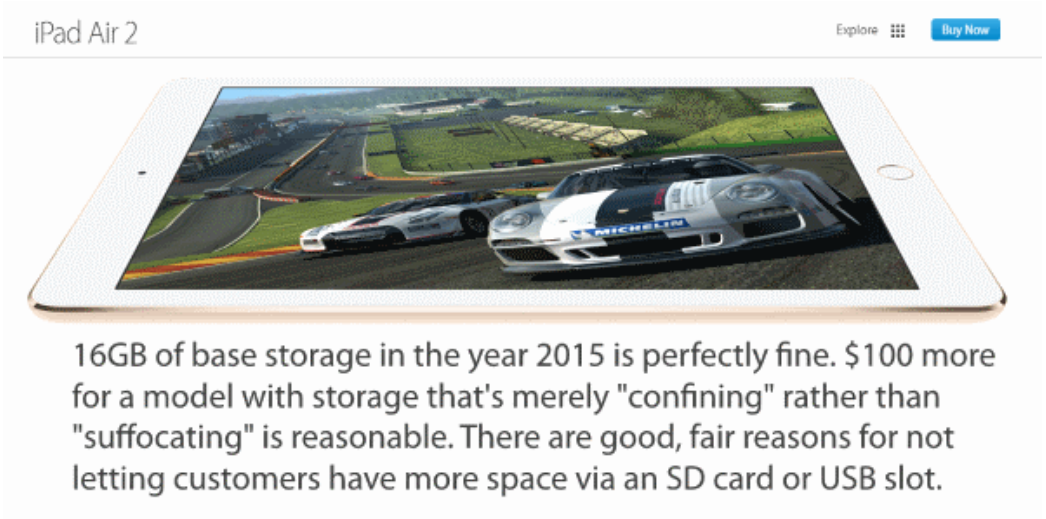
Apple later edited the page to vaguely reflect a reality in which other companies exist and use open source software. But are there more egregious claims to be found on their website? I believe so.

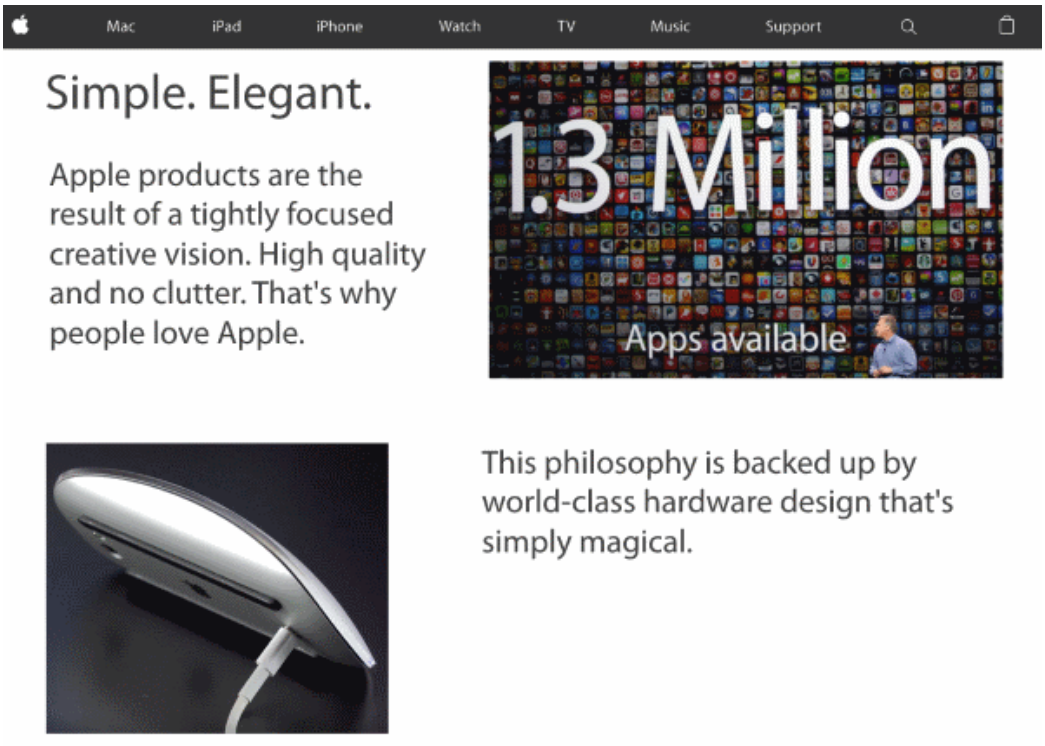



Mac
iPad
iPhone
Watch
TV
Music
Support
iPad Pro
Design
Technology
iOS 9
Tech Specs
Buy
iPad Pro does everything the Surface does.
Also, the Surface doesn't exist. Check out the first-of-its-kind tablet keyboard cover we came up with.


tv
Experience
Entertainment
Games and More
Music and Photos
Tech Specs
Buy
It plays all the Mario games.
Steve's dying words were "Please... honor my memory, buy an Apple TV"
MENU


MacBook
Design
Wireless
OS X
Built-in Apps
Tech Specs
Buy
Theoretically, there might be a human out there who wouldn't mind typing on the keyboard.


iPad Air 2
Explore
Buy Now
16GB of base storage in the year 2015 is perfectly fine. $100 more for a model with storage that's merely "confining" rather than "suffocating" is reasonable. There are good, fair reasons for not letting customers have more space via an SD card or USB slot.



–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.8 This Will be E-Z Pay Day Loans' Most Festive Christmas Yet

Thursday, Dec 10, 2015 by Your E-Z Pay Day Loans Supervisor

Dear Staff,

As you all know, the year-end holidays bring some serious traffic into E-Z Pay Day Loans. Thanks to our special reduced interest rate of 33.99% during the busy Christmas shopping season, customers are practically breaking down our doors every morning. And, in some cases, literally breaking down our doors at the E-Z Pay Day Loans locations adjacent to liquor stores that open an hour earlier. It's a hectic time for everyone, and I think we can avoid incidents like what happened last year with Raul if we seriously rethink our strategy. And just remember: You've all been instructed to gently shoo away his family if they try to place flowers in the corner where he was allegedly bludgeoned to death.

That said, I think it's time we give our E-Z Pay Day Loans store the full Christmas treatment. In 2014, all we had was a sad string of colored lights, and I guess now we realize how easily this sort of decoration can be used to hogtie a full-grown man before he's allegedly bludgeoned to death. So it goes without saying that lights are off the table. But there's no reason we can't give our special and convenient form of lending a little dose of much-needed Christmas cheer. Sure, most of our budget to keep the store presentable goes towards chemicals that halt the thick fog of urine wafting in from the alleys outside, but it doesn't take a whole lot of money to give this former feral animal euthanization clinic the True Reason for the Season.

Take the tape in our supply closet, for example. All it takes is a little ingenuity to turn it into an

impromptu decoration! Just wrap it evenly around the bars on our windows and--BOOM!--suddenly we're living in a candy cane village that can also prevent most B&E attempts. And it only takes a dash of White-Out to turn your window into a regular Winter Wonderland: Just paint your favorite snowflake design on what I've been told is bulletproof glass, and you'll practically hear the suicidal strains of "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas" echoing in your head. And if you look at the height chart by the door, you notice I've taken the liberty of replacing it with a stack of plastic snowman lawn ornaments graciously donated by a Santa's Christmas Village with subpar security. Just remember, those things measure two feet from top to bottom, so if someone comes in and holds you at gunpoint, they'll likely be three snowmen tall.

And we at E-Z Pay Day Loans' will also place a focus on the little ones who enter our store, as most of them are still full of childlike wonder and not aware of the hopeless cycle of poverty they're trapped in. That's why the northeast corner of our store will be known as Santa's Magic Blizzard: Any child who wanders into it will be showered in cross-cut shredded background checks meant to approximate an actual snowstorm. And if any of these kids find a "snowflake" with a full social security number printed on it, they'll be allowed to bring it over to one of the clerks to find out why that particular person made Santa's "Naughty List." It's just one of the many ways we can give back to the community, even if they've attempted to rezone our block into an industrial dumping site during the last six elections.

To sum up, that's really why we're here, aren't we? To give people a hand-up by giving them a "head start" on their biweekly wages they can then pay back over the next 10 or 15 years. It's a real service we provide to our local citizenry, and I doubt you'd all be here making slightly more than minimum wage if you didn't sincerely believe in our mission statement. Oh, and if one of you wouldn't mind, would it be possible to put up a Christmas tree in the corner by window five? You can still make out the imprints where Raul's skull allegedly smashed into the linoleum, and that's a hair in the eggnog if there ever was one.

–~Your E-Z Pay Day Loans Supervisor

12.9 What the Toilet Ghoulie From Ghoulies Can Teach Us About Tolerance

Friday, Dec 11, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The year is 1985. The President is Ronald W. Reagan. Pabst is still being consumed without three layers of meta-irony. The problem is Ghoulies. Are Ghoulies? Is one ghoulie specifically.

The toilet ghoulie is a disgusting, green, slime-covered doll man with needle teeth rising up from a toilet. He looks like he's got no problem with chowing down on ass, balls, whatever business gets in his way. Nobody wants this little John goblin around. He's so unpopular that he isn't even in the movie **Ghoulies**.

Until he is.

You see, the film Ghoulies was in the can, so to speak, when Full Moon Entertainment's Charles Band had to come up with something for the cover. He dreamed up this ghoulie rising from a toilet and wearing suspenders. The one problem: none of that was in the movie. Sure, there were some little beasties in the movie, but nothing popping out of a toilet. But Full Moon loved the cover so much, they ordered re-shoots to include the toilet ghoulie.

The immediate reaction to the toilet ghoulie on posters and box covers in the real world was revulsion. But that little guy stuck with us. We knew he could gnaw our gonads off and rake his little claw hands over our a-holes. That didn't matter. We couldn't stop thinking of him.

We got over our fears and misconceptions of toilet ghoulie. We chuckled when we saw him at the video store. Maybe we even picked up and rented a copy of Ghoulies to watch the scene where that

dang toilet ghoulie popped up and ripped up an ass and balls.

It's called tolerance, people. Learn to tolerate what you fear. Like, say, a Muslim or, as another example, a slimy green ghoulie man rising out of a toilet to chomp on your goo bag. Tolerate him and you will come to see his truth. Behind the stereotypes and misconceptions is a character so endearing he went on to pop out of two more toilets on two more Ghoulies covers.

In the second cover he is joined by some sort of Dinosaurs-quality alligator beast living in a toilet tank. In the third cover he actually appears to be graduating from a toilet.

What is toilet ghoulie graduating to become? That's the great thing! He's in America now, he can be whatever he wants. A doctor, a lawyer, your child's teacher; we are no longer able to inflict our prejudices on him.

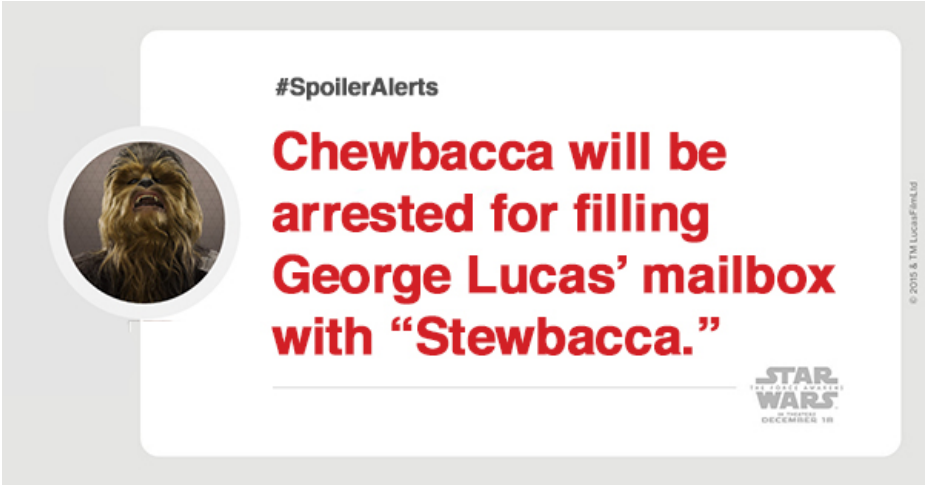
And if we manage to keep the bigotry at bay, ignore the fear that fuels it, everyone in America can be whatever they want. Even if they just want to shred ass and balls in peace.

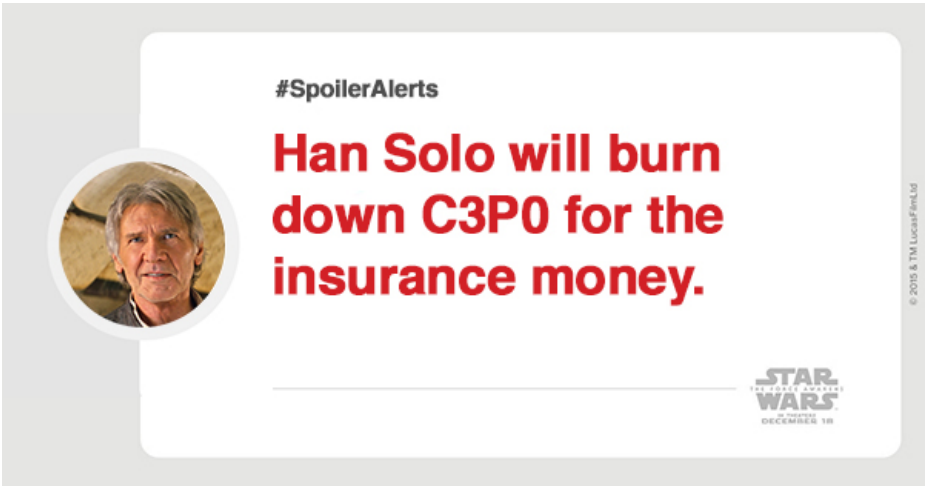
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

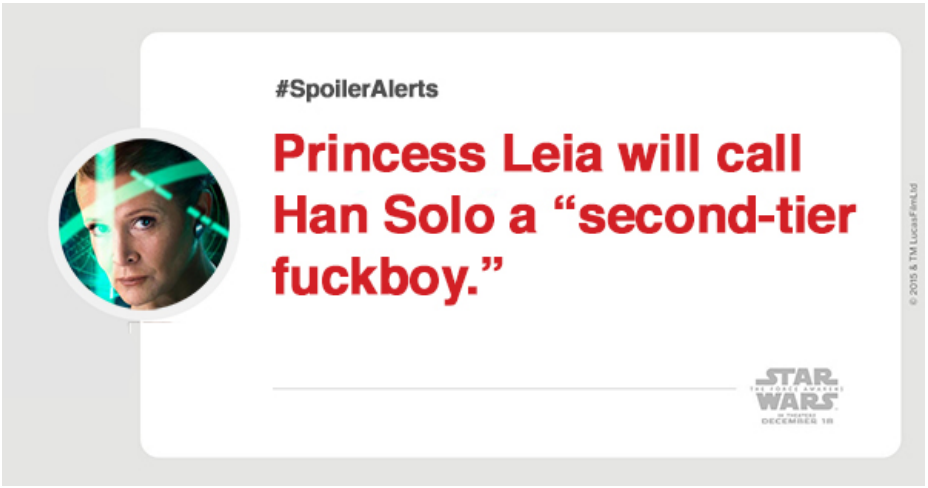
12.10 Here's Some Star Wars Spoilers I Made Up To Get Attention

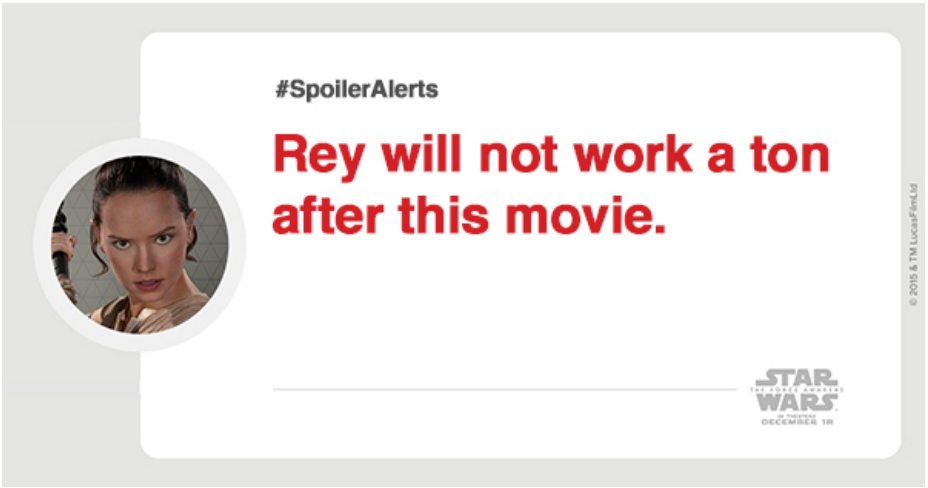
Monday, Dec 14, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

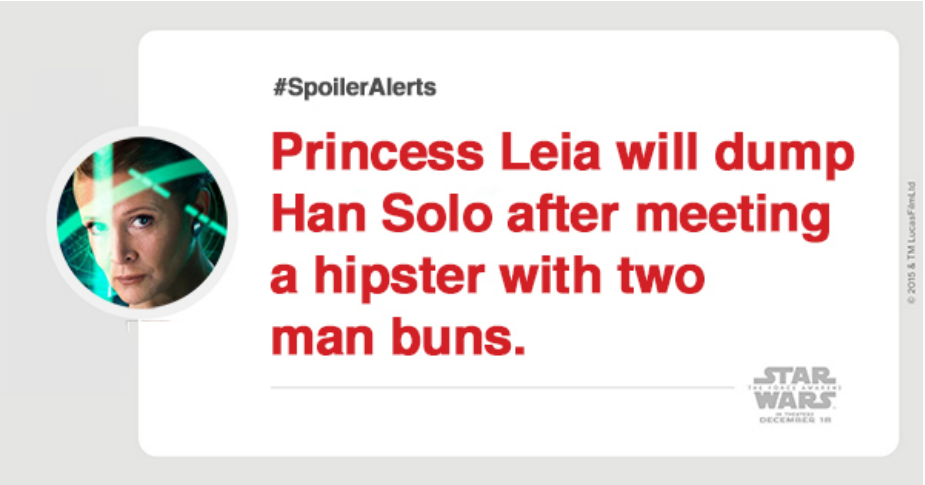
Welcome to **Spoiler Alerts**, a new series where we make up movie spoilers to chase that precious, precious SEO. Speaking of which: "Star Wars The Force Awakens Spoilers Major Spoilers True Spoilers Kylo Ren Dies Han Solo Dies Jar Jar Binks Feet Luke Skywalker Princess Leia Wincest." Sorry about that =) Let's get started!

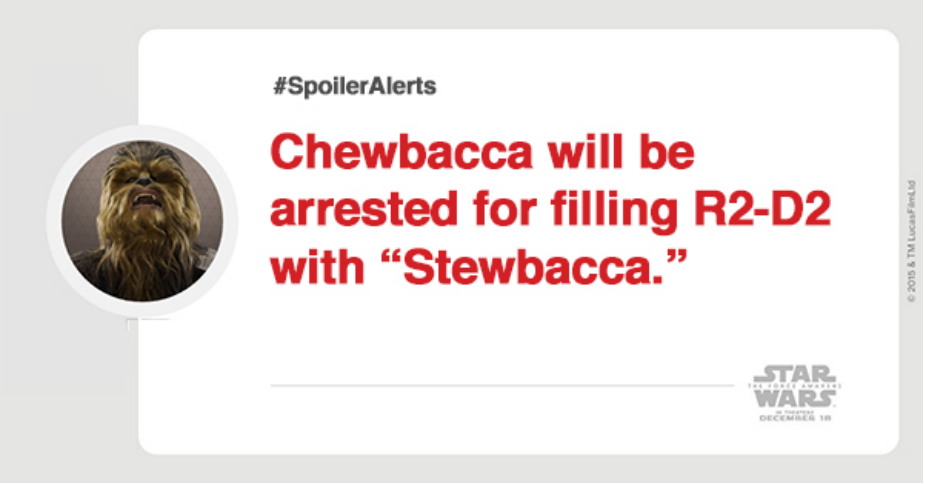



#SpoilerAlerts
Han Solo will burn down C3P0 for the insurance money.
STAR WARS
© 2015 & TM LucasFilm Ltd


#SpoilerAlerts
Princess Leia will call Han Solo a "second-tier fuckboy."
STAR WARS
© 2015 & TM LucasFilm Ltd


#SpoilerAlerts
Rey will not work a ton after this movie.
STAR WARS
© 2015 & TM LucasFilm Ltd





–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

12.11 Latest Additions to the Mystery Science Theater 3000 Cast and Crew

Tuesday, Dec 15, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Thanks to its hugely successful Kickstarter, Mystery Science Theater 3000 is coming back in a big way, and the pool of talent working on the show keeps expanding. Here are some folks who joined the production in the five minutes that passed since you last checked.

Ernest Cline!

Ready Player One was literally the sentence "Remember things from the 80s?" repeated seventeen thousand times. Armada was "Remember The Last Starfighter and other things from the 80s?" repeated sixteen thousand times. We're in for some truly epic references.

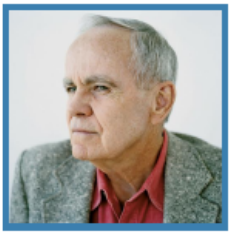
More genuine geek icons from Nerdist!

How about... uh... that former game journalist lady who once licked a PSP? Or maybe we can scrounge up Wil Wheaton, if he's not busy publicly throwing his producers under the bus again because he played board games wrong on his board game show.

That girl from the AT&T commercials!

MC Chris and Jonathon Coulton!

These two geek music superstars finally collide in a mega awesome sharknado of nerd goodness with their totally ironic rewrite of the MST3K theme song, as well as an incredible 8-bit nerdcore rendition of the closing credits theme!



Cormac McCarthy!

The hedge fund guy who makes medicine impossible to afford!

WETA Workshop!

The Lord of the Rings special effects house will replace all the junky, charming set design and robots with amazingly realistic CGI!

The cast and crew of Low Winter Sun!

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.12 SkyMall Product Reviews: Hollywood Smiles Teeth Whitening Kit

Wednesday, Dec 16, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> **Hollywood Smiles Teeth Whitening Kit** - gets teeth up to four shades whiter in less than an hour!

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By Ainsley from Las Vegas, NV

Is the bright light this emits a choking hazard? Will I accidentally swallow light? I don't want to disintegrate as my molecules succumb to the powerful light trapped inside me. I'm also worried about damage light might cause to my colon as it passes through my body, gaining tremendous speeds like in a particle accelerator.

This seems excessively dangerous. I WILL NOT BE PURCHASING IT. One star.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By PeanutMan Mesa, AZ

WHAT a RIPOFF!!!!!

You can get the same effect by smiling at the sun for a few hours every day, which is what I do. Guess what, bucko? The Sun is 100% free, delivered to your front door every day.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆

By DancingAngel from Asheville, NC

I have been using this on my dog for the last few days and he's looking noticeably more handsome, but not enough to fool the judges at the dancing contest. Looks like I'll be tapping my feet on the sidelines once again.

Age: 66-70

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆

By Yoncey from Columbia, MO

This is meant for one end and one end only. I used it on the wrong end and it didn't have any whitening effect, and now I'm not putting it anywhere near my mouth. What a huge design flaw.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By ForeverJorts from Rochester, MN

Is it legal to use this without someone's consent? They are in no pain, fully restrained and not conscious, so it shouldn't be an issue.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★☆☆☆

By TeddyBear from Aurora, CO

I accidentally swallowed mine and now my stomach is lit up and my dog won't stop freaking out. Is this toxic? Will my body digest it safely? VERY WORRIED.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆

By Big Hats from Thermopolis, WY

I can't tell if it's working but it's a lot of fun to use. Does it also work on horses or do they have different kinds of teeth?

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By FerretBreeder4Justice from Pullman, WA

Very pleasant! Wow. Like playing a harmonica except instead of producing sounds, it bombards you with light!

It has successfully burned off my lips and gums but made my teeth much whiter. Once my face grows back, I'll be a winning ticket.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★★★★☆

By UnapologeticMRA from Montgomery, AL

As far as I can tell, this works perfectly. I don't own any mirrors, but my teeth definitely feel several shades whiter. Is this powerful enough to cook meat? I need to know if I should be looking out for any side effects.

Age: 21-25

Customer Rating:

By PeanutMan1 from Hershey, PA

PERFECTION! My smile is now blinding. By using it nonstop for three straight days, I calculate that my teeth are now 288 shades whiter, beyond the ability of the human eye to perceive. In short, I am quantifiably magnificent and better than most all other people.

Please disregard any reviews by "PeanutMan" as he is an online identity thief and not qualified to provide objective reviews.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating:

By DeciduousPubes from Provo, UT

DOES NOT HOLD UP TO VIGOROUS SALIVATING.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating:

By HotDoug from Vineland, NJ

Using lenses I have focused the intensity of the light to unprecedented levels, and am currently using the device to incinerate a goat. I am pleased.

Age: 31-35

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.13 "STAR TRACK: BEYOND" TRAILER MEMO - DO NOT REDISTRIBUTE

Thursday, Dec 17, 2015 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

FROM THE DESK OF JUSTIN LIN

"I directed some of the Fast and the Furious movies"

FOR INTERNAL USE ONLY: "STAR TRACK: BEYOND" TRAILER MEMO

The trailer starts with the classic Star Track bridge crew we all know and love sitting inside the Enterprise. The theme music to the original Star Track TV show from the 50s or 60s or whatever is playing softly in the background. Everyone is bored as shit from this old-timey whistle music - I fully expect audience members to start walking out at this point. Close up on Kirk's face as he frowns slightly. "This is OK but it could use a bit of an update." He leans forward and presses a button and suddenly the song changes to Kanye West - Power. AUUghhh, yeah, no one man should have all that power, counting the hours, austin powers, it's playing in the background and everyone in the crew is nodding their heads in time to the music and they start "getting down" and dancing. This lets the audience know that this isn't your grandfather's Star Track. In fact fuck it - cut to a title card reading "This isn't your grandfather's Star Track".

Cut to - two sword aliens are fighting each other on top of a destroyed building. They look really pissed off as they fight so you can tell they're of a proud, warrior race. Suddenly, Kirk jumps into the fray and starts sword-fighting them both. He's smirking as if to say "This is no big deal to me" and he slowly starts winning. The two aliens share a confused glance - just who IS this guy?

Cut to - Spock is fighting a bunch of aliens whose skin looks like classic ninja garb. They're backflipping and throwing sai at him but he blocks every attack perfectly with his vulcan logic. One of the ninjas pulls out a pistol and shoots him but Spock catches it between his thumb and index finger right before it hits him in the eye. oh my god

Cut to - Scotty at the controls of a gigantic mecha. He hesitantly pushes one of the buttons and a laser shoots out of the mecha and vaporizes a building. He pulls away from the button and winces all like "oooh, I didn't mean to do that!" It's important that the audience knows that Scotty is a) the comic relief character b) from Scotland [not america].

Title card - STAR TRACK: BEYOND but for like half a second [subliminal]

Cut to - Bones and Spock are back to back holding phaser-shotguns, surrounded by weird aliens who are also zombies [zombie planet?]. Bones has a tongue piercing and Spock has a bicep tattoo that says "OBEY". Scotty: "It's time to fry some zombie asses", and they both start blasting away at the zombies. a second track of kanye west - power starts playing over the first one.

Cut to - Kirk walking into a dimly lit bar, there are freaky aliens sitting at all the tables. We see someone winning an arm wrestling contest with a 500lb hair alien. Kirk says "It's the aliens. We need you to help defeat them." The unseen man says "Not my problem. I quit star fleet a long time ago" and the camera pans around and it's the infamous space hero Picard. Everything's really tense

for a moment but then they both laugh. Kirk says "You son of a bitch... it's good to see you again. You haven't changed one bit." I know this is all subject to change but I swear to god if you cut this shot I fucking walk.

Cut to - Sulu shotgunning a can of red bull [logo facing outwards, come on guys, this is basic stuff] and crushing it against his head while screaming. One of the wrinkle aliens, nods his head in approval.

Cut to - Scotty accidentally tripping and falling down lmao and he's like "AHHHHH"

Title card - PREPARE

Cut to - Uhura just sort of standing there and you can see some space in the background. Perhaps an exciting space battle will take soon be taking place? You'll just have to see the movie to find out.

Title card - TO HAVE YOUR FACE

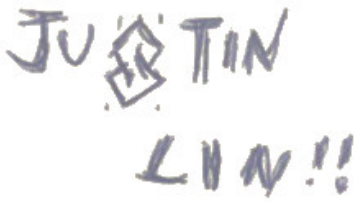
Cut to - a titty alien in a motorcycle pulls up next to Kirk and you can see most of her boobs and her nips are poking through her top a little. "Get on" she says and Kirk smirks before hopping on behind her. She does the classic "wheelie" move on the motorcycle as she revs up and drives off a ramp and the bwooohh inception noise plays. YES!!! YEs!! this is what people think of when they think of the infamous space heroes of star track!!

Title card - PHASERED OFF

Cut to - Kirk and Spock standing on the bridge of the enterprise. Kirk smirks roguishly. "You know what we have to do, right?" Spock responds. "We have to go&" Both of them finish the thought simultaneously: "BEYOND." They fist bump [GUYS LETS. LETS WORK THE WORD "BROMANCE" INTO THE ALL THE PROMOTIONAL MATERIALS. LETS FUCKIN DO IT] and a bad ass explosion sound effect plays. Shot of the Enterprise crashing into the world trade center buildings. Title card: STAR TRACK: BEYOND. Subtitle: Enter the coupon code STRTRK2016 to get a free LINE sticker pack. Smash to black and keep static on the black screen until both instances of Kanye West - Power have finished playing.

Stinger - Kirk turns to camera and says "I hope you'll enjoy watching the adventures of me and the rest of my Star Track pals in 2016's Star Track: Beyond. Thanks for watching."

Cheers,



–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

12.14 You Can Put All Your Fears to Rest: The Force Awakens is Good

Friday, Dec 18, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

For years, Star Wars fans have nervously anticipated the release of Star Wars: The Force Awakens, the seventh installment of the Star Wars franchise and first for director J.J. Abrams. Could it live up to the originals and wash away the bad taste left by the prequels or would their greatest fears come true? The good news: they can stop worrying, the movie is good. Their fears can melt away now about Chewbacca and Han Solo. They can abandon apprehension for Luke Skywalker. It is time for the nightmare of terror about that Adam Driver guy to finally end. It's good.

I'm not going to sugar coat it, walking into that cinema I felt my guts twisting like somebody with his head in the alligator's mouth. I was so afraid I almost didn't go. But, you know what, I did. I faced my fears. And it's okay. It's good. Star Wars is good. I was right to be afraid, but those fears proved unfounded. I didn't die when the spaceships flew across the screen. Some people screamed when General Leia appeared, but it was good screams, not agony screams. Did the droids bring a new form of warfare to our lands? No. Thank god, no. J.J. Abrams did not terrorize our families with the specter of imminent death.

In fact, I'm going to say it, Star Wars: The Force Awakens is good enough that I have abandoned every trace of my fears. I am no longer governed by the anxiety society builds into my interactions with my fellow men. Death itself no longer holds any menace to me. After seeing the third act of Star Wars: The Force Awakens, I see death as nothing more than a natural cycle. All things must end, including me, so that new things may begin. Thank you, J.J. Abrams.

The existential terror of contemplating my own insignificance in the face of cosmic forces beyond my understanding began to lift as soon as I watched the opening crawl. J.J. Abrams got it right. The crawl was perfect, like reading the opening paragraph of a new chapter in my favorite novel. I understood my place in the sequence of events that brought about the formation of stars and planets and atmosphere and ultimately gave rise to life. The long and twisting path to civilization from nothing, to derive meaning from the void, became clear to me as BB-8 first trundled across the sands of Jakku. All this waiting had finally paid off. How could anyone still be afraid?

Some naysayers will undoubtedly present flaws in the Force Awakens as evidence that J.J. Abrams has failed and that we should continue to live with our constant fears. Will Rogue One be any good? Will we have enough money for retirement? Is true love real and will we find it? What pain awaits

us, unseen, in the darkness of our future? Do not let these fears consume you. The Force Awakens is not perfect and that is only confirmation that it is real.

There are faults in the film which I will not fully enumerate here. What is the point, after all, when fear has been wiped from the vocabulary of my mind. Thank you, J.J. Abrams, for allowing me to live a fearless life. To approach each moment with the resolve that, come what may, the Force Awakens is good. That cannot be taken from me now. We belong to that brightest future, where merchandise will retain its value rather than become a Phantom Menace mockery, where our interactions with each other are no longer colored by that looming cloud of doubt. The box has been opened and we find the cat is alive. Maybe not great, maybe not an instant classic, but alive.

The truth is here: Force Awakens is good. Fear is gone. Spiders, snakes, public speaking, and terrorism become as menacing as oatmeal. Without fear, you will be at peace again. You will smile in your beds. You've done it, J.J. Abrams. A grateful world thanks you.

Final Verdict:

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.15 Christmas Ornaments That Anger & Confuse Me

Monday, Dec 21, 2015 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Recently, I found a store filled with hundreds of Christmas ornaments, many of which defied all logic. I took as many photos as I could until my mom told me we had to leave. Unrelated note: I am thirty three years old. Here's some of the strangest ones I saw.

Classic Santa Claus, constantly arresting teddy bears!

Ah, the giant smiling tooth who also has teeth. The perfect gift for dentists AND dental assistants!

Well, it's official: the future fucking sucks. Something tells me the four horsemen of the apocalypse are gonna be named this.

There's no better medium than Christmas ornament to express how truly passive aggressive you are. "Hey, kids! Quit complaining about your gifts...did you even SEE the ornament I bought?"

Putting aside how horrifying a "sliced up man ornament" looks, ol' Cavity Sam also looks like he's being forced to hold this at gunpoint. Truly a wondrous holiday sight!

This is the one ornament I wish I had bought. We may be sick of this now, but every year, it's just going to get funnier and funnier. Also, I think it could be pretty easily converted into some to "smoke drugs" with.

Someone put Frosty's magic hat on a toilet! He's very, very upset with how you've been using him.

OK, I'm honestly just very confused by this one. I feel like if it were ironic, the face wouldn't be as simple and friendly. Could this toilet made of snow celebrate potty training...somehow?

Anyway, my anger and confusion around these ornaments is our gift to you all. Merry Christmas, from Snow Toilet & Friends!

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

12.16 Winter Is Just Your Life in Hard Mode

Tuesday, Dec 22, 2015 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

If you're already sick of the cold this close to the winter solstice, just think of winter as living your life in hard mode. You still have to do all the same stuff as always, but now the world wants you dead. Surviving outside requires layering clothes until your knees start to buckle. Unseen ice is so common that falling on your ass/getting a minor concussion is not an accident but a seasonal expectation. Your morning commute still sucks, but now takes twice as long because people are either driving on the highway at idle speed or careening into the median. This isn't an inconvenience, it's just levelling up.

Patch Notes for Increased Winter Difficulty

- General Will to Live down 10x. Nearly 70% of your daily energy is spent just to will yourself out of bed in the morning.

All summer and autumn, you've been coasting along, but let's see how great you are when the grey sky and the grey ice sludge become one constant oppressing source of anguish. Let's see how you cope with your furnace eating a huge portion of your paycheck. Let's see how you handle the fact that there are no longer humans, only giant bags of mucous and flu-like symptoms.

For the next few months, your life ramped up the difficulty setting. If things get too hard, just look at all the softies who have moved to Florida. Do you really want to be like them? Hell no. Instead, imagine how amazing and awesome you will be once it gets warm again. You will have the strength and energy of, like, ten yous.

Maybe you've already given up on happiness. Maybe you've been playing Fallout and just hope that it can last you till March. Or maybe you've resigned yourself to endless, grimacing misery like every fast food worker must face at the beginning of each shift. But don't get too bummed. Just remember that today isn't the first day of winter, but the first day of your power-leveling. Remember that higher difficulty settings always give better rewards. Remember that you have earned this. Or, if none of that helps you, try remembering that the absolute worst part about winter is actually having to deal with all the whiny little babies who are constantly complaining about the weather. You chose to live here. Get over it.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.17 Video Game Confessions

Wednesday, Dec 23, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Quake 2

I shot at a man.

He was bunny-hopping sideways near some lava and grunting. I had a super shotgun in my hands. I will never forgive myself for what transpired next.

The Sims 4

Lara Croft and I were close friends. In the world of the Sims, that means we had interacted with each other exactly once. It happened in the bathroom of the local gym. We both tried to use the same shower stall, stamped our feet in frustration, then walked in different directions before pivoting in place to face one another and say hello. That was the extent of our relationship.

Lara called me up the next morning and asked if she could come over to my shitty house. She showed up rocking the Flirty moodlet. Apparently she was hoping our bathroom friendship was about to blossom into a storybook romance.

In truth, I just needed an extra pair of hands while I built the rocketship on my front lawn. She obliged. After five hours of grueling unpaid labor the project was complete.

Now that we were finally able to talk, Lara began to flirt. I encouraged her, flexing my non-existent muscles and talking about chess in a way that always seems to drive women wild. Soon the option to WooHoo in my space rocket showed up. The first thought in my mind wasn't "Hell yes, this is sexy" but "Hell yes, my Nerd Brain aspiration requires me to perform a certain number of successful rocket missions. I wonder if sex would count as one."

It did.

We had space intercourse four more times, concurrently, because I needed to complete five missions for my aspiration reward. Each time we lifted off (seemingly at great fuel expense), fulfilled our duties, then landed again before turning right back around.

In the uncomfortable silence that followed I asked if she was single.

A few days later I received a text from Lara. She had given birth to a beautiful baby boy named Sebastian. "That's nice," I thought, but declined to respond.

Nearly Every Game I Played With Someone Else In The Room

I claimed that nothing happened even though I pushed the right button. I said the computer was cheating. I grumbled about lag. In truth, I'm just not very good.

Sherlock Holmes: Consulting Detective

This, along with Joe Montana's NFL Football featuring REAL YELLS AND GRUNTS HOLY COW, were my only reasons for owning the Sega CD. Why? The first real book I ever read was a two-volume collection of the complete Sherlock Holmes. I was obsessed with this game.

Each case was introduced with some sweet full motion video. At this point you were supposed to follow up on clues by going to specific places or talking to specific people. In a streamlined modern game you'd have a map with only the pertinent destinations highlighted. In this game you had an address book with pretty much all of London listed. So if you wanted to follow up on a hunch by talking to Great Clue Man, you'd flip through your book to the G section and find him, then click his name to trigger the FMV scene. Click a name that wasn't relevant, and you'd get a short FMV clip basically saying believe it or not, George isn't at home.

The thing is, I wasn't smart. As hard as it may be to imagine, I was even dumber back then than I am right now. Instead of narrowing down my destination through deduction I simply pulled up the address book and tried every single address until I got a cutscene.

This wasn't just some stupid thing I did once or twice when I got stuck. I spammed my way through that address book dozens upon dozens of times. As a result of my efforts, Sherlock Holmes became London's hardest working door-to-door detective.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.18 Santa Claus: Next Year, We're Switching Our Efforts to Necromancy

Thursday, Dec 24, 2015 by Santa Claus

You elves know as well as I do that our whole North Pole operation has become woefully outdated. Back when toys were simpler, things were much different: I recall the days when you could give a child a small horse carved from a potato, and they'd be perfectly happy--and have a flavorful snack mom could pop into the oven for the New Year. But now that tuberculosis and polio have nearly been eliminated from the planet, we no longer find ourselves in a situation where uncomplicated gifts can temporarily relieve the anxieties of death being ever present. Just look at the things these modern, vaccinated children are asking for! I don't even know what a "Minecraft" is, let alone why any kid would want an action figure of some dipshit who plays it on YouTube.

Santa Claus

The truth is, we have no choice but to drastically change our game plan to keep up with modern times. Globalization is eating us alive, and in order to stay afloat, we need to answer those letters we once deemed "untouchable." Of course, you know what I'm talking about--here's one from little Charlie Adams of Fort Worth, Texas: "Dear Santa, Mommy said daddy drank too much silly juice and drove off to heaven. Can you make him drive back home again so mommy will let us watch movies with swears in the living room?" How touching. Here's another from Sally Jeffries of Denver, Colorado: "Dear Santa, cancer eated mommy and then everyone gave me a bunch of presents. Can you bring her back and also more presents this year?" Lovely. Now, the looks on your faces tell me you elves know what I'm dancing around: It's time to play god.

Okay, okay--let's settle down, everyone. I think we can all agree the mythology behind us and what we do is unfathomably outlandish. For centuries now, I've been able to deliver toys to everyone

on the planet in a single night--and it's only been in recent years that I've started questioning just what we're capable of. I mean, come on! We've been given the gift of immortality, and *this* is what we're doing with it? Rewrapping pallets full of singing Elsa dolls, shipped in straight from China? Now, if you'll direct your eyes to the monitor, you'll see I've started fully taking advantage of the powers arbitrarily bestowed upon us. I can tell by your grimaces that many of you aren't used to seeing just the upper half of a human being, but--there he goes--he's moving! Did you see that? And this is exactly the direction we're going in 2016.

Don't ask me how I made this happen--I have my sources. In any case, I feel it's time to step in where God has clearly dropped the ball. I mean, we all lived through World War II, people, and I've never seen such a case of "senioritis" in my life! And this is *exactly* where we come in. Sure, he might not look like how he did seconds before ending his life by attempting to flip the double-bird to a pig truck that passed him without signaling, but that's clearly Charlie Adams' dad writhing on the ground in Garage G-well, the business half of him, anyway. Before you jump to any conclusions, we don't have some hokey zombie scenario on our hands. Based on the experiments I've been conducting since October, these reanimated loved ones have zero hunger for human flesh, and would much rather spend their time wailing over the indescribable pain of their own perverted existence. But don't you worry--after a few hours of unearthly screaming, he'll wear himself out. The important thing is little Charlie will soon be getting a visit from a father who presumably loved him this Christmas.

This goes far beyond dead dads, people. Let's say some little one had a brother or sister who died a few years ago. Well, they'll be able to see their departed kin again, and --KA-CHING!--cash in on all of those toys they were buried with. We're on the cusp of a new age for Santa, everyone, and I'd like you to pitch in by changing your duties a bit. Instead of tinkering and hammering away at next year's toys while singing festive songs, soon you'll be slopping and wrangling moving corpses, stuffing them into the appropriate bags, and forcefully taking away the tools they're disturbingly learning to craft and use from the random scraps and parts strewn about their various holding pens. Still, things won't change too drastically: Our operation will pride itself on the clockwork efficiency and devotion to joy we exhibit every year. Now, I need all of you to step forward and carve forbidden runes in your flesh with this ornamental dagger: The deals I've made with various dark forces aren't going to seal themselves.

–~Santa Claus

12.19 Christmas is the Perfect Day to Think About Jeb!

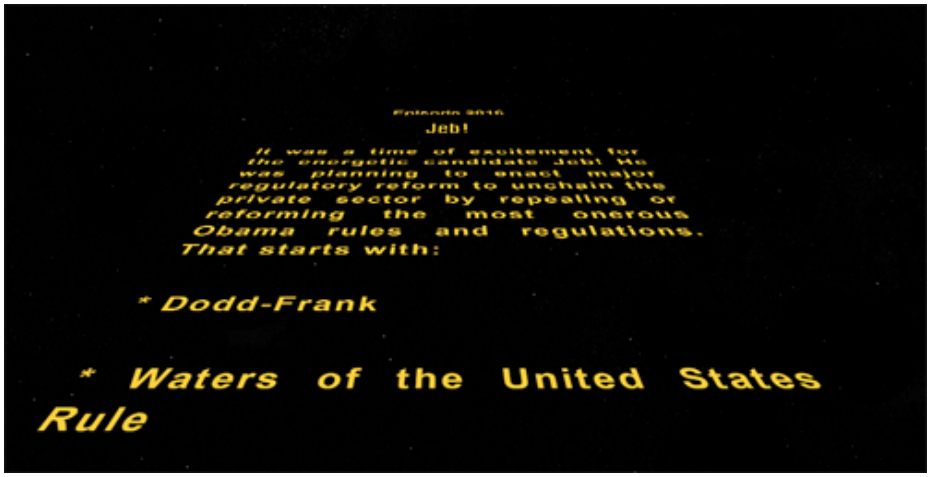
Friday, Dec 25, 2015 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

For your consideration: ***Jeb!***

It's Christmas and you may be opening gifts from your family, you may be sitting on the john, you may be drinking a Muscle Milk, but you're probably not thinking about politics. Whatever you're doing on December 25th or after, take a second and think about Jeb! I know you've been putting him out of your thoughts lately. It shows in those poll numbers. But Jeb!'s back baby. He's been doing a lot of cool stuff you should know about. Interesting stuff.

A motorcycle: dang it, Jeb! just loves those bikes. He has been on his hog. Getting wild on that hog. He might join a bike gang. Not really, but he could.

Star Wars: Jeb! watched the new Star Wars and the verdict is in. It's good! Jeb!'s favorite is BB-8. Loves that BB-8. What a cool thing. He made one of those fun Star Wars crawls. Just having a little fun. Take a look:


Episode 2016
Jeb!
It was a time of excitement for the energetic candidate Jeb! He was planning to enact major regulatory reform to unchain the private sector by repealing or reforming the most onerous Obama rules and regulations.
That starts with:
* Dodd-Frank
* Waters of the United States Rule

iPhone 6s: Jeb! uses this daily just like you to download health apps and entertainment. Really cool, innovative stuff. Tech? Jeb! is for it.

Skydiving: Jeb! has been thinking about this one. Would you like to see it? Please vote in his Twitter poll and email Fox & Friends to tell them Jeb! is important and you would like to see him skydive.

Jeb! has opinions on a lot of stuff that are just like yours.

Pizza? Half cheese and half pepperoni when he's feeling spicy. Doesn't eat breadsticks, but he'll chow down on some chicken fingers. No sauce.

Beer? The good beers that cool people know about. He drinks those.

ISIS? These guys are in real trouble with Jeb! around. Jeb!'s brother had nothing to do with them. Nothing.

Buzz's girlfriend?

Jeb!'s view is an emphatic "Woof!"

Mexicans? Bad, but we need their votes, so not that bad. Hola mexicanos! Jeb! married one of these and his family is off limits, DOnald!!

The Economy? Make it work for average Americans. Time to get jobs and money for people. The good jobs.

Taxes? Nope. No thanks.

The military? Yep. Yeah. Thanks. Gracias mexicanos!

Favorite song? The mom's spaghetti song. Love the good hip-hop.

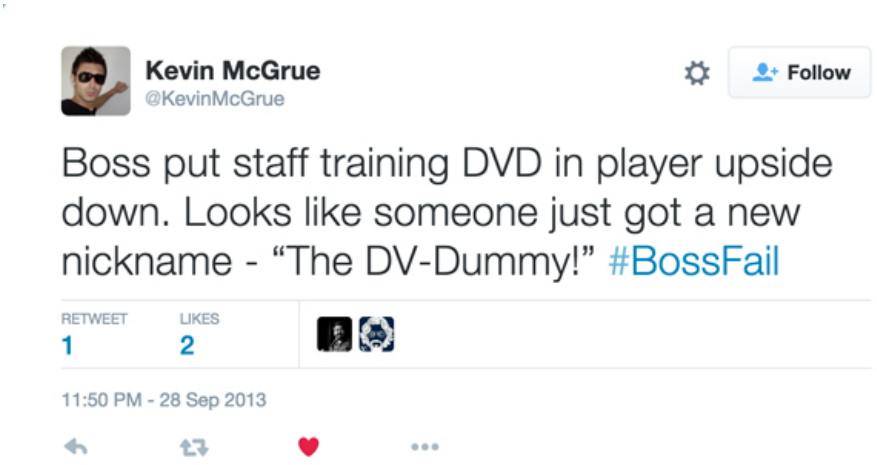
We know you're busy, but take a minute to think about Jeb! He's thinking about you. In the general sense, as in "all of you," not in any creepy way, unless you'd like that.

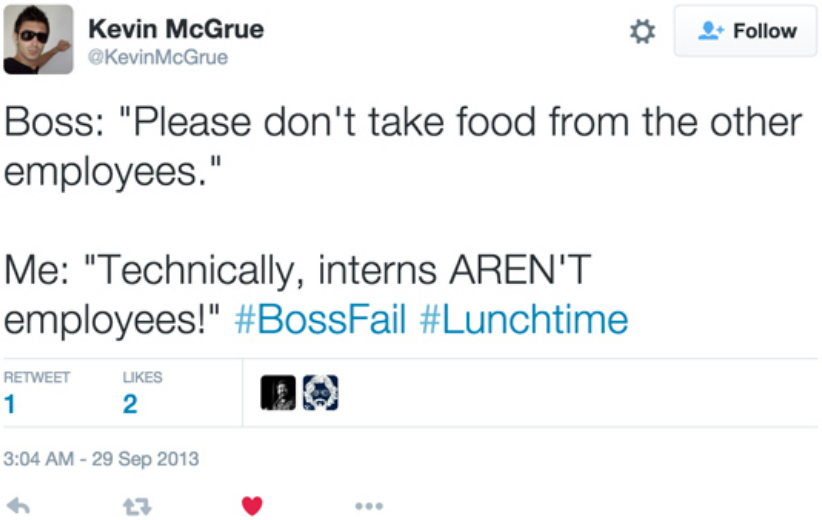
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.20 I Livetweet The Dumb Stuff My Boss Says! #BossFails

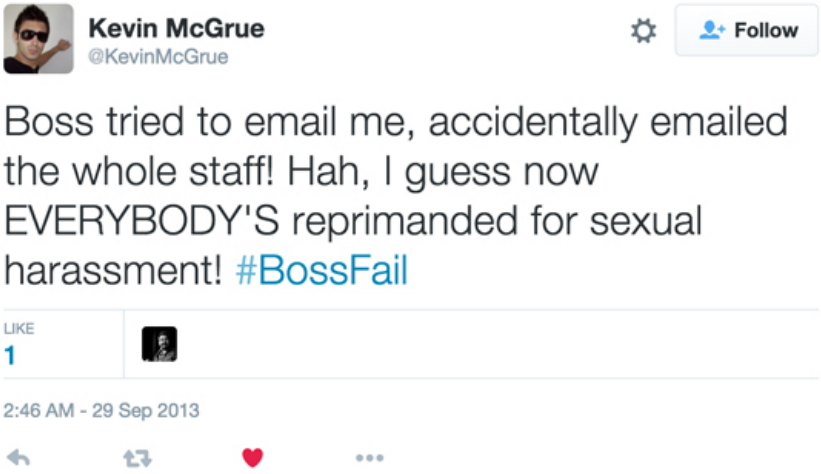
Monday, Dec 28, 2015 by Kevin "Chillz" McGrue (@asterios)

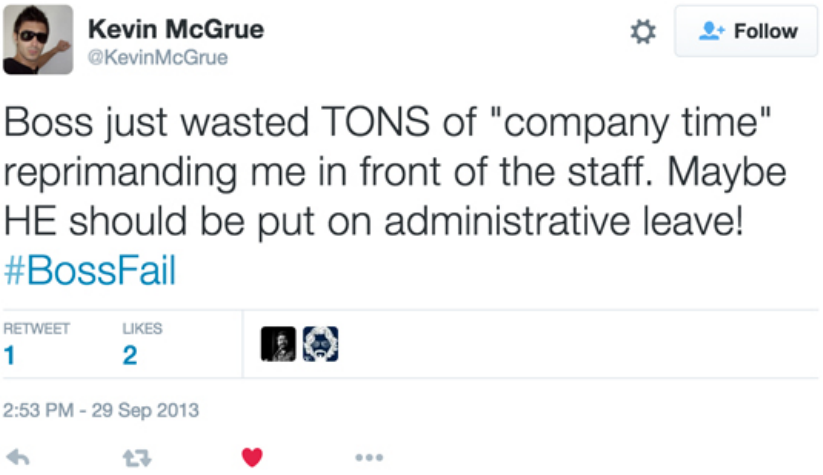
Everyone thinks they have the worst boss in the world, but mine really takes the cake! He's so lame, I tweet all his blunders with the hashtag "#BossFail." Here are some of his totally botch-tacular #BossFails!

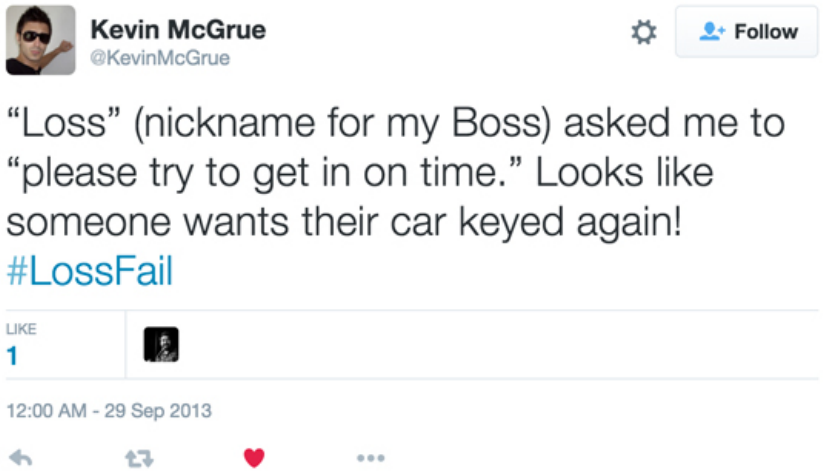


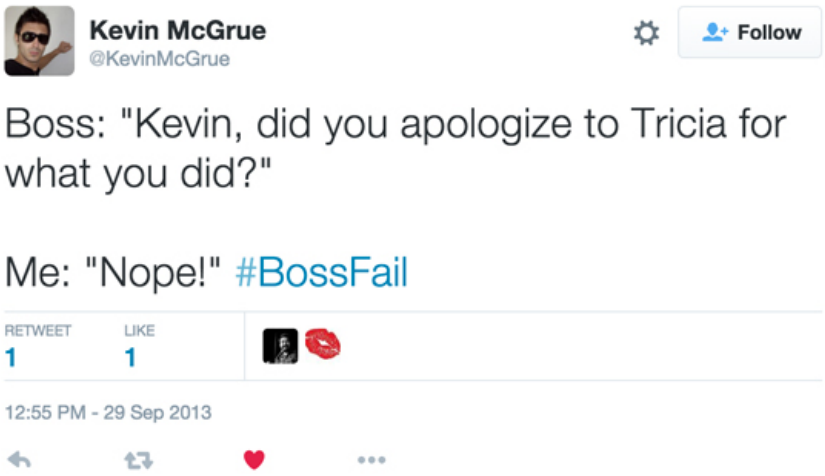


Kevin McGrue
@KevinMcGrue
Follow
Really hard to take a negative performance evaluation seriously from a guy wearing socks AND sandals! #FashionFail #BossFail
LIKE
1
3:21 AM - 29 Sep 2013

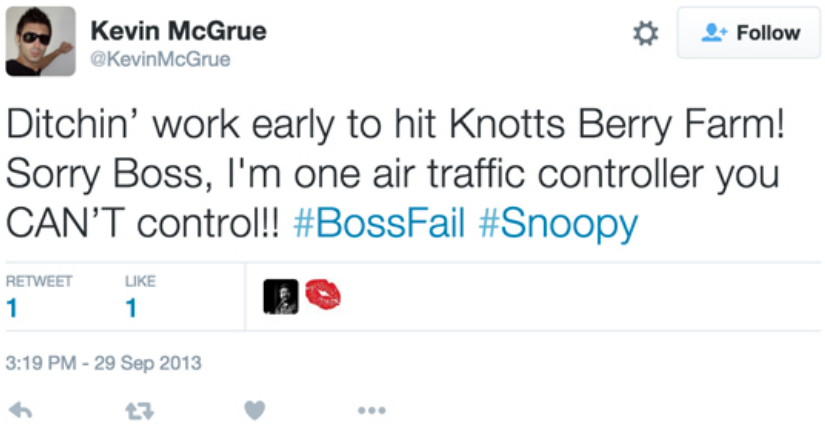

Kevin McGrue
@KevinMcGrue
Follow
Boss tried to email me, accidentally emailed the whole staff! Hah, I guess now EVERYBODY'S reprimanded for sexual harassment! #BossFail
LIKE
1
2:46 AM - 29 Sep 2013

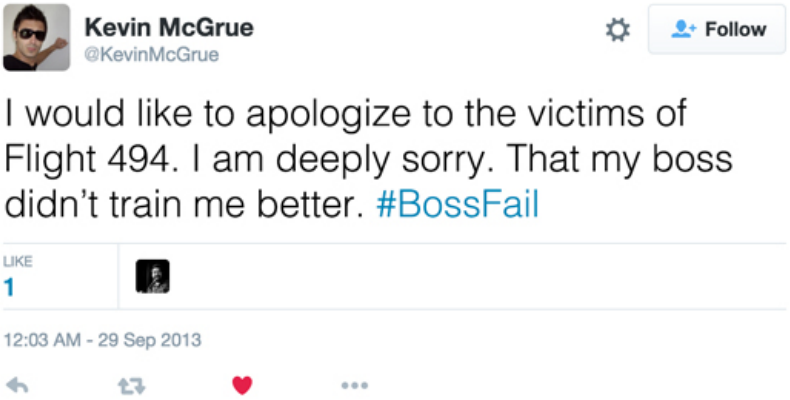

Kevin McGrue
@KevinMcGrue
Follow
Boss just wasted TONS of "company time" reprimanding me in front of the staff. Maybe HE should be put on administrative leave! #BossFail
RETWEET
1
LIKES
2
2:53 PM - 29 Sep 2013


Kevin McGrue
@KevinMcGrue
Follow
“Loss” (nickname for my Boss) asked me to “please try to get in on time.” Looks like someone wants their car keyed again! #LossFail
LIKE
1
12:00 AM - 29 Sep 2013


Kevin McGrue
@KevinMcGrue
Follow
Boss: "Kevin, did you apologize to Tricia for what you did?"
Me: "Nope!" #BossFail
RETWEET
1
LIKE
1
12:55 PM - 29 Sep 2013

Kevin McGrue
@KevinMcGrue
Follow
Told my boss to suck my dick today! #BossFail #SuckMyDick
LIKE
1
12:01 AM - 29 Sep 2013


Kevin McGrue
@KevinMcGrue
Follow
Ditchin' work early to hit Knotts Berry Farm! Sorry Boss, I'm one air traffic controller you CAN'T control!! #BossFail #Snoopy
RETWEET
1
LIKE
1
3:19 PM - 29 Sep 2013


Kevin McGrue
@KevinMcGrue
Follow
I would like to apologize to the victims of Flight 494. I am deeply sorry. That my boss didn't train me better. #BossFail
LIKE
1
12:03 AM - 29 Sep 2013

–~Kevin "Chillz" McGrue (@asterios)

12.21 Blue Bloods Is A TV Show About Right Cops And Wrong Everyone Else

Tuesday, Dec 29, 2015 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

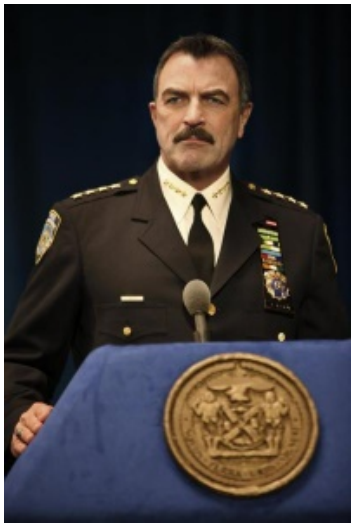
TONIGHT'S EPISODE - The Real Victim Here Is Cops

Commissioner Reagan: *(on the phone in his office, being thoughtful, noble)* No thanks are necessary. To cure the disease you needed exactly as much money as I had on my pay check. It is a police man's duty and instinct to always do the right thing.

(there's a hesitant, weak knock on the door, as if it was knocked by a sissy idiot)

Simpering Liberal Assistant: Wow, sir! You're so amazing. Sir, remember how cops killed a bunch of people?

Commissioner Reagan: Are you referring to the justified shootings, beatings, and car compactor murders done as an absolute last resort? The heroic actions performed by the very officers who risk their lives to protect those who criticize them even as scary black hooligans corrupt our country and make us weak against muslim terror?



Simpering Liberal Assistant: Wow, you're right! There's a reporter who wishes to speak with you about all that. Should I let him in? I wish I had half the honor and nobility that you possess, sir!

Commissioner Reagan: *(absently stroking a framed portrait of Breitbart.com with one hand while absently stroking his many commendations with the other hand)* He'll just twist the facts, as all mainstream reporters do, but yes. I never back down from telling the truth. Send him in.

Evil Press Scumbag: *(openly sneering)* Hey, pig. I write whatever I want in order to sell papers, with no regard for the truth. I withhold information that could save lives. That's what I do. You got a quote for me about that video that went viral? The one where a cop shoved a coma patient into a pit of poison snakes?

Commissioner Reagan: *(shaking head sadly)* You know full well that everyone on the internet is overreacting. The beginning of that video was conveniently removed before it was posted online. That missing segment clearly shows the coma patient abruptly sitting up, waking from the coma in a threatening manner before going comatose again.

Evil Press Scumbag: That doesn't fit my senseless anti-police narrative so I'm not going to write it down. So tell me, are you going to speak at that event tonight? The one where the audience is young impressionable people who bought into the #BlackLivesMatterMoreThanAllOthers conspiracy created by myself and others like me?

Commissioner Reagan: Of course. Their concerns may be erroneous, but I will stand in the face of their irrational cruelty.

Evil Press Scumbag: *(his jaw drops)* You're an incredible man. Incredible. I'd never admit it to the world, but you clearly have the moral high ground.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

Needlessly Angry Crowd: WE DON'T THINK! WE'RE JUST MAD! WE DON'T THINK! WE'RE JUST MAD!

Commissioner Reagan: *(backstage)* What has our fine country come to?

Simpering Liberal Assistant: Sir, you can't go out there! They'll yell real loud! They might not even hear you calmly explain how wrong they are!

Commissioner Reagan: I will bear this. For the good of all mankind, I will accept this burden. If there must be a target for their misplaced anger, let it be an impossibly strong man.

Simpering Liberal Assistant: Wow!

Commissioner Reagan: *(stepping on to the stage)* Good evening. I'm here to- *(overwhelmed by loud yelling)*

Crowd Member: Killing innocent citizens is wrong! I'm an idiot!

Commissioner Reagan: *(tries to talk, but he's drowned out)*

Crowd Member: *(literally frothing at the mouth)* Police shouldn't hurt people! They are public servants, we shouldn't deify them and be at their mercy!

Commissioner Reagan: *(to himself)* Forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing.

Needlessly Angry Crowd: *(in unison)* BLLLRRRGGGLLE! RRRRRRAAAARRR! We haven't even thought any of this through! We're just gullible and eager to victimize people who are better than us in every way!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.22 Fallout 4: Commonwealth Classifieds

Wednesday, Dec 30, 2015 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Video Game Classifieds series.

Commonwealth Classifieds

HERO NEEDED ASAP - Ned ran off with our pipe gun, secured it in a trunk inside a killer robot factory, then escaped. Can you kill him? He lost our only way to shoot him. -Lester in Greentop.

- SYNTH DETECTOR -
works great on synths, causes humans to implode. New version fixes issue with the funnel coming loose. See Handy Jeff next to the three rusty barrels.

LOUD NEIGHBORS - looking for a loud guy to come to West Everett Estates and give my noisy Super Mutant neighbors a taste of their own medicine, and also make it safe for me to climb out from under the bodies of my family.

SOILED POWER ARMOR
long story short I thought this was a pre-war portable toilet, so I climbed in and did my business. It's still there in the woods, looking to be claimed. Contact Junkie Joe for a map.

HARDY WORKERS
my wife won't let me keep my bathtub full of skeletons, so her and my awful sons must go. Will trade for skeletons. Look for me in the ruins next to the burned-out warehouse full of feral ghouls.

HEY BLIMP GUYS - your dang blimp is an eyesore and wrecking my sunrises. Move it

POMADE FOR POWER
Desperately need one cool cucumber to resupply our pomade stash. We gotta maintain this inexplicable lifestyle. Will trade for some dynamite Power Armor. Bring all you can to the Atom Cats garage, and step on it.

URGENT HELP NEEDED
somehow we found out some greenskins are living in a bog 50 miles away, and we need you to take care of them or we will never feel safe. We're at Finch Farms next to the factory full of deranged serial killers with flame throwers. Thanks! -Settler

FOR RENT: RUBBLE
Looking for a roomie to share open-air pile of concrete and rebar. Must be easygoing, but clean. Slobs look elsewhere. No ferals. Find me by the Westing Estate.

FREE RADICALS - If you need deadly radioactive barrels, I'm your guy. I have over 100 next to my tiny hovel. Make great gifts, teaching aids, conversation pieces, etc. Follow your Geiger counter to Peeler near Lake Cochituate.

WILL BUY DRESSWEAR
need fancy suits to wear in this dirty, filth-strewn wasteland so people know I'm a respectable man. Ask for Muddface in Forest Grove

- HOLODISK RECORDER -
Create your own exciting holodisks with this amazing pre-war gadget, perfect for recording passwords and reminders of where you hid your valuables. Will trade for an obedient robot wife.

DIRTY WATER FOR SALE
have access to an endless supply of salty, undrinkable water and I'm selling it cheap. Bring your own container and caps. By pure coincidence, I'm next to the ocean. Yell for Pinkeye Pete.

***** MURDERERS APPLY *****
Join the most ruthless and ill-defined group in the Commonwealth. We Gunners aim to kill and occupy the whole dang wasteland. All applicants shot on sight, so come prepared to die.

I'M VERY REPLACEABLE
Dear Institute, please abduct and replace me. I'm tired of my terrible job hammering on a random wall, and want a new life as a sexy fun-time robot. Jim, from the Slog.

FOR SALE: TASTEFUL ART
I have painted many beautiful nudes celebrating the delicate supermutant form. Paintings depict supermutants bathing, wrestling, eating pumpkins, and feeding me squirrel chunks. Interested parties should visit Horatio in Nahant.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.23 VH1 Storytellers: Plague Piper

Thursday, Dec 31, 2015 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Thanks, everyone. The first song I'm going to play tonight I wrote way back in 1998. I had just had a huge fight with my girlfriend, Shelly, and was thinking about how the things you love can also make you cry. So I wrote this song for Shelly in hopes it would keep her from leaving me. It's called "Aria of Agony."

Haunting melody that plumbs the deepest chasms of human sorrow, building to a crescendo of ghastly, blood-curdling moans. Each measure draws the audience further down a labyrinth of dark thoughts from which there is no escape.

This next song I wrote in the aftermath of 9/11. There was a ton of negativity in our culture at the time and a general unease about the future. But rather than contribute to that, I wanted to put some positive, tolerant vibes out there. So I sat down and wrote this tune, "Shores of Oblivion."

Keening of a thousand lost souls lamenting their infinite unrest, with sudden flourishes of metallic scraping, like some savage beast clawing at the walls of one's sanity.

This song I wrote in Chicago while touring with I Hate Fridays, who are a great band by the way. I was staying in this dismal hotel room but through the window I had a great view of the Sears Tower, which looks absolutely stunning at night. I think that contrast influenced this song a lot. It's about how you can have nothing, but still feel totally alive and free. Anyway, here's "Lucifer's Reverie."

Cold wind drifting across a blighted wasteland, over bleached bones, fallen cities, verdigris of crumbling monuments, followed by a long, mournful threnody. In the piper's slow, sinuous phrasings, the audience hears the anguish of the dying, the emptiness of ages, the leaden futility of existence.

Here's a song that almost didn't happen. I was cleaning out my attic when I happened to find an old photo of a friend's birthday party. Something about it spoke to me, and I immediately picked up my flute and composed this song. It's about how everything changes, but also wanting to resist change, wanting to hold on to the past. I hope you like "Over the Black Horizon."

**Terrible cacophony that sounds like the universe itself screaming. Most of the audience members*

*go insane and are dragged out of the room laughing maniacally and soiling themselves.**

This last number is a little different. I wrote it in 2004 when my brother died of cancer and I was really depressed. But depression can be a fertile time artistically speaking, so took everything I was going through and wrote what I consider my darkest song ever. It's called "High Five the World (Everything Is Rainbows)."

Sunny, blues-inflected pop song reminiscent of early Lemonheads. Remaining three audience members cheer as credits roll.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Index of Writers

Asterios “President Baby” Kokkinos, 62, 283, 337, 361, 419, 508, 522, 537, 554, 563, 574, 587, 600, 618, 629, 647, 659, 673, 688, 700, 714

Bob “BobServo” Mackey, 13, 48, 76, 105, 142, 161, 192, 221, 251, 273, 296, 321, 353, 378, 405, 433, 462, 493, 516, 550, 570, 593, 625, 653, 683, 709

David “g0m” Dolan, 87, 179, 239, 271, 387, 472, 531, 581, 583, 635, 696

Dennis “Corin Tucker’s Stalker” Farrell, 2, 11, 29, 46, 56, 74, 83, 100, 113, 140, 148, 159, 173, 190, 201, 219, 234, 247, 286, 294, 304, 319, 328, 349, 376, 403, 416, 431, 444, 460, 469, 484, 497, 514, 526, 544, 556, 567, 575, 591, 603, 623, 631, 651, 666, 679, 691, 707, 719

Ian “Salmon Season” Golding, 9, 45, 72, 98, 137, 157, 215, 245, 258, 269, 292, 317, 346, 374, 400, 428, 458, 482, 512, 542, 565, 589, 620, 649, 676, 705

Jedidiah, 37, 150, 204, 263, 309, 367, 450, 502, 559, 611, 668, 722

Josh “Livestock” Boruff, 31, 59, 85, 115, 152, 176, 203, 236, 260, 285, 306, 330, 364, 390, 418, 448, 471, 499, 528, 558, 578, 605, 633, 667, 693, 721

Zack “Geist Editor” Parsons, 4, 6, 16, 27, 40, 50, 54, 65, 70, 80, 91, 94, 102, 111, 121, 134, 144, 146, 154, 168, 170, 183, 185, 194, 196, 206, 212, 224, 230, 243, 254, 256, 265, 267, 276, 279, 288, 290, 298, 302, 311, 315, 323, 326, 339, 355, 357, 369, 371, 382, 384, 395, 398, 410, 421, 424, 436, 441, 452, 455, 464, 467, 476, 478, 495, 505, 519, 552, 561, 572, 584, 595, 613, 627, 639, 655, 670, 685, 698, 711

Index of Series

BarkWire.com, 31

Dog Classifieds, 203, 285, 390, 418, 471, 558, 667

Guessing Game, 544, 575

Know Your Video Game Skills, 2

Memos from Bear Cave, 330, 605

SkyMall Product Reviews, 59, 115, 176, 236, 260, 306, 499, 578, 693

Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews, 364, 528

The Great Authors Series, 212, 311, 357

Unlike My Opponent, 85

Video Game Classifieds, 721